F O R U M

VOL. LXXXI — No. 4

HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Editor

Editorial FOREWORD

The Reception which has been given to The Forum since it enlarged its size and improved its general appearance in January has been so enthusiastic that the Editor takes this occasion to thank the increasing number of his readers. And the Editor's gratitude will not be limited to kind words only, for, with this issue, The Forum is declaring a dividend in favor of that large and growing number of intelligent Americans who have made this Magazine of Controversy the accepted medium of free and untrammeled opinion on all vital questions.

In little more than five years the circulation of The Forum has jumped from 3,000 to 100,000 — with the end not yet in sight. With the savings of one kind and another which come with any form of large-scale manufacture, The Forum has been able to reduce its cost of operation to a point where it is now possible to publish a vastly better magazine for 100,000 readers at 25 cents than could formerly be issued at 40 cents to fewer readers. A similar adjustment is being made in the yearly subscription rate, and annual subscribers who came in at the old rate will automatically have their term of subscription extended on a proportionate basis. It goes without saying that the editorial policy of The Forum will remain unchanged.

In this issue we present the second of a series of Socratic dialogues—an after-dinner conversation on the question, "Does America Discourage Art?" Since the Editor is about to start on a lecture tour to Texas and California, he has invited Professor Irwin Edman of Columbia University, editor of *The Dialogues of Plato*, to write an editorial on conversation, and the paragraphs which follow are from his pen.

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION

Among the gentle but important arts whose decay we have justly been lamenting in America, is that of conversation. The reasons for that decline have been variously assigned. We are too rushed

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The next serial to be published in The Forum *will be André Maurois' "Youth of Lord Byron," which will begin in an early issue.*

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FORUM

Next Month

CAN PROHIBITION SUCCEED?

Irving Fisher, Fabian Franklin, and others

A Socratic dialogue. Professor Fisher quotes the famous Yale statistics to show not only that the country *ought* to be bone dry, but also that it *can* and eventually *will* be, while Fabian Franklin maintains that the duty of every good American is to violate the Prohibition laws — and that the country is full of good Americans.

QUACKS

A. A. Roback

The popular interest in psychology has proved a gold mine for quacks, many of whom have deserted the patent medicine field for the more lucrative magic of turning gullible persons into "forceful" personalities. Dr. Roback has made a hobby of collecting quack literature.

THE NEW MORALITY

Will Durant

Dr. Durant deserts the philosophy of the ancients long enough to outline his own.

SHOULD RADICALISM BE SUPPRESSED?

Arthur Garfield Hays vs. Archibald Ewing Stevenson

Two lawyers debate a citizen's right to attack his government when he believes its policies are wrong. Since the war, the very names, *Radical, Bolshevik,* have been enough to frighten old ladies of both sexes into demanding that new laws be passed, new restrictions placed on the freedom of speech and opinion. Vast agencies have been created to exploit "patriotism." Is this tendency good or bad? How free can freedom be without spilling over into license and anarchy?

A GREAT BEGINNING

Edouard Bourdet

An ingenious tale of a playwright who hoodwinked all France and was forced, in consequence, to become his own son.

TWENTY WAYS TO MAKE A MILLION

Roger W. Babson

The prophet of business discusses twenty new inventions the world is waiting for, any one of which will serve as the starting point for a giant new industry and make a fortune for its inventor.

ARE SPORTS HARMFUL TO WOMEN?

Linda Gage Roth, M.D.

Many people believe that the girl who goes in too much for athletic activities is storing up trouble for herself when she comes to have children. To test this belief, THE FORUM conducted an investigation among the graduates of Smith College, and Dr. Roth draws some striking conclusions from the facts collected.

HUMANISM AS A WAY OF LIFE

Sherlock Bronson Gass

Recent FORUM articles by Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, T. S. Eliot, G. K. Chesterton, and others have had a great deal to say about the philosophy called "humanism." In this article, Professor Gass, himself a humanist, explains what humanism is and how it differs from other -isms.

QUOTATION

C. E. Montague

A delightful essay on what to read for. Should we prefer a close friendship with a few selected books, or should we browse in all pastures and gain a nodding acquaintance with many?

FOREWORD

Continued

to think and too casual really to talk. Moreover, conversation in the old sense — the conjoint play of a number of agile and urbane minds over a common subject matter — demands two things that in America we singularly lack: a common intellectual background and common opportunities for leisure.

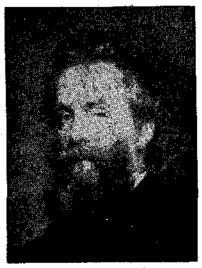
Conversation is an art peculiarly typical of a genuine civilization. It demands among its participants both intellectual manners and sophistication. The two classic periods in European history when good talk flourished were in the Athens of Plato and in the Renaissance.

Americans abroad have been privileged to see contemporary instances of what in our country is so rare an art. One remembers an after-dinner talk in a Senior common room of an Oxford club ranging from the habits of earthworms to the orbits of the stars, at once simple in its directness and rich in its embroidery and allusion. One recalls the freshness and sagacity of discourse in a café or drawing-room in Paris, or the poetry of sentiment that rises with the smoke in a Berlin *Beerhalle.*

Perhaps the instance most noble and unequaled for our instruction, however, is to be found in Plato's *Dialogues.* Plato himself, in one of his letters, remarks that philosophy can only be learned through conversation. The flame must leap, as he puts it, from soul to soul. Philosophy is not a pronouncement of certainties, but a dialogue of the soul with itself. Good conversation is the facet of a theme, the phases of an argument projected not in one mind but in many.

The peculiar intellectual advantages of conversation over soliloquy are too often forgotten. It is easy enough to be dogmatic if one's own unconscious assumptions are not checked and modified by the discerning responses of other persons. It is easy for the mind to become hard and inflexible when it has no other minds to meet. It is hard to remember all the sides of a question when one is in isolation intent upon one's own. Unexpected turns and slants, sudden interruptions or suggestions, lights and glints and shadows of other minds formed by other experiences may turn thinking in company into an adventure rich and varied.

It may be possible, even in a country and a time so miscellaneous and distracted as our own, to find sufficiently common bases of feeling and idea to revive something like Platonic dialogue. The issues of life are no less momentous than they were in Athens and provocation to thought no less genuine and intense. In our day, as in ancient Athens, mind seeks society, and we may come again, like the characters in Plato's *Symposium,* to "send away the flute girl" and other distractions and join again "the society of true minds" playing over noble things.



HERMAN MELVILLE

by Lewis Mumford

Mr. Mumford, author of *Sticks and Stones* and *The Golden Day*, and one of the finest critics of our age, has written the biography of Herman Melville, the greatest imaginative writer the country has produced. History, literature, philosophy, psychology and criticism are used for a single end, — the rounded interpretation of this remarkable man's life and work. — *A Literary Guild Book.* $3.50

AMERICAN ESTIMATES

by Henry Seidel Canby

The editor of the *Saturday Review* writes a critique and guide for recent American literary thinking. $3

THE BRIDE ADORNED

by D. L. Murray

A vigorous and exciting historical romance of Rome in the '70's, — a period of particular interest at the moment. $2.50

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By Sinclair Lewis

Mr. Lewis's first full-length novel in two years. Besides raising the poignant question of what the American business man is to do with his leisure when he has retired, — this book is primarily a study of American marriage. It asks what all classes are asking today — is the American husband wife-ridden? Are they unskilled in holding the affection of their wives? *Is there an undeclared war between the sexes?* $2.50

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

by Lytton Strachey

"Merely the best book of (to be conservative) the 1928–1929 season." — *John Riddell.* *Illus.* $3.75

ORLANDO

by Virginia Woolf

"Clever, witty, amusing and sometimes just deliciously naughty," — *Boston Transcript.* *Illus.* $3.00

LOVE IN CHICAGO

by Charles Walt

"*The Villain of 1929,*" Harry Hansen heads his review of this remarkable novel,—and later on, "Walt writes like a house afire." $2.50

SLAVES OF THE GODS

by Katherine Mayo

The author of MOTHER INDIA follows through her appeal for India's unfortunate people in even more vivid and forceful prose. In fiction form, she shows exactly what it means to be a child wife, a temple prostitute, a Suttee, an Untouchable. In substantiation of her points she also quotes *fifty-one Indian authorities.* $2.50

THE MODERN TEMPER

by Joseph Wood Krutch

This examination of the modern mind is undertaken with courage; its findings require courage and intellectual honesty from the reader. Mr. Krutch has discovered that "to live humanly is to live dangerously," — and this distinguished volume is like another great chapter in *The Education of Henry Adams.* $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, *383 Madison Avenue,* NEW YORK

TAKE IT
OR LEAVE IT
JOHAN BULL

April Reading

by DONALD F. ROSE

TURBULENT MODERNISM

THE FIRST but least important impression of THE SILVER VIRGIN, by Ida A. R. Wylie (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is that it skates with commendable skill and considerable daring over some pretty thin ice. The hero is damaged goods in a fashion once beyond the range of the novelist, and there is room for question whether this story is so dependent upon his personal calamity as to justify its intrusion upon our attention. But it serves to give novelty and tragic emphasis to a familiar theme. The course of true love fails to run smoothly, and therefore two sincere and sensible young people make long detours in different directions to find the acceptable psychic substitute for the physical glory of youth. Being entirely modern, and self-conscious concerning their modernism, they act rashly and suffer intensely, so that theirs is a story of storm and danger. Nor are their neighbors in the book much protected by either serenity or stupidity. Everybody in sight is at grips with an emotional problem, which shows that it does not do to gather too many intelligent people under one family tree in these unsteady days.

I. A. R. WYLIE

But aside from the story itself, which is in a fashion too carefully plotted and planned, the book has a sustained brilliance and vigor and the sharp outlines of a well-done drama. The men and women of post-war England and the stranger figures of the village in the mountains of Spain are all a trifle theatrical, and convincing in the objective manner of the drama. The writing is equally brilliant, rich, and sharp-edged, in admirable contrast to the muddiness and fuzziness of so much modernism.

In slower tempo and a lower key is EXPIATION, by Elizabeth (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), an uncannily skillful study of the middle-class mind in middle-class London. Beneath its smooth little story of the nice little widow who once went mildly off the track of virtue and must make peace with her frightfully virtuous relatives, is a sustained irony that is sometimes positively savage. Those who have not known the extraordinary solidity and stupidity of English middle-class virtue may find the picture overdrawn, but they will be wrong. It is the transatlantic equivalent of our own Middle-West respectability. That the meek and wistful little widow should triumph at last over such bullying and bluster as comes her way, and be at the same time unconscious of her victory, is shocking to hand-me-down morality but also beautifully logical. There is here not much of a story, but so much of humor, understanding, and sureness that this is a book to be savored in every line.

Tips on Books

Fiction

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, Arnold Zweig — Epic of the common soldier, trapped by the cruelty of war.

Joseph and His Brethren, H. W. Freeman — The primeval pull of the soil, as experienced in Suffolk.

Peder Victorious, O. E. Rolvaag — American complexity confronts the second generation of *Giants in the Earth.*

Kristin Lavransdatter, Sigrid Undset — Mediæval Norway. A trilogy by the Nobel prize winner.

Mamba's Daughters, Du Bose Heyward — Reviewed in this issue.

Biography

Elizabeth and Essex, Lytton Strachey — Magnificent portrait of England's most enigmatic Queen.

Meet General Grant, W. E. Woodward — Shrewd account of the man behind the uniform.

Lonely Americans, Rollo W. Brown — Reviewed in this issue.

After Thirty Years, Viscount Gladstone — Reviewed in this issue.

In Serious Vein

The Decline of the West, Vol. II, Oswald Spengler — Erudite but exciting. Amplifies Spengler's revolutionary philosophy of history.

The Nature of the Physical World, A. S. Eddington — Mysteries of science. Recommended as a primer to Einstein.

The American Experiment, Bernard Faÿ — Reviewed in this issue.

Other Matters

The Magic Island, W. B. Seabrook — Beauty and mumbo-jumbo in the wilds of Black Haiti.

Hows and Whys of Human Behaviour, George A. Dorsey — Palatable suggestions for curing bad habits.

Music at Midnight, Muriel Draper — Reviewed in this issue.

You Can't Print That, George Seldes — Reviewed in this issue.

There is even less of a story in MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sassoon (Coward McCann, $2.50), though it is more of a novel than its title implies. It is a story of the "tremendous trivialities" of English country life — horses and hunts, country gentlemen and their manners, and the quiet grace of good living which somehow survives every social and political convulsion. Probably it is autobiographical; certainly it is magical in its powers of conviction. Its author is vaguely apologetic for his wistful reminiscences, but out of them weaves so delightful a scene that most of us would forego the noisy importances of existence for something of such simple charm. The opening chapters, which tell of a child's adjustments to the quiet insistence of this traditional life, betray the author as no less a poet because he now turns novelist.

INNOCENCE REWARDED

A DELICATE, ironic fantasy is wrought out of humble realities in THE TRUE HEART, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking, $2.50). Curious and whimsical is the story of Sukey Bond, the little slavey who becomes the heroine of her own fairy tale and goes at last to London to see the Queen and win her half-witted lover for her very own. An orphanage child, a drab of rural domesticity, an innocent abroad in dangerous byways, she nevertheless walks in beauty, hungry for love and loveliness and so aware of it where eyes more wise and weary see only disillusion and dirt. Tragedy is always at her elbow, but spares her always, seemingly because her true heart, her simplicity, and her child's faith in dreams are in a manner sacred — even against probabilities. Julian Green brought such a

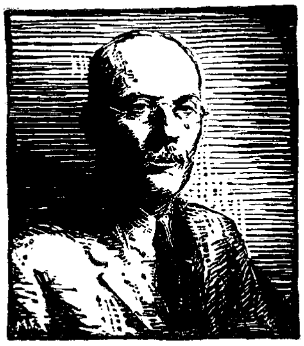
NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

Edwin Arlington Robinson

CAVENDER'S HOUSE

A New Full-length Narrative Poem

The publication of this new, full-length poem by Mr. Robinson will be a literary event of the year in America. *Tristram* and the subsequent award of the Pulitzer poetry prize for the third time to Mr. Robinson carried his fame to new heights. Cavender's House will further enhance it. *To be published in May.* $2.00



Stuart Chase

MACHINES

By the Co-author of
Your Money's Worth

One of America's most clear-sighted observers here approaches the Machine Age with the wit and insight which has marked his previous work. He presents a completely new view of what machines have done for us and to us, with a realistic regimentation of facts which will be disconcerting to the shibboleth mongers. $2.50

The Nature of the Physical World

By A. S. Eddington

Here is an *Alice in Wonderland* for mature, inquiring, eager minds — a rare adventure, a fabulous journey into the secrets of the universe. The *New York Times* says "there could scarcely be a more admirable exposition of the content of recent physical science . . . a luminous . . . and beautiful book." *Third Large Printing.* $3.75

The Origins of the World War

By Sidney B. Fay

This book has created a profound reaction throughout the world and may yet undermine the war guilt basis on which the Versailles settlement was erected. You must read Mr. Fay to be conversant with European affairs. *Third Large Printing.* 2 vols. $9.00

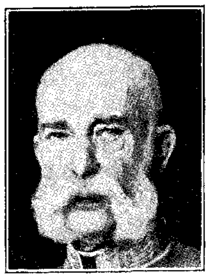
Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria

By Joseph Redlich

"Easily one of the most important contributions to permanent and substantial biographical literature which has appeared in recent years." — *Harry Elmer Barnes.*

"A moving chapter in the book of tragedy . . . an epic story . . . a powerful piece of portraiture." — *Atlantic Monthly.*

"Clear, precise, and illuminating biography." — *New York Evening Post.* $5.00



Andrew Johnson

A Study in Courage

By Lloyd P. Stryker

Andrew Johnson appears in a new light in this strikingly original study. Johnson has come down to us as the most reviled and misunderstood of all the Presidents. Mr. Stryker sees him as a champion of Lincoln's cause in this biography. 2 vols. $7.50

Exploration

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

This is a chronicle of adventure and progress in the Far North by the foremost living Arctic explorer. $2.50

The Balkan Pivot: Yugoslavia

By Charles A. Beard and George Radin

The hub of the new Balkans is examined in all of its important phases — with special emphasis on its relation to European affairs. $2.50

New Fiction

Into the Wind

By Richard Warren Hatch

A rugged novel of New England shipbuilding when the clipper ruled the seas. $2.50

Thurman Lucas

By Harlan Eugene Read

A compelling story of how a man found himself after adversity and disaster. $2.50

Treadmill

By Lola Jean Simpson

School teaching and educational systems behind it are the subjects of this fine story. $2.50

The Labor Injunction

By Felix Frankfurter and Nathan Greene

One of the biggest legal clubs used by American courts is discussed here in its every aspect by two leaders of the bar. $3.00

What Is the Mind?

By George T. W. Patrick

This book is a clear presentation of what modern psychology has learned about the nature of the mind. $2.50

New Views of Evolution

By G. F. Conger

Evolution with respect to the whole universe rather than biological evolution is the theme of this new survey of the field. $2.50

Evolution of Art

By Ruth de Rochemont

This is a popular introduction to art in all its phases and periods of development, written with a contagious enthusiasm and beautifully illustrated. $6.00

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A FATALIST AT WAR

Rudolf Binding

"If only a half dozen war books might be preserved for the guidance of students of life and history I should vote for this book by the German poet and novelist, Rudolf Binding." — *Capt. Liddell Hart in the London Telegraph.* $3.75

Houghton Mifflin Co.

character to dreadful tragedy in *The Closed Garden;* this story prefers to keep faith with legend and let all be well at last. There are wit and irony and satire in it, but these are for the sane, secure people who have no dreams of faith, and not for Sukey Bond. So that for all her simplicity we must at last love her, and be grateful to the author who deals with her so wisely and understandingly.

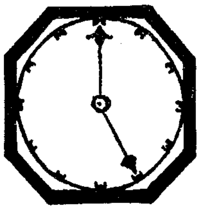
THE STRANGE ADVENTURE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is a novel which bridges with the life of one woman half a century of changes and upheavals. It is the story of "building, tearing down, and slow, painful rebuilding," not alone in the life of Missie, but in fashions, customs, and morals. Particularly rich and faithful is its picture of American civilization fifty years ago, already as distant and, in a fashion, preposterous as a lost world. Missie has a tough time of it. She is born to a bad start, and her philosophy never catches up with the hard necessities of fact. The older generation will understand just how she feels about it.

MORE TALK OF WAR

THE LITERARY consequences of the great war grow more voluminous as it fades mercifully into the past. A novelty in the company is AS THEY SAW US, edited by George Sylvester Viereck (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50), in which are collected the opinions of distinguished European men of war concerning the deeds of the doughboys. In general they are complimentary to our physical prowess, which is no more than polite; in general they are skeptical of our strategy, which is no more than natural. They come from our French friends and our one-time foes of Germany, all officers of high command, and contain criticisms to interest the soldier and comments to entertain the civilian. The chief tribute from all parties is to the American morale, an imponderable factor in victory which now gets its full due.

The beans are spilled for fair in FALSEHOOD IN WARTIME, by Arthur Ponsonby (Dutton, $2.00), which discusses the plain and fancy lying of wartime propaganda. It is a last straw upon the back of the disillusioned public, and should do its share to sour popular taste for the bigger and better war that is promised us. Most of the principal fables of the war, both concerning the atrocities of the enemy and the high moral purposes on the hither side of the fence, are here exploded. Most of them will be readily recognized and recalled, and most of them, it seems, were the bunk.

But there were also poets in the war, as we read in MOUNTAIN AGAINST MOUN-



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Books

tain, by Arthur Davison Ficke (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50). In this there are many lyrics that are slight but charming, and in vigorous contrast to them a long prose-poem entitled "Paris, 1917." This is true poetry in its imagery, sincerity, and sure command of beauty, though it may fairly be doubted whether it is poetry in form. Ignoring its broken lines it becomes splendid and melodic prose, which in no sense derogates from its power and music. It is not yet demonstrated that there is any true alternative to prose and poetry, but "Paris, 1917" and "The Return of Christ" come close to creating one.

Returning to the war, there is Farmer, Have You a Daughter Fair?, by Mike Wallach (Vanguard, $2.50), all of which is a traveling salesman's version of the A. E. F. in action. Unfortunately it is exactly that. He admits he was a poor soldier, and there is nothing here of any consequence relating to the war itself. But there are plenty of shady stories, unsavory details, and bad language.

IN REMINISCENT VEIN

A hostess with a special taste and gift for making genius feel at home has written Music at Midnight (Harper, $4.00). Here Muriel Draper gives intimate recollections of evenings at home in London and occasional vacations in England or Florence, the former graced with music by Rubinstein, Ysaye, the London String Quartet, and others as distinguished. The latter sometimes become a comedy of too much temperament among artists. The portraits of celebrities are gracefully personal and fit appropriately into a charming scene. It is delightful, for example, to read how the London String Quartet paid the tribute of a full musical program to the three-day-old Draper Junior, who was carried downstairs, mother and all, to be thus initiated into a truly cultural society.

H. W. Nevinson

A third fat volume wrought out of a busy and observant life is Last Changes, Last Chances, by H. W. Nevinson (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00). Here a veteran journalist tells what he has done and seen since the war sent him wandering, at the bidding of one newspaper or another, all over the face of Europe. Also he has paid his first visit to America and discovered its marvels, from John Rockefeller, Jr. to Coney Island, and from chewing gum to national conventions. This is delightful browsing. It is written with the facility of good reporting and the tolerant humor that is the fruit of a long life of usefulness.

Other good reading and opinion is Generally Speaking, by G. K. Chesterton (Dodd Mead, $2.50). Once more and as usual, G. K. C. is interested in every conceivable subject, and can discuss, for example, American manners and Southern hospitality under the chapter heading of "Prohibition" without any semblance of wandering or woolgathering. The oracle seems lately turned more temperate. He still travels under a full head of steam, but not so often does he blow it off nor expend it to create pyrotechnical paradoxes. His new musings are brief and colloquial in subject, and it would probably prove beneficial to the bored business man to read one of them every morning after breakfast and take a later train.

BIOGRAPHY

As sequel to a very popular autobiography of last year comes The Untold Story, by Mary Desti (Liveright, $3.50), which reveals Isadora Duncan as she was known to her closest friend. It is a record of affection, unbounded admiration, and infinite patience with artistic irresponsibility, of which the famous

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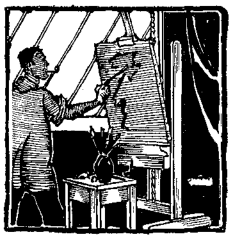
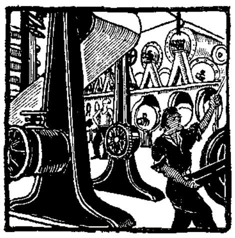
The author was the first white to penetrate the innermost depths of the Island, the only white man who ever witnessed the voodoo rites and ceremonies performed in the jungle by the black priestesses.



After the Editorial Board has selected a book, the manuscript is put into many accomplished hands. If it is to be illustrated, the artist gets one copy. Mr. Alexander King made twenty full page drawings for MAGIC ISLAND.



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THE MAGIC ISLAND
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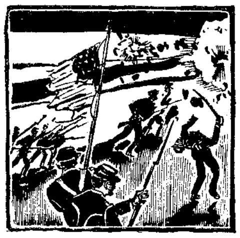

MEET GENERAL GRANT, by W. E. Woodward, was a biography of one of America's greatest generals. His life before the Civil War, his military career and his term in the White House inspired Mr. Woodward to write this fascinating book.

Mr. Woodward could not go to a foreign shore for his material. It lay in libraries, letters, documents and photographs. When the book was completed *Horace Liveright* published the trade edition simultaneously with the special edition published by the Guild.

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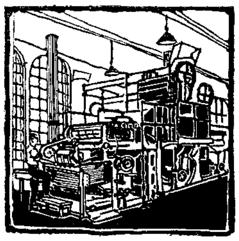
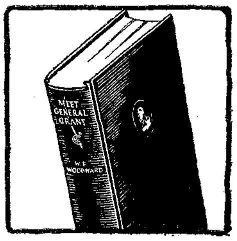
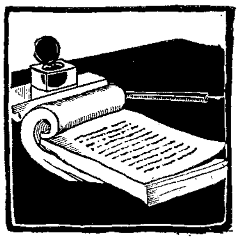


The type set, proofs read, forms locked, the mighty presses are set in motion and thousands of copies of the unbound sheets which will later be books are printed in a single day. More than 60,000 copies of this book were printed for Guild members alone.



MEET GENERAL GRANT, like MAGIC ISLAND and TRADER HORN was an immediate favorite both within and without the Guild. Thousands of readers paid the full price for their copies from bookdealers. Guild members, of course, saved money.

HAPPY MOUNTAIN was written by a lady who lived in the district of which she wrote. Maristan Chapman was a native of Tennessee. Her book, a first novel, was truly a growth of the soil, sprung from America itself.



When the manuscript was submitted to the Guild, Mr. Van Doren and his associates saw its possibilities immediately. It has been mentioned by important critics as eminently fitted for the Pulitzer Prize, as the best American novel of 1928.

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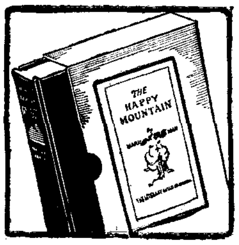

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There is self-revelation also in THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE (Payson and Clarke, $3.50), a depressing document unless read with sympathetic understanding of the circumstances under which it was written. This is no day-by-day record, but is made of occasional entries, often at long intervals. Apparently its author turned to her book principally in moments of depression and distress over a man who must have been difficult to live with. The record throws many sidelights on the genius and his works, but is more a document for psychologists than a true diary.

The story of BAUDELAIRE, by François Porché (Liveright, $3.50), is also a challenge to psychology and even to pathology. Charles Baudelaire, author of *Les Fleurs de Mal*, lived terribly to a dreadful end, and this story tells of it in unsparing fashion. The author resists the temptation to moralize, explain, or excuse. The book is thorough and detailed, and challenges the interest of those who care to know how great men, good or bad, got that way.

BLACK AMERICA

IN HIS obvious intent to be calm and dispassionate, Professor Scott Nearing has somewhat leaned over backward in BLACK AMERICA (Vanguard, $3.00). This is a careful and comprehensive study of the negro problem. It is historical and statistical, and draws few conclusions. Professor Nearing shares with other leaders of movements for modern negro emancipation the belief in education and equal opportunity as the colored race's chief need and right. There are those who count such a cure more dangerous than the disease, but Professor Nearing points with pride to Harlem and rests his case.

To the charge that the negro has rarely had a fair deal, there seems to be no ready answer save the unsubstantiated conviction that white folks are better than black. But concerning Harlem there can be two opinions. The other one is written into THIS SIDE OF JORDAN, by Roark Bradford (Harper, $2.50). Here the negro is reasonably happy in his own ancestral habitat down South, and despite all he lacks of fine feathers and the white man's ways, is closer kin to our common humanity than his modernized brother up North. Mr. Bradford writes of that which he knows, and in these episodic chapters dignifies the negro with humor, courage, patience, and all human affections.

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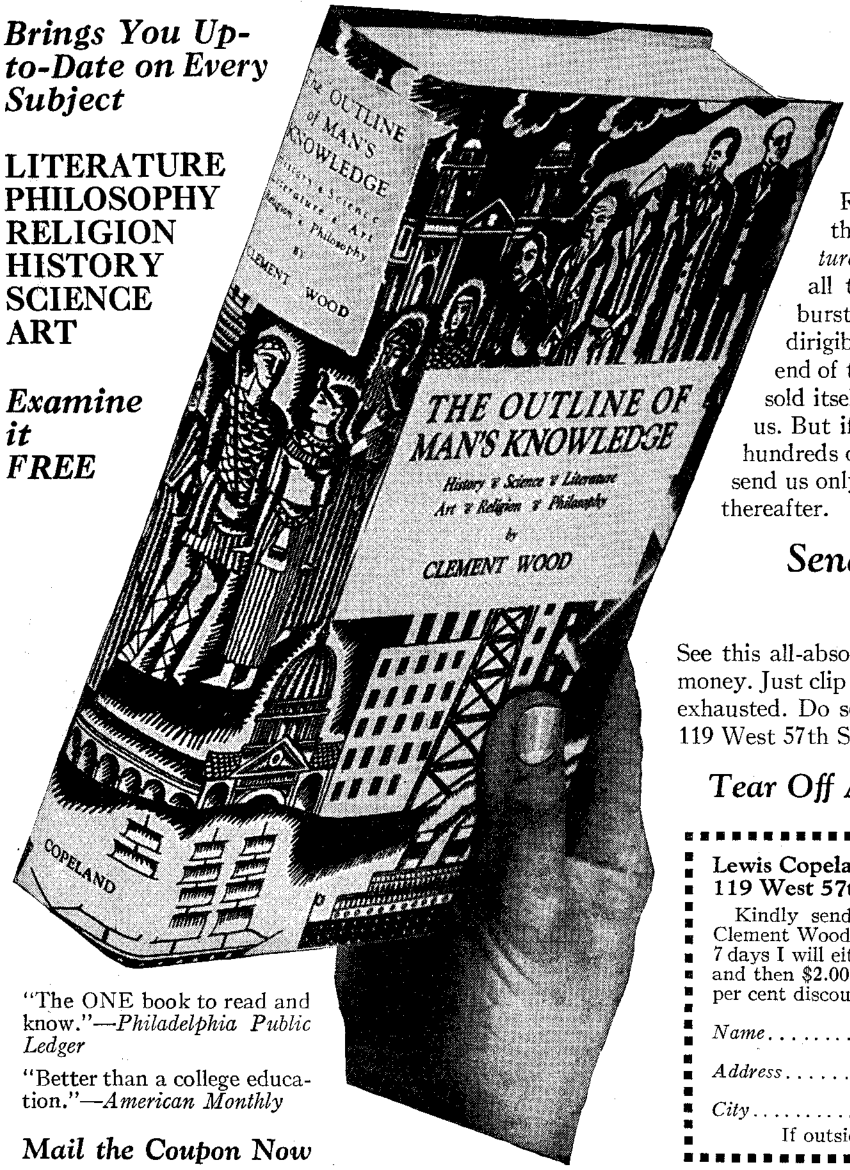
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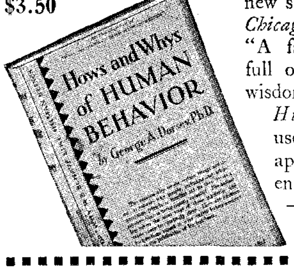

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JOHAN BULL

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Whither America?

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT, by Bernard Faÿ; Harcourt, Brace, $2.75.
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

BERNARD FAŸ'S study of the growth and present state of American culture deals chiefly with its political, social, and spiritual aspects, subordinating the economic matters in which Europe at present seems most interested. One hopes that this will not limit its sale abroad, for though written originally in English, with the collaboration of Avery Claflin, it seems addressed primarily to French readers, and it tells them a good deal that they might profitably know.

BERNARD FAŸ

The historical survey which takes up most of the book will not be news to the sort of Americans who will read it, though M. Faÿ should be commended for a lucid, well balanced, and on the whole very accurate summary. He does not say that the secret of the successful working of our government lies in our lack of principle, but that is about what his argument comes to. The Founding Fathers, "whether through wisdom or lack of imagination," did not try to write a Constitution that would solve all the problems of mankind; they compromised as well as they could on what immediately had to be done. Federalism, with the central government mediating between antagonistic states and sections, built up the nation; if the conflict between centralizing and particularizing tendencies remains unsolved, we are all the better off. Where Europeans, implacably devoted to principle, would have disrupted the state, American factions or sections yielded to the practical advantages of compromise. The one great exception, the refusal of the South to accept Lincoln's election, proves the utility of the general practice. With a little less stubbornness on both sides a better result could have been achieved at far less cost.

From the intellectual standpoint our parties are not parties at all; instead of upholding contradictory doctrines they all aim at "national prosperity and individual success." Excellent, thinks M. Faÿ. If parties had principles, "the elections which are now auctioned off to the team promising the greatest degree of prosperity would become dangerous and obscure transactions," full of hatred and rancor. Class antagonism we have escaped by virtue of an open frontier where every man could have his chance, so that American democracy could uplift the poor without needing, as most other democracies have felt they needed, to pull down the rich.

All this is good history. But M. Faÿ's view of America at present seems too optimistic. Concerned principally with international relations, he neglects the grave internal problems of a people who no longer have the frontier as a safety valve and have found the stock market and the prohibition industry inadequate substitutes. Federalism, he seems to think, has served its purpose, and must give way before the standardizing pressure of big business, mass production, newspaper syndicates, the movies — a movement which, he perceives, has standardized even the literature of revolt against standardization. But with little to say of economics he ignores the serious spiritual dangers involved in the dubious stability of the prosperity which is the core of our national religion. He is aware of persistent racial and sectional antagonisms, but he wrote before the election of 1928, in which there was at last a difference between the parties (though it was emotional, not intellectual) with precisely those consequences of dangerous, obscure, and rancorous political agitation whose absence gratifies him.

The chapters on America and Europe, however, can be read with profit on both sides of the Atlantic. Sentiment, he argues, cannot bridge the gulf between the two hemispheres nor dissipate the

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hatred of America which European statesmen at present keep down, but might some day capitalize. Let us have no more talk of sentiment for a few years; let us get down to realities. For instance, let American tourists be kept out of Europe unless they promise to stay long enough to find out something about it. At present they spread hatred of America in Europe, and contempt for Europe at home. Meanwhile let the Old World try to stand on its own feet. "Since 1918 a kind of vertigo has led Europeans to turn to America for help at every new crisis." M. Faÿ refrains from drawing the obvious parallel with Greece and Rome in the second century B.C., but the parallel is there, and ought to be disquieting on both sides of the Atlantic. Europe must do things for itself, he argues, and might well begin by trying the federalism and compromise which has worked so well in America. But he does not seem very confident that Europe can do it.

These last chapters will be sour reading for Europeans. It could be wished that M. Faÿ had made them a little sourer for us.

Southern Transition

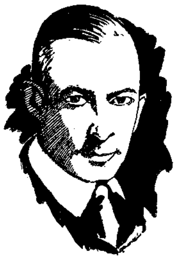
MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS, by Du Bose Heyward; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

TO ONE rather provincial Northerner, Charleston has become, thanks to Du Bose Heyward, the most familiar city in the South — perhaps, indeed, the only city below the Mason-Dixon line that is quite credible. Having given us in *Porgy* a picture of life in Catfish Row, Heyward has now, in *Mamba's Daughters*, shown us the life of the old aristocracy, of the aspiring new-comers, and of the several strata of negro society. Twentieth century Charleston has become as real as eighteenth century London or nineteenth century Wessex.

Having made some such laudatory remarks, a reviewer would be content to say no more, were it not for the fact that Mr. Heyward has attempted to go beyond the static portrayal of places and people in a Southern city. He has tried to write a dramatic novel, to treat his characters dynamically; and he has not been wholly successful. In separate scenes the book is distinctly satisfying; as a whole it shows an inability to handle the complicated interaction of character on character and of event on character.

There are, really, two interwoven stories. The first is concerned with Mamba, a Negro woman portrayed as flawlessly as Porgy, and describes her labors and sacrifices on behalf of her granddaughter, Lissa. Her shrewdness and her determination utilize not only her own powers but also the strength and good nature of the slow-witted, massive Hagar, Lissa's mother. The melodramatic climax of their story comes when Hagar kills the man who has tried to seduce Lissa, and then commits suicide. Lissa is given her chance and becomes a great singer.

Mamba's carefully planned campaign to provide for Lissa necessitates the conquest of the Wentworths, impoverished representatives of the older citizenry; and it is with Saint Wentworth that the second story occupies itself. A dreamy, impractical lad, he longs for art, but he is converted by Valerie Land, the daughter of an unsuccessful artist. Triumphing in business, he centers his artistic hopes in the son for whom he has adequately provided.

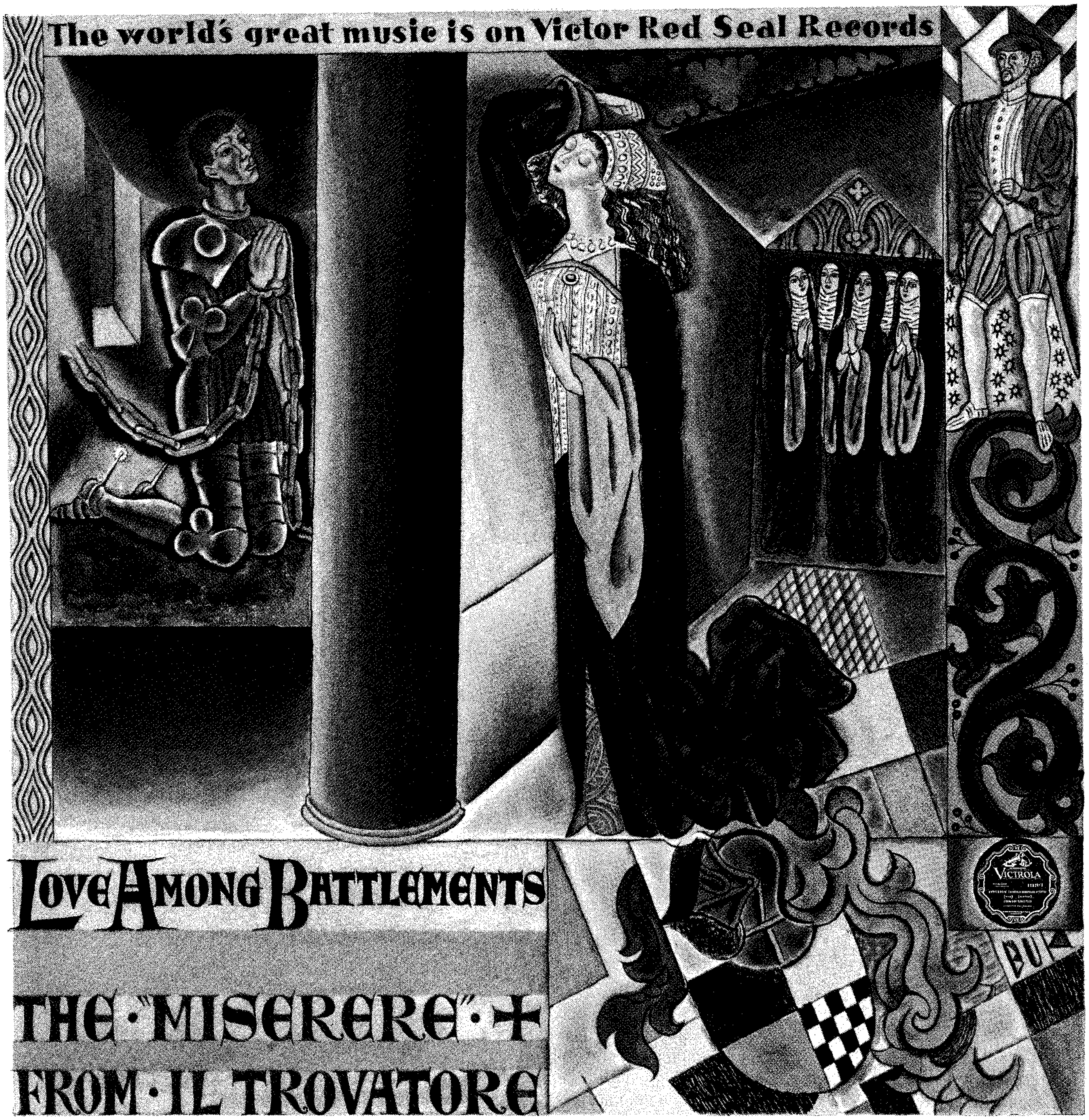


DU BOSE HEYWARD

Mamba is perfect; Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Atkinson, the unpretentious Northern business man, are recognizable people; even Hagar lives, and her deeds of blood do not arouse our disbelief. But these characters do not have to change. It is when we are asked to believe in the conversion of Saint and in the development of Lissa that we grow puzzled. Mr. Heyward does not give us the gradual and natural unfolding of character; he proceeds by a series of jerks, recalling his second novel, that unfortunate failure, *Angel*.

Curiously enough, Mr. Heyward, though he has been unable to suggest the development of character, has succeeded extraordinarily well in depicting a society in transition. The novel begins before the world war, and its conclusion is dated some time in the future. We see the changing life of both negroes and whites, and the altering attitudes of one race toward the other. In his treatment of racial relations Mr. Heyward expounds the thesis that it is by his achievement that the negro can win respect, perhaps over-emphasizing it in the closing scene, which has, nevertheless, a fine dramatic quality. Lissa is appearing as prima donna in the first real American opera, and Saint, sitting in the audience, wonders if it would do any harm if he called a prominent negro banker in Charleston *Mister* Broaden.

The upshot of the matter is that Mr. Heyward has shown us that he can do again what he did in *Porgy*, and can do it even better, but he has not convinced us that he can do more. It will be interesting to see what happens. Will he content



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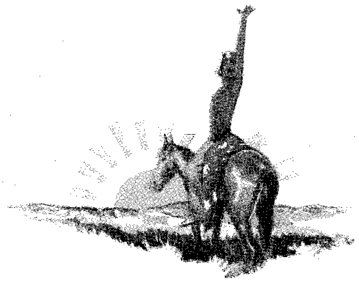
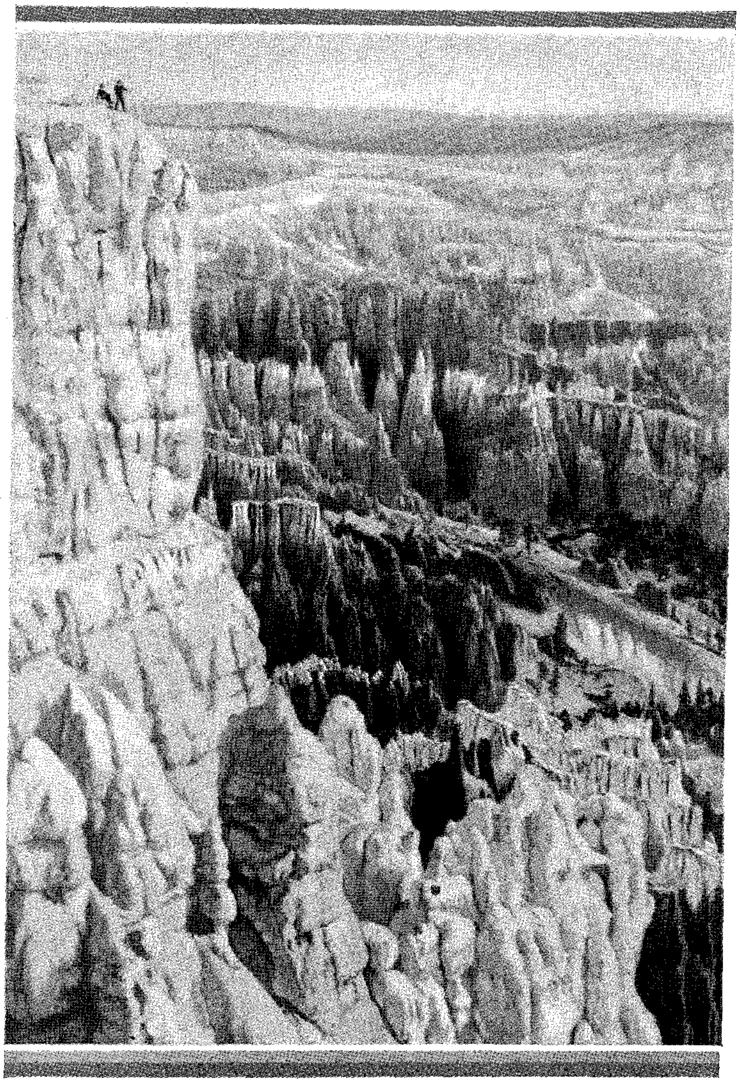


"Unka-timpie Wa-Wince Pock-ich"

(Bowl shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men)



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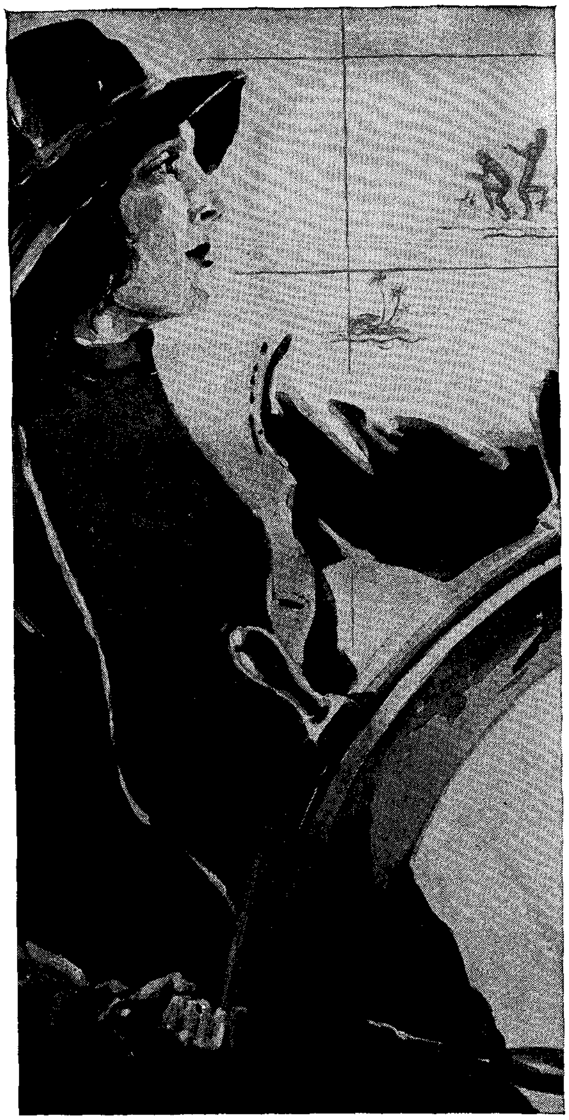

Joan Lowell, *whose story "The Cradle of the Deep," has just been chosen as the March selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club by its Editorial Board.*

A Seafarin' Girl *Tells* All

AT THE AGE of eleven months JOAN LOWELL went down to the sea in ships. . . Sprung from the LOWELLS of Boston on one side of her family, and on the other from a line of Levantine sailing masters, she weighed exactly eleven pounds when carried aboard the four-masted windjammer *Minnie A. Caine*, a copra-trading schooner plying the South Seas.

The only girl aboard, Joan stayed there seventeen years . . . weather-beaten years, roaming years, years spent in strange ports beneath the Southern Cross, seventeen years without shoes and stockings.

When Joan was two years old she could hold on to the poopdeck and say "goddamned wind." She learned to hand, reef and steer, to spit a curve in the wind, and to outswear the most blasphemous able-bodied seaman on board.

A bucko captain and his Bible charted for her the mysteries of sex. The first fish she caught was responsible for the first kiss she got—from square-head Swenson.

She learned about women from sharks and whales. She learned about love from blue-eyed Swedes, gloriously tattooed. She learned about death from storms and mutiny.

Joan saw the Dance of the Virgins on Atafu and learned that the ukulele was introduced to the South Seas by a Harvard boy. But the Dance put strange ideas into Joan's mind. . . And into the mind of Nelson, able-bodied seaman, even stranger ones . . . with all of it ending when the *Minnie A. Caine* sailed into her last anchorage.

One night in New York, after adventures equally exciting ashore, JOAN LOWELL related some of her experiences to a few friends. Completely entranced, they asked her why she had never written them down. She replied that she didn't know enough words. They told her to write as she spoke—*to tell all.*

THUS came into being Joan Lowell's own story. The publishers sent the manuscript to noted men of the sea and equally noted men of letters. "One has the impression," wrote back WILLIAM MCFEE, "of a breathless girl blurting it out in order to explain a pardonable but very astounding past. There is a warm, rumbustious sincerity in her story which engages our affections. The thing is all of a piece and all too short . . . I had to keep on with it till I finished it during the small hours of this morning."

"There is nothing to do," said HEYWOOD BROUN in the advance report about Joan's book to the 100,000 members of the Book-of-the-Month Club, "but to fall back on the old helpless cry of the truly fascinated —'Read it yourself, read it yourself!'"

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The CRADLE *of the* DEEP

by JOAN LOWELL

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A recent camera portrait of
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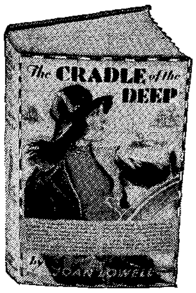

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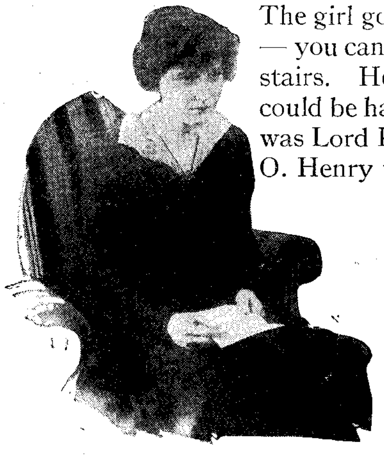


Books

himself with the novel of local color, which he can do as well as any living American author, or will he eventually conquer the dramatic novel, a form which still baffles him?

Isolated Genius

LONELY AMERICANS, by Rollo W. Brown; Coward-McCann, $3.50.
Reviewed by HERBERT GORMAN.

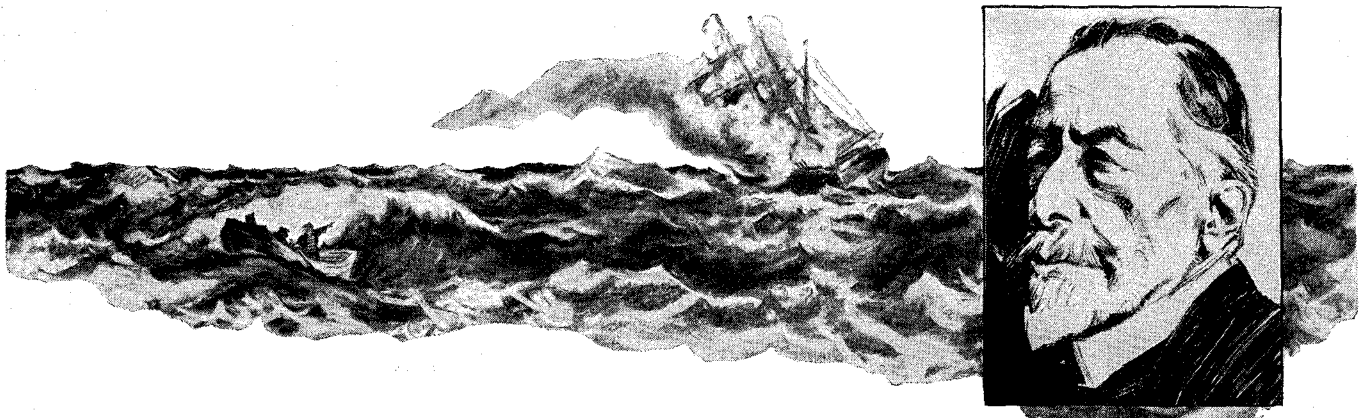
THE MERE title of Mr. Brown's book recalls so many pathetic instances that the temptation to write a general essay is well nigh irresistible. When we think of lonely Americans, men who departed from the uniformly lowing herd and struck off for themselves across bleak pastures, men who saw an image that seemed twisted from the normal vision of the society about them, men who beat first paths for their unresting feet in untrodden wildernesses, who comes to our minds? Poe? Whitman? Melville? Mr. Brown has other individuals to offer and his assumption of loneliness for them seems, in some cases, rather forced. I can understand the loneliness of James McNeill Whistler and Emily Dickinson and, with reservations, Abraham Lincoln, but it is more difficult to conceive Charles Eliot Norton, Edward MacDowell, George Bellows, Raphael Pumpelly, and Charles William Eliot as lonely figures, men isolated from their time by the innate dæmon that drove them to predestined ends.

It all depends, apparently, on the definition of loneliness, and loneliness is so personal an attribute that practically every distinguished man who ever lived in America may lay claim to it. Was Charles William Eliot as the head of a great university lonely? Did he ever conceive of himself as an isolated man? He, so eager to express opinions on a hundred and one topics and to show the light, such as he conceived it, to so many younger men? Was Edward MacDowell lonely before Fate destroyed his quick and musical brain? And who that ever knew George Bellows and his great laughter could think of him as lonely?

Yet Mr. Brown makes a point that is worth meditation in his series of essays. All of these men were separated in some measure from the norm of American civilization by individualistic idiosyncracies of their own. They asserted their personalities against Time and in the majority of cases Time itself has vindicated their insurgency. The case of Lincoln is obvious. So is that of Emily Dickinson. Whistler is unmistakable. Eliot, MacDowell, Bellows, and Pumpelly require more thought.

Yet I can see the delicate dividing line

LAND *a Thousand Miles Away!*



Why did the rats scurry *off* this ship before it sailed out of port? What instinct told them—but not the men—that the *Judea* would never reach Bankok? The omen had meant—*fire* in the hold. It came while the ship was a thousand miles from land. It ate at the cargo of coal, at the very vitals of the ship itself. . . . It burned the gallant *Judea* to the water's edge—and gave a YOUTH his first command,—a life boat.

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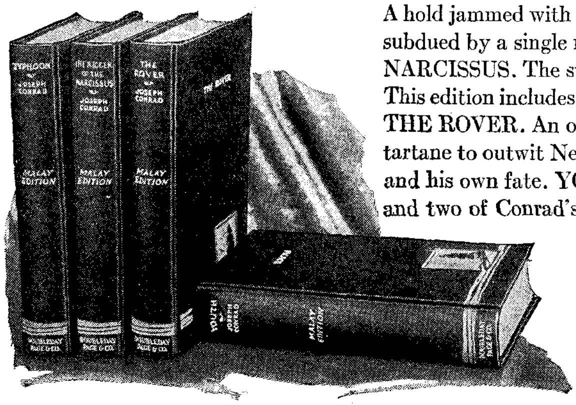

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Mr. Brown makes between loneliness and immersion in the norm. Between all of these characters and the gross civilization that they fed is the ancient invisible line of divination. They saw a lifted horizon that was beyond the vision of the men to whom they spoke; and, seeing this horizon, they were necessarily separated from the audiences for whom they existed. Charles Eliot Norton saw a new education. Lincoln saw a new Republic. MacDowell saw an art that was beyond compromise. George Bellows saw painting as an autochthonous and beautiful reality. Whistler saw art as an individualistic magic. And so one might go through the list of these eight strange and uplifted minds, seven men and one woman, who lived intensely individualistic lives and followed their dæmons regardless of material consequences. All of them belonged to that bright upper wave of intellectual living that America consistently flings so superbly above the complicated sea of her material existence. America is a peculiar and timid country, often afraid of uniqueness and brilliancy if it does not immediately materialize with the group-thought of the literate layer. These eight personalities were themselves and uncompromisingly themselves. That was what made them lonely.

Mr. Brown has written about them with tact and understanding, erring only through an academic quality of reticence which I am sure some of his subjects would resent. How inadequate, for instance, is his essay on Emily Dickinson! And yet how full of meat and sympathetic understanding are the essays on Charles Eliot Norton, Charles William Eliot, and James McNeill Whistler! Much of the material in these eight essays is old and yet it is recapitulated with such discernment and new understanding that luminous and unsuspected lights are thrown upon the subjects. *Lonely Americans*, in spite of the dubiousness of its title (a dubiousness which, I think, surrenders to the patent viewpoint of the essayist), is an illuminating and thought-provoking book that leaves me as sad as it leaves me wise. What *can* we do about America?

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America's Literary Monthly

announces that it has acquired for publication a rich store of hitherto unknown STEPHEN CRANE material, both by him and about him.

The first selection from the material is in the APRIL issue,

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Victorian Eminence

AFTER THIRTY YEARS, by Viscount Gladstone; Macmillan, $7.50.
Reviewed by HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY.

A STORY is told of a Yorkshire miner — a mighty man whose diminutive wife was in the habit, when annoyed, of beating him unmercifully. To a visitor who on one such occasion remonstrated with him for submitting to such practices, he replied philosophically enough, "Lor' lumme, sir, it pleases her and it don't hurt me." I wonder if Lord Gladstone knows this story, and if so, if he ever thought of applying it in the matter of his father and his detractors. If he had, I do not think he ever would have written *After Thirty Years*.

It is the fashion in these days to attempt the pulling down of national idols, and the effective perpetration of one such job is the ultimate ambition of almost every "best paid feature writer" on either side of the Atlantic. Great figures, however, have a way of surviving all such attacks and of emerging from them unchanged. The good American still uncovers as he stands beneath the column of Maryland marble on the banks of the Potomac, in spite of all the "torrent of facts" of the past few years; and the good Englishman stands in similar reverence outside of the Temple of Peace, within sight of the Welsh hills, and will continue to do so when Mr. Buckle and the Queen's Letters and Monsieur Maurois, in company with Captain Wright, have passed into the limbo of things forgotten.

"I see an erroneous conception of Mr. Gladstone arising," Lord Gladstone says in his introduction. "Literary artists paint their pictures of a man they did not know and perhaps never saw. The times demand novelty, and imagination has no bounds. In days to come historians in the spirit of truth will seek and will not ignore the evidence of those who speak with knowledge. I record my evidence."

I am glad Lord Gladstone has done so

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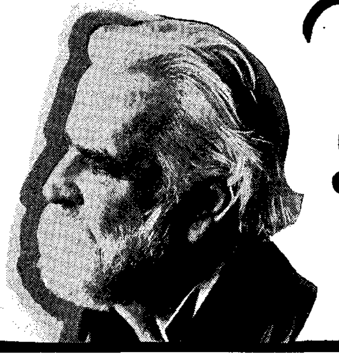

THE sensuous and the sublime, the sad tragedy, the mad carnality, the stately beauty of the world we vision every day; the humble labor, the radiant hopes and sombre failings of mankind find their most superb interpretation and expression in the noble utterances of the poets. To them it has been given to "soar an immortal moment" and compress into a few "golden syllables" imperishable thoughts to be quoted down the centuries.

Your Favorite Is Here

The mother of a family finds delight in the poet whose lines sing the gentle joys of the fireside. The man of thoughtful mind absorbs the philosophic sonnet or noble elegy. Strenuous persons of both sexes have poets of the great outdoors — and others hearken to voices of protest and prophecy, romance and passion. Each one of us has his favorite poem. Why not have it permanently, together with all the others you would like to read, enjoy, and know — enough for a lifetime's reading?

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It was inevitable that word of his personal collection would get about. Letters came to him about it. And they multiplied. Finally we took steps to gauge the demand, and received 10,000 reservations for sets of the collection if he would issue it!

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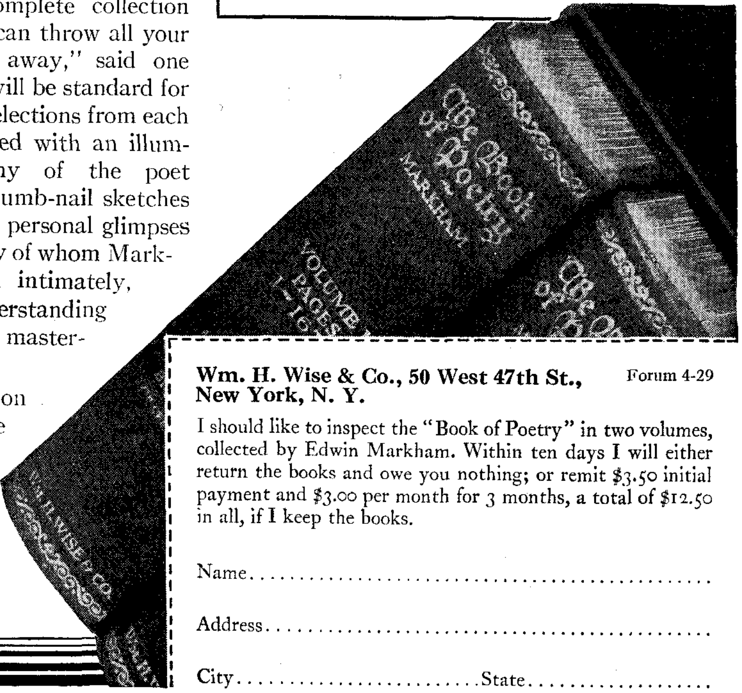

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— not for the sake of historians, but because *After Thirty Years* is an interesting book and delightful reading in spite of the note of exasperation which runs through almost every page. Lord Gladstone's recollections of domestic life at Hawarden are charming and welcome. His consideration, in the second part of the book, of the Eastern question, the Midlothian Campaign, and all the other great events of that stirring time, is in many ways able. But one suspects that it is in the third part, dealing with the relations of Queen Victoria, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone, that most interest will center. It is in this part, too, that Lord Gladstone's exasperation reaches a crisis and is perhaps most excusable.

Nevertheless, here too the man in the street has long since made up his mind. The human mind is naturally interested in the "romance" of Disraeli and his Queen; but in its more serious moments the human mind, although a beast, is a just beast, and it has long since come to a decision in its appraisal of Disraeli and Gladstone in this regard. Although he never "entered the Presence" save as he would enter a church, Gladstone still braved the wrath of that Presence when need was, standing by the right and hewing to principle. Remembering this loyal humility and steadfastness, the man in the street has never been deceived by Disraeli's skillful playing on the unstable affections of a lonely woman.

Foiling the Censor

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT, by George Seldes; Payson & Clarke, $4.00.
Reviewed by NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

GEORGE SELDES was the correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* in Europe for many crucial years during and after the war. Unfortunately for the effect of his book, he defines his theory of journalism in describing his sensations on the news of the armistice. "Again we felt free," he writes, "to use our wits in getting scoops — to think up some big stunt that would rattle the morale of our competitors and amaze the world."

Now there is one significant question raised by Mr. Seldes' admitted methods. If a journalist is permitted to enter a country which frankly has a censorship and allows no news to be dispatched without the censor's approval, is he justified in double-crossing the censor? Mr. Seldes acknowledges that he did just that. In the interests of his circulation department, he got himself deported from Russia by Lenin, from Italy by Mussolini, from Fiume by D'Annunzio, from Roumania by Bratianu. Pilsudski did not love him, and the French generals accused him of

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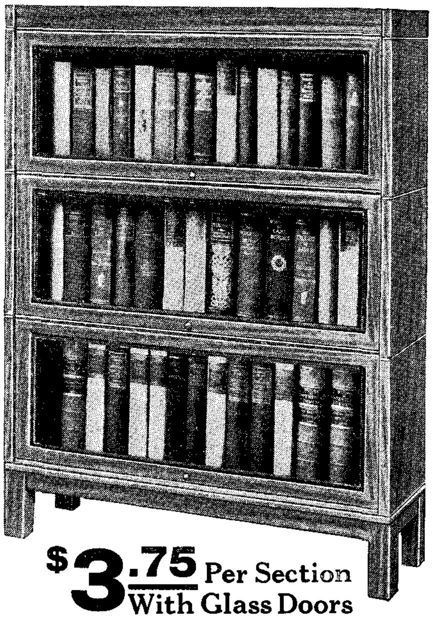

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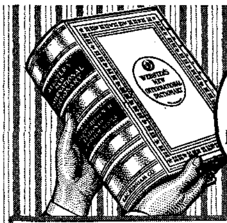

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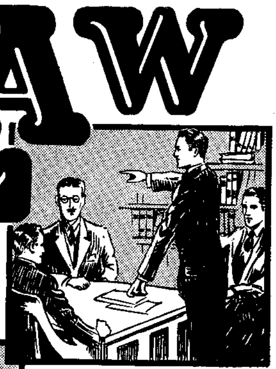

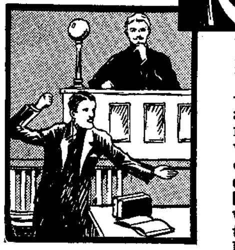

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Books

fomenting mutiny in the Foreign Legion. And even when he snatched his scoops from under the noses of Europe's tyrants, he could not get them published in America, for there were American ambassadors, bankers, even newspaper proprietors ready to join in the chorus of "You can't print that." Now he prints it.

Last year's news, of course, has this in common with last year's *dernier cri.* However loudly it is shouted, it is liable to find few attentive listeners. Mr. Seldes shouts it now in the interests of the "pathetically ignorant" American investor who has cast fifteen billions of his best dollars over these "eight per cent lands." If the American investor wants to know why he gets eight per cent on his money, he can read Mr. Seldes — and take his losses at once. Russia, Mr. Seldes reveals, is not a free country under the Soviet. Mussolini is an autocrat who has no objection to having his opponents murdered. Queen Marie of Roumania — but one hesitates to tell the truth about Mr. Seldes' taste in news. Suppose a European journalist told the Washington gossip in Harding's time?

How much Mr. Seldes is really revealing in his book, it is difficult to say. The present writer's stay in Russia, however, coincided with the closing of Mr. Seldes'. This writer is interested in Russia, and still gets most of her news from a correspondent who has played the game both with the Soviet and his paper. He does not rattle his competitors perhaps, but he does tell the truth. Mr. Seldes' publishers claim that he was deported by Lenin. After he had double-crossed the Soviet censor by smuggling out despatches, Mr. Seldes got this cable from his paper for transmission to Chicherin: "You must abandon the censorship and guarantee freedom of expression, otherwise our correspondent will be withdrawn and so will the correspondents of other American newspapers so that Russia will find herself without means of communication with the outer world."

The Soviet is a sovereign government and not subject to orders from the *Chicago Tribune.* Mr. Seldes knew that, and on May 1st had not presented his cable to Chicherin. Most foreign journalists attended a dinner in the Savoy Hotel in honor of that great proletarian festival. Kagan, the Soviet censor, was there. Everyone knew about the cable, but no one mentioned it until Kagan, who has a sardonic sense of humor, said audibly in a lull:

"Sorry to hear you are leaving us, Mr. Seldes."

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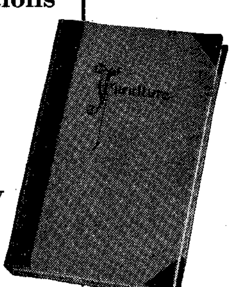

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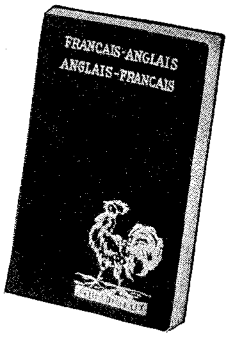

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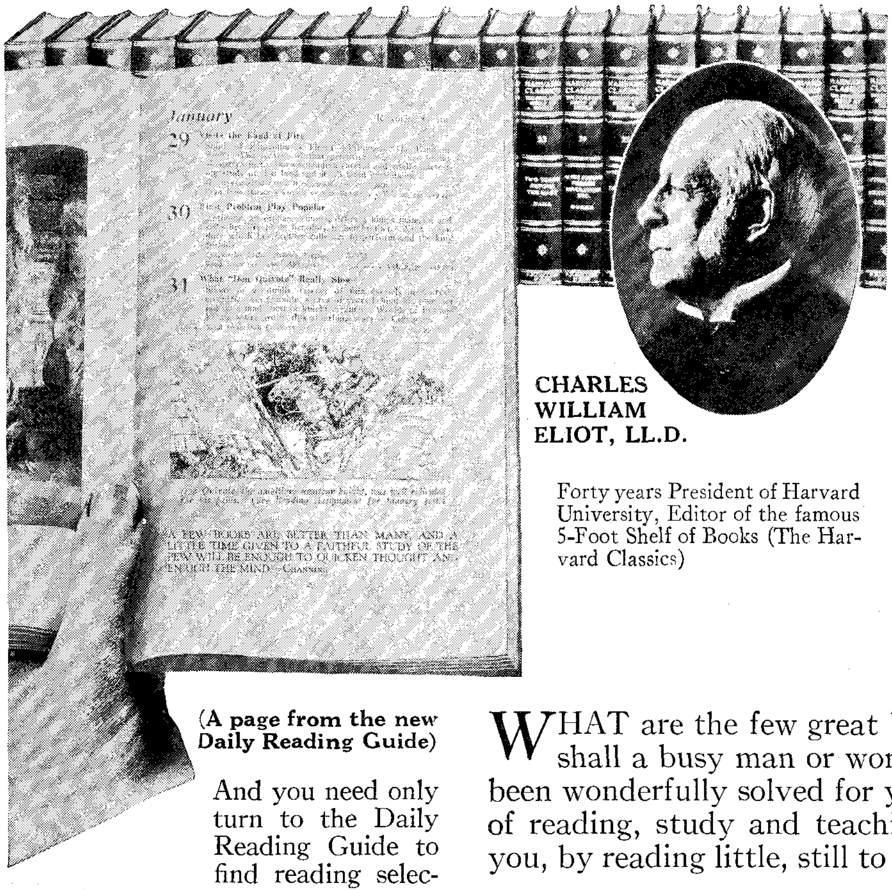
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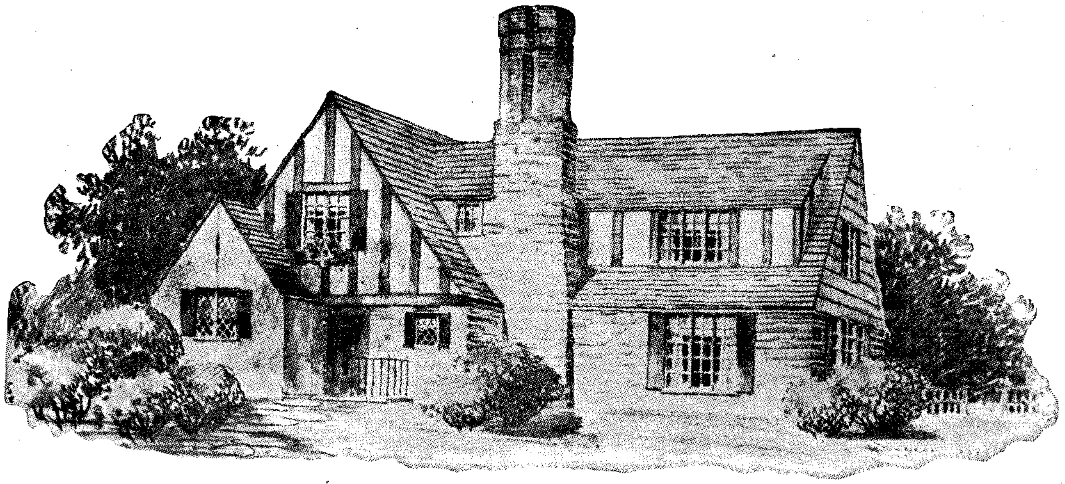

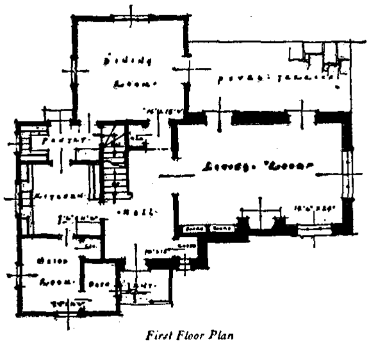

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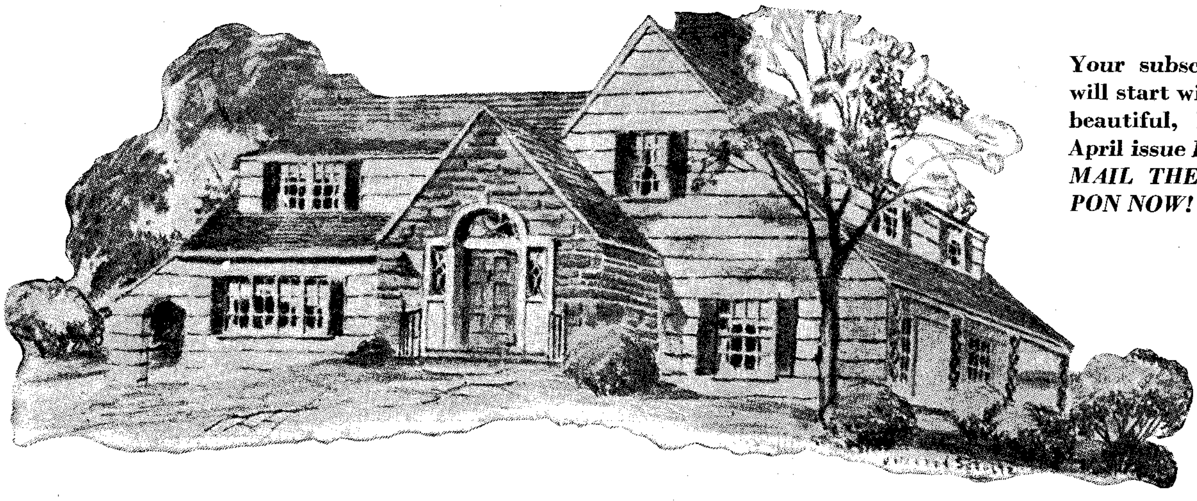

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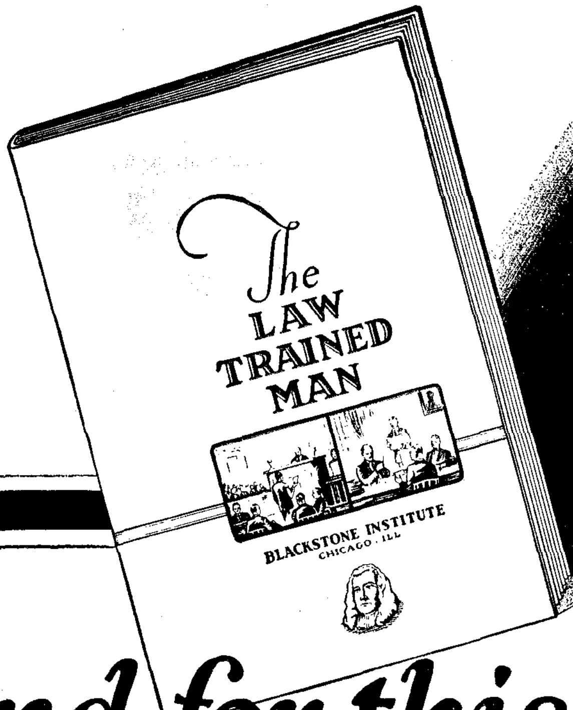

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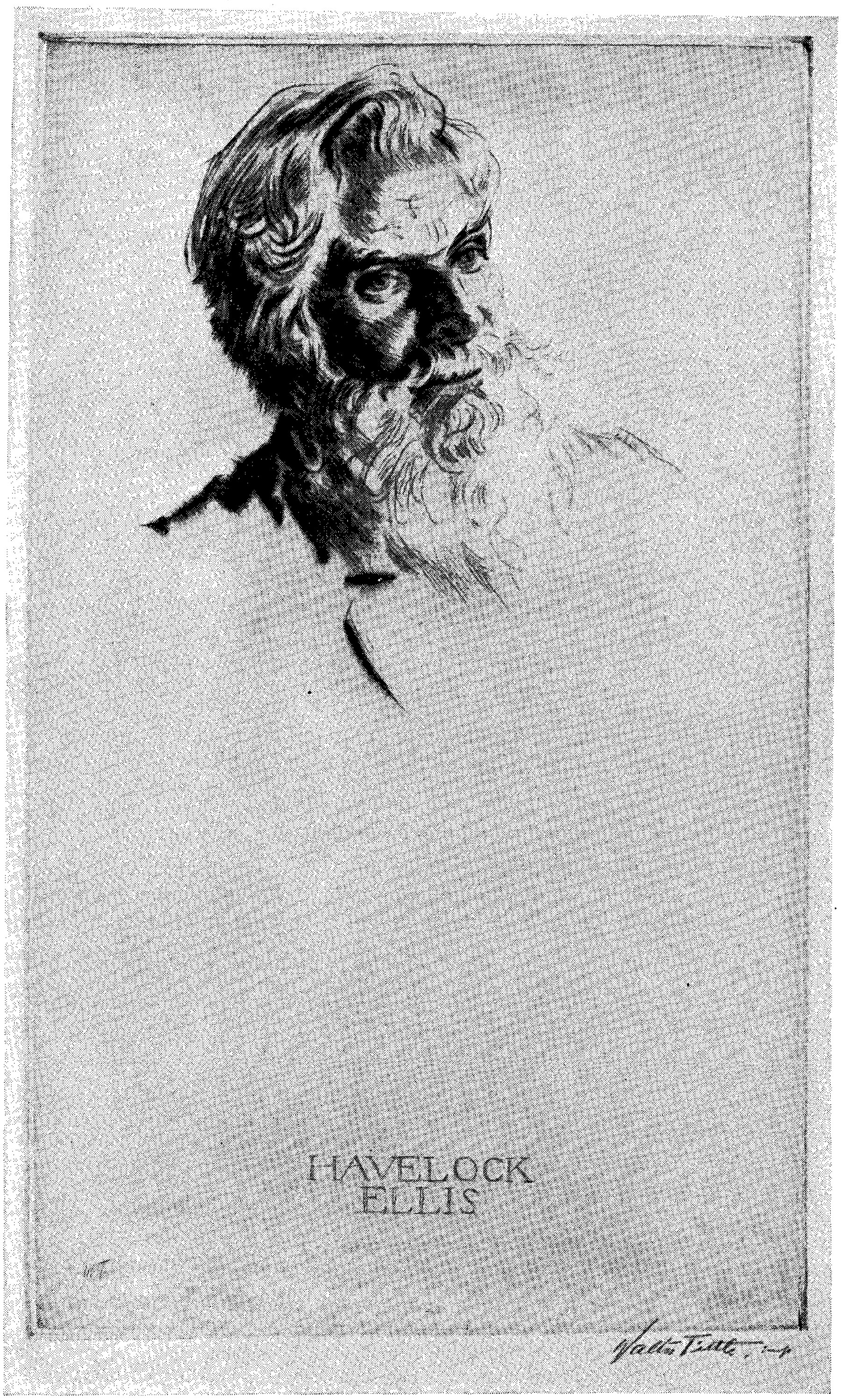


If the bogey of sex is being dispelled in this generation, it is largely because of the researches of Havelock Ellis and his frank manner of treating this once tabooed subject. Never has the kindly wisdom of the man been so well depicted as in this distinguished etching by Walter Tittle.

F O R U M

APRIL, 1929 VOL. LXXXI, NO. 4

The SEX Bogey

by HAVELOCK ELLIS

A FEW YEARS ago it was the fashion to discuss the modern girl and her imperfections. The flapper — as some insisted upon calling her — had, it appeared, many imperfections. The scantiness of her hair and her skirts was more than matched by the scantiness of her morals. We need not deny the reality of many of the imperfections revealed in the course of this discussion. Every generation has its own vices, and many others as well, for every generation includes individuals of opposite temperaments.

That has now probably been realized by most people, and the agitation over the modern girl — who is now, indeed, no longer "modern" — has died down. It begins to be seen that our views of the present are falsified by our imaginative ideas of the past. In the depth of our unconscious we ingeniously construct a picture of the past and then we are horrified, or delighted — according to our individual tastes — by the contrast between our picture of the past and the picture offered by the present. In this matter the picture of the past is constructed out of rags and tags of what we call "Victorianism."

There is an amusing satire on this tendency of the human mind in "This Year of Grace," a brilliant revue now running in London and New York. Here we are given a glimpse of the Victorian bride and bridegroom of 1890 arriving in all their primness and prudery at seaside lodgings, and then a glimpse of a similar couple of 1929 in all their easy familiarity. One scarcely needs to be old enough and privileged enough to know how these things happened in 1890 to be able to state with assurance that the real bride of that date was vastly more like that of 1929 than like her imaginary self. The real differences are in things not essential, in dress and in social conventions.

Those differences, it is true, strike deep. They do not, however, affect the great central situations of life, where the eternal human impulses speak as clearly in one generation as in another. If no woman of the public stage in the nineteenth century, or even in the eighteenth, wrote of her own life so frankly as Isadora Duncan, that was not because they were less apt to live daringly, or more apt to be hypocritical, but simply because the social conventions were different. Mrs. Inchbald, one of the most interesting Englishwomen of the eighteenth century, wrote frank memoirs, but she was persuaded to destroy them. Byron's were solemnly burnt in manuscript. Trelawney's *Adventures* were at once carefully expurgated by his friend, Mrs. Shelley. Always, close at a writer's elbow, was some fierce and potent incarnation of Social Conventions. Even more than a thousand years ago the poems of Sappho, greatest of women artists and the most poignantly naked, were so rent to pieces by this same fury that only a few fragments have reached us. But the little conventions regarding what may or may not be done in public are often themselves the expression of profound impulses, and in their turn they exert a widespread influence which could not be foreseen. That is so even as regards fashions of dress. The new principles of feminine dress seemed at first merely a phase of the seesaw of fashion, as affected by the economies rendered necessary in wartime. But they were found to be influenced by, and in their turn to influence, many elements of our civilized life that are deeper than the changing fashions of the day: sport, hygiene, the immensely improved health of women, as witnessed by the disappearance of disorders like chlorosis, formerly considered to be specially bound up with the feminine sex, a new fellowship of equality with men in work and in play.

These new physical aptitudes were found to be inevitably associated with new psychic aptitudes. There was a new directness of vision, a new downrightness of speech, a new spirit of adventure, a resolve to experiment even in fields ostensibly prohibited. These new conventions often involved an open disregard of old conventions. They have proved of far-reaching significance. They do not touch the deep springs of human action which operated in 1890 as in 1929. They are scarcely new even in those manifestations which have most exercised the minds of moralists, and "petting," if we could recover the prehistoric evidence, might be traced back to origins in the Garden of Eden. They are none the less far-reaching, and the modern girl of yesterday leads up to the new mother of to-day.

Scissor cuts by Lisl Hummel

The conventions of the past, however superficial, were, as conventions are apt to be, sometimes rigid and almost unbreakable. That was especially so — as again it is apt to be — when they took the form of sexual taboos. These were far from being distinctive of so-called "Victorianism." They go much further back and they exist in countries completely outside Victorian influence, even in France, which is by some ignorantly supposed to be a land free from sexual taboos.

I know a Frenchwoman who can still be called young, belonging to a bourgeois family of superior ability, whose mother was a typically admirable and devoted housewife. But she never gave her daughter the slightest instruction concerning any natural sex function, and no other sources of knowledge were open. The young girl, being highly intelligent, succeeded in forming for herself some general ideas on the subject and infusing them with a poetic spirit, so that she gave the impression to those around her that she was well informed in these matters; and her mother — realizing at last that instruction of this kind is desirable, yet still unable to overcome her own inhibitions — asked her daughter to instruct her younger sister. This was done to the apparent satisfaction of the pupil, yet the teacher herself remained so ignorant that when some years later she was about to have a child of her own, she believed, even to the very day when the child was born, that birth would take place through the navel.

Such ignorance is not uncommon even in France. A woman of such distinguished intellect as Madame Adam believed in girlhood that a kiss on the lips from a man produced a child, and many French girls — until recently, and perhaps even to-day — have the same belief, which is also found in the United States. The taboo on sexual speech is ancient and has no national frontiers.

It is because it is ancient, passed on by tradition from generation to generation, that it still subsists to-day, even among parents who regard themselves as emancipated and are fully aware of the duty to train their children in a wholesome knowledge of the vital facts of sex. There is now, indeed, a widespread conviction among parents who were themselves brought up amid the old conspiracy of silence in the home, that this is wrong and that they must inaugurate in their own homes a new and better era of sexual enlightenment. But how are they to do it? And what ought they to tell their children? They do not know. Consequently, a large proportion of them do nothing, although still retaining an uneasy conscience. In this they are unlike their own parents, who had similarly done nothing, but on principle, with the virtuous conviction that they were "preserving the innocence" of their children.

Even if they make the plunge, the results may not be satisfactory. I recall an English mother of some years ago — but she was not unlike many more recent mothers — who was firmly convinced that it was her duty to impart sexual enlightenment to her daughters when they had reached the age of puberty. She was an intellectual woman of advanced ideas for her time, the friend of some of the leaders in women's movements, and fervent in her convictions. But her excursions into the field of sexual enlightenment must be counted a failure. She had never prepared the way for her exposition; she had not acquired the tact, the sympathy, the insight needed to give, so suddenly, a lesson her daughters were neither expecting nor desiring. They were simply repelled and disgusted; perhaps the impression thus made was never entirely effaced.

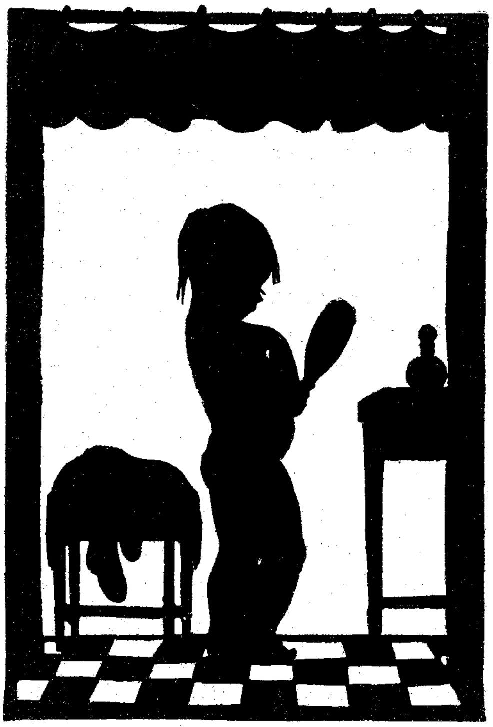
Quite recently another mother, a graduate of an American college, has recorded her attempts at the sexual enlightenment of her daughter, aged five. She had herself been brought up, like many other mothers, in a strict middle-class "Victorian" home where the word "sex" was unknown, and all her knowledge of it before marriage was acquired from the walls of public school toilet rooms in New York City, and similar tainted sources. She resolved to be "modern and sensible" in the sex education of her own children. She timed the operation at a more reasonably early age than the English mother; but again, the results were not satisfactory. The child was told an idyllic tale of the planting of little seeds. There was a barrage of questions: "How? — When? — May I see it done? — Please let me see a baby seed! — Does anyone plant seeds in the kindergarten teacher?" And so on. Moreover, the child began to be alarmingly communicative of her new knowledge to friends and visitors. Finally her mother angrily shouted to the child that if she talked any more about the subject she would be whipped. That is one of the possible results of sexual enlightenment, though in this case one seems to discern that the mother was hardly in harmonious rapport with the child on whom, thus injudiciously, she suddenly sprung her revelation, nor adequately prepared for the ways in which a child's mind may react to such sudden revelation.

It has to be realized, of course, that children may react in various ways that cannot always be foretold, although it is largely affected by the way in which the revelation comes to them. Dr. G. V. Hamilton in his recent elaborate *Research in Marriage* (a study involving two hundred men and women of superior character and ability) found that 37 per cent of the men and 29 per cent of the women felt proud and gratified when their curiosity about sex matters was first satisfied; 20 per cent of the men and 17 per cent of the women accepted it as a mere matter of fact; there were also as many as 23 per cent of the men and 31 per cent of the women who were unnecessarily shocked and repelled by the unfortunate ways in which the revelation came to them.

The new mother, as I have from time to time seen her, attempts no heroic feat of "sexual enlightenment" with her children. She has no need to. She regards motherhood as a relationship of loving and natural intimacy, and she differs from any ordinary, affectionate mother of old mainly through being guided by intelligence, and not by obedience to outworn traditions. She has learned how to become the friend of her children. The relationship thus becomes more simple, and not less so, for our traditions had introduced an unnatural artificiality with endless complications. It is inevitable that any sudden attempt to be "sensible and modern" in matters of sex within this artificially woven web must often prove disturbing and unsatisfactory. And even if the mother's ideas may claim to be modern all through, if she fails to establish the fundamental basis of friendship with her child, she has failed altogether. The new mother is learning to be "sensible and modern" from the first in the whole relationship of motherhood.

The functions of sex are just as natural as the other human functions, the main natural difference being, not that they are more obscene or more sacred, but that they develop at a slower pace. They seem equally natural to the child when they come before him naturally, and it is because they so seldom come before him naturally that his attention is likely to be concentrated on them with a secret and morbid intensity. We can scarcely wonder when we realize that, as Dr. Hamilton has found even among superior persons, only two per cent of the men and the same proportion of the women had received from any source "full and adequate information." There are innumerable children who, when they first come in contact with some fact or word of sex, have asked an innocent and perhaps even casual question about it, and received an unexpected snub which is not to be forgotten. Never again is any question asked, but beneath the surface the young mind works at unraveling the mystery.

That need not happen. It can scarcely happen when the relationship between mother and child is so simple and natural that the germs of such morbid mysteries find no place to develop in the child's mind. There can be no point at which any mysterious "forbidden" subject is enabled to take shape. The child's natural reactions are naturally met, and when these reactions touch the region of sex and reproduction, the child is not carefully headed off. That ancient conspiracy between parents, teachers, and social environment — now condemned by Dr. Hamilton and others — to persuade the child that everything to do with sex is disgusting, and the simple words describing them so "filthy" that they must be replaced by cumbersome euphemisms, if not abolished, is now at least rendered harmless.



The origin of babies thus comes to appear to the child at an early age as simple as the origin of kittens — more wonderful, however, by being brought home to him as a fact of personal experience. Nor is there room left for those unwholesome curiosities concerning the physical form of the opposite sex which so often tormented the children of a former age when they approached puberty and grew conscious of sexual differences. The social convention in regard to the body has changed so much during recent years that the path has been rendered easy for the new mother. She puts no barriers in the way of boys and girls seeing each other naked when circumstances render the occasion simple and natural, and her children from early age sometimes see their parents in the bath. Adult nakedness can thus never become that cause for the shock of fascination or repulsion which it has often been for those children from whom this sight is hidden until they are approaching puberty or later. It is largely an unnatural physical attitude which fosters the "castration complex" of the psychoanalysts, just as it is largely an unnatural emotional attitude which fosters their "mother fixation"; although it is scarcely possible for either to develop in any intense degree except on a hereditarily neurotic foundation.

I have said that the method of the new mother, as I have seen it in action, is nothing if not simple and natural. But I do not deny that it is often, at the same time, difficult and troublesome. What is simple is not always easy. The mother of old time by whom so many adults of to-day were brought up — and they will often be prepared to say well brought up — was affectionate but severe. Children were to obey and to respect, and because intimacy was not encouraged, they seldom felt any impulse toward intimacy. The mother, on her side, seemed to have found difficulty in being intimate with her children, thus soon becoming as shy with them as they were with her. Dr. Hamilton finds that nearly half of the men and women he has so carefully investigated report that their relations with their parents in early life had been either "undemonstrative" or "very undemonstrative." A system of artificial taboos ruled both parties in the relationship. It was not a simple relationship, but it evaded many difficulties.

The child of to-day is less easily moved to obey its parents, and still less to treat them with respect. He treats his mother with a familiarity which sometimes seems shocking to those of us whose attitude in childhood was so different, although we realize, as years go on, how much this method achieves that the old method could never attain. The new mother was often herself brought up by the old method, and she suffers sometimes from the freedom she leaves unchecked. But she has realized that it is but a poor preparation for life which lies in a gospel of *Don'ts*. And when that freedom becomes too extravagant, she gently explains that great truth, lying at the foundation of society, which children never understand spontaneously — that however free we may be, we are not free to do the things which interfere with the equal freedom of other people.

The troubles of the new mother do not end here. She has soon to realize that new mothers are at present a small minority, scattered through the community and unorganized, although there is a remarkable similarity in their methods. They are surrounded by the old mothers bringing up the old sort of children and still feeling that they have on their side the primitive herd instinct which encourages intolerance of novelty. A new mother had familiarized her little daughter of six with the elementary facts of sex and the origin of babies. But one day the child, having received a different statement from other sources, came questioningly to her mother: "Babies come out of eggs!" Her mother gently explained that there are people who think that children are not old enough to understand the truth about these things and so make up stories to tell them. The little maiden drew herself up and said, "I will never believe anything but what *you* tell me." In such a way a beautiful relation of intimacy and trust is established for the enlightenment and development of the child, and the tainted influences of the external world are sterilized beforehand.

It should, however, be clear to parents at the outset that they have to reckon with this external world and to guard themselves and their child against it, though this should not be done before an actual clash has occurred, and then only to meet the case in hand. Undue haste in forewarning the child might be as harmful as was the deliberate attempt to thrust upon him sex revelations he had not asked for. It would prematurely destroy his spontaneity. The new mother has no wish to protect the child unduly and rob him of initiative. If she holds the child's friendship, she knows no fear and goes joyfully ahead, extending to the external world the same trust as at first does the child, though hers is often based on merely a smiling tolerance. She knows that if any clash occurs between the world and the child, he will come to her, and she will then effect the necessary adaptations to the world for his protection. In thus encouraging self-reliance, and not unduly sheltering him beforehand, the new mother finds no great harm resulting from any clash, since she is always the friend to whom the problem comes for solution, and any germs of secrecy and distrust, such as the child may naturally possess as part of his human inheritance, she has an opportunity of training in the right direction, tempering them with her own tolerance. Moreover, we have always to remember that an education which is not a discipline can scarcely be considered a preparation for life.

The question of discipline which comes in here cannot be passed over, for it is the essence of the whole matter. At first sight it might seem that the attitude of the new mother toward her child deprives it of discipline. She allows it the utmost amount of freedom compatible with other claims. She treats it as an equal rather than as an inferior, apparently extending to children the same kind of equality which has only of recent years been accorded to women themselves. When that means indulgence, with an artificial protection against the natural results of indulgence, it may well be unfavorable to any sort of discipline. But it is necessary to point out that the old system now decaying was in its extreme form still more ill adapted as a disciplinary preparation for life. A famous author of the nineteenth century, Ruskin, wrote an autobiography called *Præterita,* which deserves to live when his books on art are forgotten. In this he tells how he was brought up in his very "Victorian" middle-class home by loving parents who shielded him from every harm and allowed him absolutely no freedom of action. Looking back on this training in old age, he realized how sadly it unfitted him for the discipline of life and became the direct cause of misfortune when he was cut loose from his mother's apron strings. If the new mother leaves a large scope of freedom to her child and encourages him to act for himself instead of acting for him, he may have to suffer for his actions, but he is learning responsibility and is being trained in the home for the discipline of the world.

It is not to be assumed that the mother of the old days was entirely wrong and the new mother of to-day entirely right. The task is difficult for any kind of mother, and the one may fail as well as the other. Motherhood is an art, a rarer art than is commonly supposed, and while every woman has sometimes wanted to be a mother, she may well think twice before she decides that she is fitted to become one, for she may be unfitted spiritually even if she is physically suitable. The old-time mother was capable of producing splendid children; where the material was good, her methods were brilliantly successful. But her failures were many and when the child was of poor material, it remained undeveloped or deviated in morbid directions, becoming the victim of "mother fixation" or the "Œdipus complex," an appropriate patient for the psychoanalysts who flourish on the failures of old-world training.

Whether for good or for evil, however, we cannot carry over the methods of the past into the present. Every age must deal with its own problems in its own way. The new generation demands the new mother. How finely successful she can prove — especially when herself inspired by a happy love-life — some of us are already able to testify.

The Bluebird's Song

THE sod was upturned to the thud of the
hoof,
And my heart beat time to the saddle's lift.
The trees arched above to the twilight roof,
And my path gleamed white and my steed was
swift.

The tree-shadows bent on me their weight,
And I felt the gloom of their sombre power,
As in darkened mood with my steed for mate,
I rode through the woods at the gloaming hour.

Voices around a bend I heard;
I tightened my rein as I drew nigh.
'Twas a man and a maid! With never a word
But with slackened pace I passed them by.

Protectingly he drew her aside;
As he turned his head with an upward glance
His eyes met mine, but he could not hide
The light that shone on his countenance.

Ah, breath of blown roses, scent of the Spring!
What lifted my gloom, and what was the power
That made me hear the bluebird sing,
As I rode on my way at that twilight hour?

— *Leo C. Robertson*

Drawings by Arnold Ronnebeck

America and Germany

by COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

If I have learned one thing during forty-eight years of pilgrimage on earth, it is this — that what human beings utter as an expression of their conscious thought rarely corresponds to vital truth. Exceptions are provided by those few whose consciousness is harmoniously linked and adjusted to their unconscious. The attitude of most people may be illustrated by a typical occurrence in awakening love: a girl talks and even thinks most harshly of the man for whom, unknowingly, she is beginning to care.

Why was every innovator the best-hated man of his age? Why was every libel brought up against him readily believed? Not because people thought in their inmost hearts that he was wrong, but because they felt that he was right. But, since the admission of this fact would inevitably have disrupted the existing state of balance within their souls, the latter very naturally fought for life. After an innovator had conquered, he was canonized for the very same reasons for which he had before been persecuted.

What applies to individuals also applies naturally to nations. To-day the world seems practically subdivided into Pro- and Anti-Americans, very much as it was before and during the World War into Pro- and Anti-Germans. This is the natural consequence of the change in equilibrium that has taken place since the war. But who is really in sympathy with the Americans, and who is not? This is a difficult question to answer, all the more so because those who pass judgment most readily are generally not only those who know least, but also those who care to know least. They simply want to get rid of a feeling of uneasiness. And there are two ways of dismissing a disturbing vital influence: one way is disparagement, the other idealization. In effect, the two are identical, for it is the essence of an ideal that it does *not* belong to the plane of reality.

It is a matter of course that Europeans do not see Americans in the light in which Americans see themselves. It is also natural that only one in a thousand of those who know the facts about America understand them; for in order to understand facts, one must grasp their significance — that is, see through them; and very few of those who are interested in the facts are capable of such vision. But what about the feelings and emotions America inspires? Even here no manifested phenomenon can be accepted as conclusive proof. Since every judgment passed is a compound of emotion and thought, it is obviously more than difficult to determine Europe's real, inner relationship to America.

II

I HAD TO MAKE these general preliminary remarks in order to be able, in what I shall have to say, to dismiss at the outset any consideration of intrinsic value or likableness. Americans themselves lay great stress on the latter quality. This is perfectly correct in a home atmosphere, especially if the national atmosphere is as similar to a kindergarten as is that of the United States. But no "foreigner" has ever been liked on these grounds, nor could he ever be. As to the unquestionable advantages of American life — advantages, that is, in the sense that all would like to share them — it is obvious that they must needs evoke envy. At this point I may pronounce a first positive judgment, although it will surprise unsophisticated readers: *Given* the tremendous power to which America has risen, *given* its unique prosperity and security, the fact is simply astounding that, comparatively speaking, the nation evokes so little overt hatred. This is indeed significant. And yet the general feeling which Europeans at large have for America is decidedly one of dislike, of however mild a kind. This could not be otherwise.

But now the real problem only begins. What does this dislike mean? What is the root of it? It may be anything. It may be budding love. It may be recognition of superiority. It may be envy, or the fear of the weaker. It may be contempt. It may be recognition of inferiority. Here we arrive at the great cleavage among Europeans. There are those who think of America as a symbol of the future, and who love it. There are others who think the same, but cling fiercely to the present or the past. There are people who think of Americanism as a progressive thing, and there are others to whom it means barbarization pure and simple.

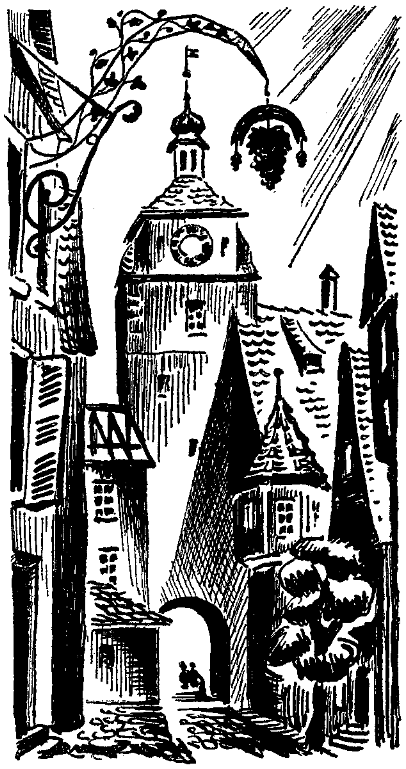
But even here, appearance and reality seldom coincide. In the first place, exceedingly few Europeans see America as it is. Moreover, much of what the word *America* stands for in Europe has little to do with the New World: it simply stands for the general process of mechanization and rationalization which all mankind is going through to-day. The problem seems as confused as possible. Still, on the basis of what was said in the first paragraph, we can now divine the real issue. *All nations being fundamentally self-centered, Europeans feel, at bottom, in sympathy or antipathy with America according to whether or not their own nation develops of its own accord on lines similar to or corresponding in spirit with the United States.* Indeed, here and here alone, it is a question of indubitable reality and not of appearance. All conscious thoughts may be wrong, all manifested emotions not representative of truth. But the relationship between the specific *élan vital* or life-modes of two nations provides a standard which is objectively valid.

From this we see at once that two European nations — the English and the French — cannot possibly, in their heart of hearts, be in sympathy with the United States, whatever they may say. The psychological texture of the English is so totally different from that of latterday Americans that one may almost call it a freak of nature that both speak the same language. Only think of the love for little things so characteristic of the English, and on the other hand of the American trend toward the colossal; of the American lack of reserve, and the extreme cultivation of this quality by Englishmen; of the extreme sense of privacy in the latter, and the equally extreme love of publicity in the former; of the Englishman's highly developed political sense, and the almost complete lack of it in the American; of the individualism of the English, and the inherent socialism of the Americans.

As to France, her whole tradition is static and humanistic, and she would inevitably lose her soul if she developed along the lines of American dynamism and pragmatism. The whole scale of values of the French is as different from that of present-day Americans as from that of the Hindus. This applies in particular to the French sense of quality as contrasted with quantity — a direct heritage from classical antiquity. What still binds together the Americans and the French are memories of the eighteenth century; but no nation really lives on memories.

In opposition to this, all young or rejuvenated nations are more or less akin to America. Many of them dislike her, but this kind of enmity means as close a relationship as love, because the basic kinship is the primary thing. Even the contrast between Fascist and American organizations is much more a thing of the surface than that between the American and the English life-modes. Yet, Russia and Germany are the only rejuvenated nations whose inner relationship to America is so close that they are inevitable allies in history, whatever their respective policies may be — whether they are actual friends or enemies.

I cannot deal with the Russian problem here. While writing *America* (which will be published this summer) I was forced, again and again, into the conclusion that modern Russia and America stand for the two foci of the New World in the Making, in the same sense that Catholicism and Protestantism did in the age of the religious wars. That is to say, they belong as polar opposites to an identical field of force. As for Germany, I found that it is also converging with America, but for different reasons. These I stated for the first time in the first session of the School of Wisdom which took place after my return from my American lecture tour of 1928, and the spontaneous response to my assertions and demonstrations is proof positive in my eyes that I am not mistaken in my judgment.



The facts of the case are the following. In few countries does one hear as many disparaging judgments passed on the United States as in Germany. The reasons for this are several. Since I am writing for Americans, I will first give those which speak in their favor. There is that type of inherent German intellectualism which cannot understand the direct American sense for the reality of things. There is the German narrowness. There is the traditional German enviousness. There is the fact that every German is practically a "monad without windows," which makes him incapable of liberty in the best American sense.

But there are other reasons which speak entirely in Germany's favor. Germany believes that cultural values are supreme; that inner riches are more important than external wealth; that the quality of the individual, as such, means more than his relationship to his fellowmen, for which reason a high individual quality is of infinitely greater importance than the best of social services; and finally, that there is a hierarchy of spiritual values, independent of all success. And yet, after having absorbed whatever I could of the real atmosphere of the United States, and after having concentrated on Germany again on my return, I dare assert that whatever antipathy there is on the surface, and however many insuperable incompatibilities exist between the two nations, the basic phenomenon to-day is one of intrinsic sympathy. I mean that kind of sympathy which alone is of permanent avail between nations — the sympathy based on a similar or parallel destiny.

With individuals it has often happened that what seemed to be fate, in the sense of chance occurrence or external coercion, really called out a man's true nature. In the same way, external circumstances have often forced a man to guide his life into new channels which made for rejuvenation and even inspiration. The same has occurred to nations. It was always danger which made steel out of soft iron. And very often what seemed to be the worst of fates called into manifestation a nation's true inner form. This is what has happened to Germany as a consequence of her defeat. Not that I think that postwar Germany is a thing of higher quality than the Germany of millennial tradition; I am much more afraid that the highest expressions of Germany's qualitative spirit must, for a long time, belong to the past, because, as I have shown in *Europe*, Germany can be in her best possible condition only under some form of caste rule. But there is no doubt that the political and social texture of prewar Germany no longer corresponded to the nation's actual state.

The Germans of to-day are different in kind from those who counted historically in Germany's previous great epochs. Accordingly, the revolution — I do not hereby mean the German Revolution in the technical sense, but the war with all its consequences — actually freed a tremendous amount of formerly repressed energy. And the catastrophe, as such, has worked more good than evil, for the reason, peculiar to Germany, that this nation is instinctively bent more on the past than on the future, is very much inclined to submit to existing forms and existing law, and, accordingly, is peculiarly unfit to regenerate herself by a slow evolutionary process — a process so wonderfully demonstrated in the English. But above all, fate has forced Germany to adapt herself inwardly to the Future as opposed to the Past. This, then, has called into historic prominence those German qualities which belong to the historic plane of Russia on the one hand and of America on the other.

The sympathy for Russia, very naturally, asserted itself first; every new movement begins under the banner of Radicalism. But very soon the pendulum swung back to the other pole of the New World in the Making — the United States. This nation is as young in soul as Russia, but it does not repudiate Western culture. It does not even repudiate Western tradition, as far as that tradition reaches back to the eighteenth century. One may even say more: America is essentially traditionalistic to the extent that it acknowledges history; and this, as a phenomenon concomitant with that of extreme modernity, must be peculiarly congenial to the German temperament.

But there are other causes a medieval philosopher would have called "accidental," which are even more responsible for Germany's shifting of sympathy. Materially ruined by the war and the peace, Germany must needs direct all her energies to material rehabilitation. And the one nation in the world which has an unqualifiedly positive attitude toward material advance is America. It is this understanding which counts foremost in this connection, and not the fact that more money is to be had from America for purposes of reconstruction than from anywhere else. And by "understanding," I mean chiefly moral understanding — understanding in the spirit of fairness and good will. One of the best qualities of the American nation is the inheritance of that old pioneer spirit which sincerely applauds the man who, being down, lets himself be neither discouraged nor broken, but rises again without asking for more help than is indispensable in making a new start. But there is another accidental cause which works even more in the same direction. Germany is disarmed and practically defenseless; its rehabilitation depends entirely on long years of undisturbed peace. Now there may be a doubt as to whether America is a guarantee of peace in the modern world; perhaps it keeps too aloof from European affairs for that. But America, and America alone, *stands* for peace in the modern world. And this makes Germany her fated ally.

Here I cannot do more than give a few hints. America's real and organic Constitution — which is entirely different from the official one — represents a complete *novum* in history. For the first time, the centre to which all national events are related is not something belonging to the plane of what the Romans called the *forum*, but to private life. This is due to many causes converging in their effects — among others, to the inherent socialism (as opposed to individualism) of the American soul, and to the predominance of woman's scale of values. I am dealing with all of them in my new book. But what concerns us here is just the *fact* that the values of private life predominate in the United States. *And this one fact suffices to make America, and America alone so far, the champion of world peace.*

All who remember the horrors of the World War very naturally desire peace. But an outlawry of war — whatever may have been decreed by ever so many official papers — is logical nonsense as long as the spirit of politics prevails. Wherever this condition holds true, war *must* be the last legitimate resort. This accounts for all the insincerities and failures at Geneva. As against this, no conflict of private life ever leads to war by its own inherent logic. To think of war here as an *ultima ratio* is as absurd as to renounce war in a world where the spirit of politics rules supreme.

In America it is the spirit of private life which rules supreme. Therefore America must necessarily stand for peace. But for the same reason Germany is unconsciously — but all the more irresistibly — driven to the side of America. Most Germans do not know as yet why they instinctively sympathize so much with America in spite of all the unsympathetic opinions they express. For their case is precisely that of the girl mentioned at the beginning of this article.

III

It is not my business to state how Americans feel about Germany to-day; they are probably as unconscious of the trend of history which works through their depths as are the Germans. Yet it is patent that some kind of echo to what the Germans feel is already alive within the souls of a great many Americans. This accounts, partly at least, for the understanding German literature undoubtedly meets with in America, as opposed to England.

The German intellectual class knows practically nothing of things American and is seldom in sympathy with the New World. But then, most of its known representatives stand for Germany's past. They are not really representative. After a catastrophe like that which Germany has gone through, the true condition and striving of a nation never expresses itself in literature. Just as Lindbergh is more representative of young America than anything one may read, in the same sense men like Dr. Eckener and the great pioneers of science and enterprise, who have already won back a good deal of Germany's world prominence in their respective fields, are more expressive to-day of Germany's best spirit than any work of abstract contemplation. Germany is beginning her career over again. Therefore, a literature truly representative of new Germany has yet to be born. Let no American believe that those German authors who delight in Germany's breakdown, who made fortunes on the basis of that breakdown and to-day enjoy a kind of world reputation, are representative of new Germany in the least. Their case is similar to that of an imaginary American who, after an entire collapse of the United States as it is to-day, would give away with delight all it has stood for from the Mayflower up to the World War.

But I do know well the body of truly representative German youth, which is of course intensely national and proud of Germany's great millennial past. In particular do I know those among them who are likely to be the leaders of the next decades, because at Darmstadt there happens to be not only a School of Wisdom, but also what is probably Germany's best technical college. After having finished their studies, all the most promising of these young men go out to America for a year or two, as a matter of course. They feel that they belong to the same generation as those among the young Americans who are of the universalist (as opposed to the localist) type. And the same is true, more or less, of all the future-bent young people in all circles of Germany who do not belong to the romantic camp. The Romanticists, of course, who have always been very numerous in Germany and are responsible for much of its best literature and art, disapprove of any kind of extraverted life. But then, Romanticists never counted in the historical life of a nation.

Do We Need a NEW GOD?—A debate

I—The Passing of Supernaturalism

by HARRY ELMER BARNES

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, who is a Professor of Sociology at Smith College, here enlarges upon the arguments he presented before the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. At that time his opinions aroused a storm of comment all over the country, but no opportunity was given him to debate the question with those who so violently disagreed with him. That opportunity is now provided, and Canon William Sheafe Chase, an Episcopal minister, meets Dr. Barnes on his own ground and defends the Christian religion and its God from his spirited attack.

The question of a new and more adequate conception of God involves so many potentially relevant issues that any discussion of the subject within the limitations of space imposed renders it necessary to select with care the essential elements in the case. Our Fundamentalist friends have furnished us with a concise epitome of what they regard as the essence of contemporary orthodoxy. The writer will attempt to formulate in equally brief and specific form what appear to him to be the vital arguments of modern scholarship against orthodox supernatural religion. These arguments — and it seems that the Modernists will have to concede them if they expect Modernism to receive the benediction of informed and educated persons in the second quarter of the twentieth century — are the following:

1. That the question of a new conception of God is of vital social significance, because upon it hinges our whole philosophy of the good life and our attitude toward a multitude of social and cultural issues.

2. That the Biblical God, Yahweh of the Hebrews, has been thoroughly undermined and discredited by the progress of natural science, Biblical scholarship, and cultural history.

3. That the conventional orthodox view of Jesus Christ as the literal "only begotten son of God" and a peerless and unique religious teacher is undermined as certainly and completely by the state of contemporary knowledge as is the Hebrew God, Yahweh.

4. That the task of constructing, in the disciplined human imagination, a conception of God compatible with the framework and perspective of modern knowledge is so difficult and baffling as to be, for all practical purposes, futile.

5. That any conception of God compatible with modern knowledge would be so vague and

indefinite as to be of no direct utility with reference to a personal religion for man here on earth.

6. That we must surrender any belief in literal immortality, whether physical or spiritual.

7. That the basic categories of the old theology relative to spiritual entities — the soul, sin, and the like — must be surrendered and replaced by determinate secular concepts.

8. That the cause of Modernism will be unnecessarily damaged, if not, indeed, fatally discredited, by clinging to vulnerable and untenable vestiges of the old theology.

9. That religion is probably essential in any complete scheme of social idealism and social control; but in order to possess any validity and permanence in the present order, it must rest upon a thoroughly secular basis and found its attitudes and policies upon the discoveries of the natural and social sciences and æsthetics.

THE QUESTION of a new conception of God is important, in the first place, because it has a direct relationship to our philosophy of life and our resulting social practices. In the orthodox scheme of things man is looked upon as essentially a theological or spiritual entity, who should be concerned primarily with saving his immortal soul and securing an eternal life in the world to come. Society is viewed as the earthly equipment essential for testing out the fitness of man for this future salvation. Social codes and institutions are believed to be divinely revealed, and hence, above legitimate criticism by man. Human deeds are judged primarily in relation to the supposed will of God, rather than with reference to their effect upon man's condition here on earth. The good life is not regarded as that which will make man more happy here and now, but that form of conduct which will make future salvation more certain.

Modern science and secularism repudiate all this. From now on we must realize that human problems are the only valid concern of man, and that the increase of his earthly happiness is the only important issue which confronts him. We may survey the heavens and thereby cultivate terrestrial humility and cosmic reverence, but in our life aspirations and achievements we are thrown back exclusively upon our earthly habitat. Society cannot continue to be regarded as the testing ground for the scheme of salvation; it must be viewed as the means whereby man may, through coöperative endeavor, work out institutions and cultural traits designed to make his mundane existence ever more efficient, decent, happy, and beautiful. The criteria of the good life must be sought in the relative contribution of every human act and policy toward the realization of this mundane and human ideal. In the new outlook there can be no good but human desires and their satisfaction, though we must recognize that the satisfaction of desires may well express itself in ever higher forms of manifestation and may be guided ever more perfectly by science and æsthetics.

Once this secular and humanistic approach is adopted, the trained observer in modern society cannot fail to discern a multitude of ways in which orthodox religion obstructs the free play of human intelligence and decreases human happiness. Indeed, it may be held, in agreement with Lucretius, that no other single factor is so comprehensive in its disastrous influence upon mankind.

The secular scientist looks upon the great volume of religious fears and superstitions and sees that they have not the slightest scientific validity; nevertheless, they continue to terrorize millions. He notes the great wealth accumulated by those ecclesiastical organizations devoted to exploiting superstitions and imaginary fears, and must reflect upon what might be done with such resources of money and potential intelligence in advancing the secular welfare of mankind — indeed, in promoting a sane, secular religion. He considers the unhealthy and unhappy mental states which afflict millions in America to-day, because of false theories of life and conduct which were inculcated in earlier ages when man was concerned solely with salvation, and when he had no scientific means of understanding what constitutes a healthy and happy life here on earth.

The secular commentator discovers families in dire poverty and the world approaching the saturation point in population growth, which, by accentuating the bare struggle for brute existence, may well turn humanity back into barbarism — all because of an archaic religious prejudice against birth control. He observes unscrupulous employers exploiting supernatural religion as a socio-economic anæsthetic, thus enabling them to escape their decent and just obligation to pay fair wages and grant a humane working day. By aiding the priesthood in their effort to perpetuate belief in supernaturalism and other-worldliness, these employers are reasonably successful in inducing laborers to accept their harsh and miserable life here on earth in the hope of better things in heaven.

The candid observer of present conditions must further note our barbarous divorce laws, which degrade the institution of marriage and rob hundreds of thousands of families of freedom, sentiment, and independence. They make it necessary to deal with the family as a theological entity rather than a social institution. Likewise, he cannot ignore a fanatical Prohibition scheme, parading under the guise of "a noble experiment," but actually debauching American morals and political loyalty, stimulating crime, and paralyzing our system of criminal justice — with results as fatal to real temperance as to civilized modes of utilizing alcohol in promoting human happiness. If, in addition to scientific knowledge and acumen, the scientist possesses some degree of æsthetic appreciation, he must also deplore the ugliness, brutality, and wastes which are the inevitable and inseparable accompaniment and by-product of the superstitions, prejudices, and solemnity of orthodox, supernatural religion and its Puritanical proclivities.

For these reasons it is apparent that the orthodox conception of God and its associated attitudes and practices is not a mere metaphysical and academic question; it raises the most fundamental issue which has ever faced man from the pre-Lucretian days to the post-Ingersoll epoch.

MODERN astronomy and astrophysical concepts have completely and finally undermined the pretensions of Yahweh, the Biblical God, who was conceived and elaborated by primitive-minded peoples in an age devoid of scientific knowledge, and at a time when geocentric views everywhere prevailed. In our age, in which the cosmos is conceived by scientists in terms of billions of light years, there is no place, other than historical, for a deity who was invented at a time when this earth was looked upon as a small bit of flat turf around the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, and the heavens were regarded as an inverted blue bowl, studded with luminaries, a few miles from the earth.

Even more disconcerting have been the results of Biblical criticism and cultural history. These have shown that there is nothing basically unique in the Jewish religion, which was a branch of the Semitic cults; and that Yahweh was taken by Moses from the Kenites along with his wife, the daughter of Jethro the Kenite. Crude pastoral deities like the Old Testament Yahweh have existed by the score, and Yahweh owed his remarkable reputation to the dramatic history of the Jewish people who had adopted him.

Biblical criticism has thoroughly discredited the orthodox view of the Bible as a unique religious book, directly and literally dictated by Yahweh to Moses and other faithful scribes. We now know that it was written by scores of human authors at different times and for different purposes, and that it cannot be regarded as divinely inspired to any greater degree than any other literary product of the ages which produced it. Therefore, the history of religions and textual scholarship sweep away the pretensions of Yahweh to being the "Lord of Hosts" as effectively as astrophysics dismantles his claim to being the creative and directive principle of the cosmos.

It is difficult to see how any informed, logical, and courageous person can doubt that astrophysics, history, and Biblical criticism wreak equal havoc with the orthodox view of Jesus as the "only begotten son of God" and a religious teacher of unique authority and relevance for all subsequent ages of man. The writer advances this assertion for the following reasons:

(1) The whole notion of Jesus as the "only begotten son of God" is completely foreign to, and incompatible with, the perspective of the cosmos now well established by modern astronomy, and the thesis of the Virgin birth is contradicted by every tenet of modern genetics. (2) The historical background of Jesus' mission — the Messianic hope of the Jews — was directly linked up with Yahweh and Biblical lore. (3) Jesus owed his original reputation and status very literally to the fact that he was regarded by his believers as the son of

Yahweh, his followers having no comprehension whatever of a cosmic deity. (4) When viewed in a secular sense, there is nothing unique in the teachings assigned to Jesus, while the cosmology of Lucretius, the moral conceptions of Plato, and the ethics of Aristotle far transcend the doctrines of Jesus in precision of statement, in grandeur of design, and in solidity of substance. (5) We have but the most fragmentary knowledge of the teachings of Jesus, even if we accept as authentic every word attributed to him in the synoptic Gospels. (6) The opinions and doctrines attributed to Jesus by the orthodox are often indeterminate and contradictory on the most vital issues, such as whether he had in mind the establishment of a secular utopia here on earth or a spiritual assemblage of saints in the world to come. (7) He was an uneducated man who lived a very simple and restricted life in a backward and provincial economy two thousand years ago; hence he was totally unfamiliar with modern social and economic conditions, and with the natural and social science of today. (8) Therefore, he was in no sense prepared to give out competent opinions to guide mankind in the twentieth century.

Still further, even if we were to accept the orthodox view of the status and virtues of Jesus, this would in no sense constitute any justification and vindication of orthodox Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant. By the time of St. Augustine what passed for Christianity would have been as novel and perplexing to Jesus as it would have been to Zoroaster, Confucius, or Buddha. Christianity was not a faith "once for all delivered to the saints" by Jesus, but one of the most syncretistic or composite of religions. It derived its basic practices, including many of the sacraments, from the religious beliefs and rites of primitive man; its cosmogony and historical philosophy from the Jews; its Messianic background from the Egyptians and Jews; its theology from the Greeks; its cosmic philosophy, eschatology, and other-worldliness from the Persians; its impurity complex from the ascetic strains in Judaism, the oriental mystery cults, and Neoplatonism; its reliance upon faith and credulity from Neoplatonism; its ritual and liturgy — even the sacrament of the mass — from the pagan mystery cults; its methods of preaching from the pagan rhetoricians; and its organization, law, and financial system from the Roman Empire. Protestants cannot escape from the deadly logic of these historical facts by contending that Luther, Calvin, Knox, Zwingli, and Wesley were more Christlike in their intellectual perspective and moral ideals than Jerome, Augustine, or Aquinas.

It would appear, therefore, that any well-informed Modernist can speak upon any relevant contemporary subject with far more authority than Jesus. For a Modernist to invoke Yahweh in his sermons and to base his preaching upon the synoptic Gospels is as absurd as it would be if a physician in the year 1929 prescribed insulin for diabetes only after offering an earnest incantation to Æsculapius and then reading at length from Hippocrates or Galen. The Modernist cannot logically taunt Mr. Bryan or Dr. Straton for their views on Yahweh and then himself cling to the conventional view that Jesus was unique as a religious and moral teacher. Yahweh and Jesus are a theological couplet and a cultural complex that stand or fall together.

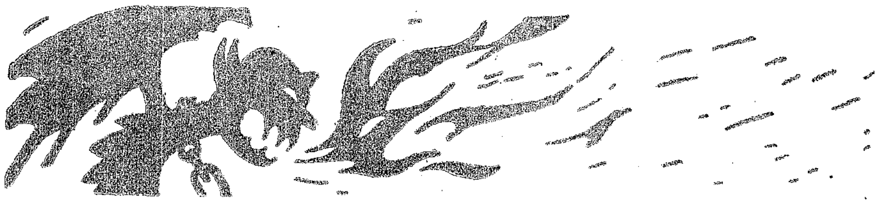
THE PROSPECT of man's being able to reconstruct God in the light of modern science is slight indeed. The whole enterprise is fundamentally nothing but a rationalized vestige of the Yahweh complex. It rests upon the wholly mundane and anthropomorphic conception that all things in the cosmos must have a maker and a directive principle — an assumption the truth of which we have no means of demonstrating. The categories and methods with which we approach the problem are only human improvisations — limited instruments with which we hope to fathom issues and problems of an altogether different order and nature. We assume that the cerebral power in the human cortex is equal to isolating, observing, and estimating the infinite. The very facts of the extent and complexity of the cosmos, in the light of which the new conception of God must be established, are ever becoming more and more baffling to the human mind, if, indeed, they have not already passed the point where they can be intelligently assimilated and interpreted by man.

Yet, recent discoveries indicate that we are only in the infancy of our potential discoveries as to the scope and content of the cosmos. The intricacy of physical matter and modern theories of the atom and electron are as impressive as the cosmos; but, as Professor Eddington has well reminded us, they throw no direct light upon the question of God. Einstein has shown that energy is the physical ultimate of science and has suggested that time and space are only manifestations of energy; but this is no aid to precise theism.

Whether or not man will ever be able intelligently to conceive of God in terms of the new cosmology and physical chemistry, it is certain that any conception which could emerge from such postulates and such a quest would be far too remote, indefinite, and impersonal to serve as the basis for any practical, personal, and social religion. It would, at best, be nothing more than the basis for generalized cosmic reverence — which may be secured and conceded without any specific conception of God.

In short, the conception of God savors so much of the older anthropomorphic theism, carries with it so many archaic and unpleasant associations, and is so incapable of definite formulation in the light of contemporary knowledge, that we may probably agree with Dr. Dietrich — the leader of Unitarian Humanism — that it is best for a modernized religion to drop the God-conception altogether. Yet the quest for God is a noble venture, certainly far more lofty than the search for an additional million dollars or a high political office, and we can cast no aspersions upon those who desire to carry on this type of exploration. It will doubtless captivate many superior intellects as long as man exists on the earth. Manifestly, in so far as the quest for the new cosmic God helps on the abandonment of Yahweh, it will be a great gain for civilization and humanity.

Not only is God apparently indeterminate and irrelevant to religion in the new perspective, but it is also evident that a sense of the reality of God and a conviction of our ability to lean upon Him for cosmic support is not an inherent necessity of human nature. The sense of dependence upon God is a conditioned-response, produced by our past tendency to project into our interpretation of God the subjective attitudes which are associated in earthly life with parents and the domestic complex. No child brought up independent of the God-complex would have any sense of dependence upon God, and an ever increasing number of people are coming to be able to live happily and adequately without any sense of cosmic support from God. Even more, people are becoming capable of supporting vital religious movements entirely divorced from any belief in God.



Many contend that the God question is practically subordinate to the problem of acquiring a new and adequate religion. The writer heartily concedes this contention, but he maintains that no adequate secular religion can be secured until we have disposed once and for all of the Biblical God and the supernatural orientation associated with Yahweh and all his works.

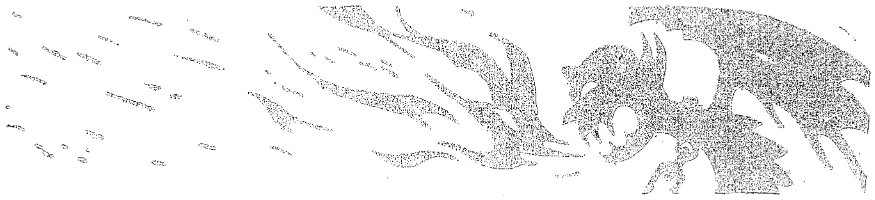
THE BELIEF in immortality cannot be squared with modern scientific facts. The conception arose in the undisciplined imagination of primitives. The Christian view of heaven and hell was derived from the Persians and has no more standing than any other aspect of the folklore and superstitions of ancient Persian culture. Modern physiological chemistry and physiological psychology have shown the sheer impossibility of perpetuating psychic life after the intervention of the chemical change known as death. If we have any immortality, it can be only the immortality of the germ-plasm and the immortality of our earthly achievements. If this is true, then it is worse than futile to govern our conduct by considerations designed to help us escape hell and attain heaven.

The natural and social scientist would also insist upon relinquishing still another ancient animistic conception — namely, the category of "sin." Sin connotes a supernatural situation

— a violation of the specifically revealed will of God. To-day, when there is no means of proving the very existence of God, to say nothing of His nature and express will, it is obvious that we do not possess the prerequisites of sinning. This outworn term should be abolished and all forms of anti-social action should be determined and classified according to their mundane nature and consequences. No act can be regarded as bad or harmful, no matter how ancient or deep-seated the religious taboo against it, which does not diminish human happiness and the beauty of life. Socially harmful acts should be rechristened with wholly secular terms such as *crime* and *immorality*.

The notion of sin and the supernatural origin of morality only confuses, complicates, and obstructs clear and honest thinking in the premises. Psychiatrists have long since shown that the sense of sin is but a commonplace conditioned-response — the product of post-adolescent emotional development. It is even less necessary to comment upon the legend that man is a base, vile, and sinful being because of the "fall of man" in Paradise. This is one of the most primitive strains in Bible lore, with less scientific and historical standing than the Yahweh myth. Man may not rank high compared with some hypothetical inhabitants of other celestial bodies, but he is the best exhibit that has thus far appeared on our planet, and it behooves us to make the most of our heritage instead of vilifying our traits.

If Modernism is to save religion, it must surrender such of its present tenets as do not square with those scientific discoveries and scholarly researches which are not open to challenge. If it compromises and wavers, it is bound to lose its most intelligent and indispensable supporters; for those who might constitute the core of its forces will be driven out of the churches to seek intellectual freedom and consistency elsewhere. It profits Modernism nothing to abandon one sinking craft to take refuge on another that is just as certainly foundering.

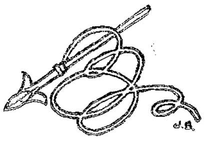


Moreover, and this is fundamental, theological Modernism is of no value unless it carries with it sociological Modernism. It avails a Modernist clergyman nothing to reject Yahweh and yet cling desperately to the moral code which owes its validity and sanctity to the fact that it was supposed to have been revealed and dictated by Yahweh. There are to-day three major socio-religious groups in America: (1) Fundamentalists, who accept the Yahweh-complex and logically control their conduct with reference to the hope of attaining heaven and avoiding hell; (2) the great majority of Modernists, who reject Yahweh and eschatology, but support the Fundamentalist code of life and behave *exactly* as though they accepted Fundamentalist theology; (3) the secular Modernists and the non-religious groups, who reject the Yahweh-complex and all its associations and implications, and are attempting to construct a code of conduct on the basis of science and æsthetics which will be wholly devoted to producing a better life for man here on earth.

The writer believes that if humanity and civilization are to be preserved, we must have collaboration between science and a dynamic secular religion. He readily concedes that Bertrand Russell, John B. Watson, James Harvey Robinson, Clarence Darrow, and George Dorsey have no need of God or religion in order to behave in a seemly fashion; but with half of the American population falling below the intellectual level of the dull normal type, we shall certainly require some form of social control beyond the appeal to pure intelligence. Further, there are many capable persons more sensitive to æsthetic considerations than to matters of cold intelligence. For these two types, a social institution which could exploit human emotions and enlist them in support of just and decent causes will prove indispensable. Such a secular religion would, of course, obtain its factual guidance from science — natural and social; but it would aid science in the social application of such facts. In short, the new religion, if sound and practicable, must rest upon a thoroughly secular basis, must secure its facts from science, and must conceive its ideals in terms of sociology and æsthetics. It must join forces with the new queen of the sciences — that is to say, mental hygiene.

Some exponents of religion might hold that this scheme only makes allowance for man as man, and they would contend that religion endeavors to make us something "more than man." The writer would join issue directly on this point. In the light of the facts about our inherent nature, no rational person can hope to make man more than he is. It is a sufficient challenge and task to be able to bring out the best that is in man. This is an achievement which has never been attained thus far in human history. Further, if orthodox religion has actually endeavored to "make us something more than ourselves," it has failed signally, and, in reality, has almost invariably made us far less than ourselves.

Religion must abandon its hopeless effort to adapt ancient categories and concepts to new knowledge of entirely different nature and connotation. Rather, it must base its reconstruction upon the facts of the cosmos, of the world, and of man as we now know them, and then determine what valid religious concepts and practices can be worked out in harmony with the new knowledge and perspective. Never has there been a more pertinent example of the futility of attempting to force new wine into old bottles than we find in conservative Modernist apologetic.



II — The Follies of Pseudo-Science

by WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

In defending the orthodox conception of God against the attack of Professor Barnes, I wish to base my argument upon three specific points:

1. That the orthodox conception of God is necessary for the full-orbed development and real happiness of humanity, because it appeals to and develops the highest and best in human beings.

2. That it is necessary for the highest welfare of science and morality, because it incites a self-sacrificing loyalty to truth, righteousness, and love.

3. That it is necessary to promote social progress, because it unites individuals, nations, races, and religions upon the basis of brotherhood, as children of the one Heavenly Father.

Jesus of Nazareth gave the best possible conception of God. He gave it by His teaching, by His life and death, and by spiritually dwelling in the hearts of those who accept Him. Science has never given us a better definition of God, and never can, than Jesus did when He said: "God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship in Spirit and in Truth." Jesus did not say that God is spirit (a vague general influence), but *a Spirit* (a personality). Those who worship Him must worship Him as a personality and with their personalities. As Dr. William Adams Brown puts it in his recent book, *Beliefs that Matter* — one of the best statements of the Christian religion written for laymen: "The permanent elements of the Christian conception of God are creative energy, indwelling spirit, ideal personality, each interpreted and illustrated by the life, the teaching, and the character of Jesus Christ."

But Professor Barnes believes this is inadequate. He says we must have a new conception of God. Why, then, does he evade the issue? Instead of showing *why* we need a new con-

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ception of God, he indulges in a general denunciation of orthodox Christianity. He attacks various theological doctrines — the deity of Christ, the Virgin birth, the fall of man, the existence of the soul, and immortality — which are not related to the question he has raised. He fails to specify what there is to which he objects in the nature of the orthodox God. He gives no scientific definition of God or of secular religion — which he proposes only in a vague, unscientific way. Is secular religion a religion without God?

If anyone thinks that a new conception of God would be satisfactory which did not represent Him as Jesus revealed the Heavenly Father, let him ask himself or any of his agnostic friends this question: "If God should decide to come to earth in human form, what personality in human history would He assume?" Most men would agree that He would select Jesus. Or again, imagine that God should vacate His heavenly throne and give mankind the right to vote and choose the one person throughout all the centuries who should be made God. Is there any question that all would unite in voting that Christ become God? I frame these hypothetical questions as a challenge to the thoughtful reader to ask himself whether he really believes that the majority of mankind has lost faith in the Christian God and is looking to science for a new revelation.

Professor Barnes makes the fundamental mistake of thinking that science is hostile to religion. In so thinking he reveals that he does not understand the true purpose either of science or of religion. Advocates of these two have often quarreled because fanatics on both sides have tried to destroy each other. But in this modern world we have come to realize that man needs both science and religion, because each is a complement of the other.

Dogmatically, Professor Barnes asserts that science has undermined and discredited the Biblical idea of God. He must know that the outgoing and incoming presidents of the American Association for the Advancement of Science — Dr. Osborne and Dr. Millikan, two of the world's greatest scientists — are strong friends of the orthodox conception of God. Sir William Bragg, the newly elected president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, also declares his belief in the existence of a soul, of a God, and of a future life. He has said:

> Science is not setting forth to destroy the soul, but to keep body and soul together. There are some who think that science is inhuman. They speak as though students of modern science would destroy reverence and faith. I do not know how that can be said of the student who stands daily in the presence of what seems to him to be the infinite. Science is not so foolish as to throw away that in which the slowly gathered wisdom of the ages is stored. In this she is a conservative of conservatives.

My opponent emphasizes the acceptance of scientific information and certain theories of the cosmic universe as essential to religion. On the contrary, the discovery that the world is round and not flat, that the sun is the centre of the universe and not the earth, and countless other advances in human knowledge have not made it necessary to have a new religion or a new conception of God. The books of the Bible may contain errors in scientific facts, but such errors do not destroy the value of the Bible as a guide to religion; for the Bible is not a textbook of science, but a history of the religious evolution of man. No new knowledge that the scientist may discover can undermine or destroy our religion. Its chief factors are right feeling and right coöperation with God — not correct opinions about scientific facts.

It is certainly a fallacy to argue that because religious people have entertained superstitious fears and once believed in witchcraft and other notions now known to be erroneous, therefore the Christian and Jewish religions and the orthodox conception of God are outgrown and worthless. Is astronomy to be discarded because it originated with astrology? Is the science of medicine to be rejected because, in times past, physicians have advocated remedies now known to be inadequate or actually harmful? Shall we cast aside the new psychology and the new physiology because we no longer believe some of their earlier teachings?

The fundamental thought of evolution is progress from one stage of life to a higher. This is not so of the elementary truths of arithmetic. Ages ago it dawned upon the human mind that three and three make six. There has been no dispute about that fact throughout history; but many men who have believed that three and three make six have held ridiculous scientific beliefs. Shall we discard the mathematical truths which such men held because some of their scientific theories have been discarded?

In short, where was your face before you washed it? It is true that science has helped Christianity to wash her face from superstitions and errors. But Professor Barnes contends that the washing has destroyed Christianity and that science will have to supply her with a new and better face.

Not long ago science herself believed that matter was a simple, solid, permanent reality composed of atoms. But not so now. The atom has been resolved into protons and electrons. Science has also changed her theory of force into energy, potential and kinetic, and the meaning of causation has become a highly debatable question. Atoms are no longer pieces of stuff, but are spacial points at which works the one infinite Force.

No longer do we think that the discovery of law in nature does away with the need of mind. The presence of a mind in a great commercial enterprise is most clearly manifested by the completeness with which order and system prevail, even to the smallest details. So it is in nature's enterprise; the watchword now is — "the more law, the more mind." Recent theology holds that God is the only supernatural thing in the universe. All things which were once regarded as supernatural events, or miracles, are now regarded as possible for God. With a knowledge of His own laws, surpassing even that of a modern scientist, He can bring extraordinary things to pass without breaking His own laws. But such events are not supernatural, but natural.

Materialism has pictured the Power behind the universe as a machine. Religion pictures it in some way resembling human personality, but of course above and beyond mere human personality. Both theories resort to pictures, or metaphors, as a necessity to express their thought. Professor Barnes is not content with either of these pictures, but he does not tell us definitely what picture he wants.

Certainly it is more rational to believe in an anthropomorphic God than in a machinemorphic God — a God without mind, heart, will, or soul. For the earnest student, Canon Streeter's *Reality* is the best treatise on the subject. He shows that mechanism and personality are both figures of speech which have meaning only for beings like ourselves. He shows that mechanism is less direct and therefore less informative. It is through personality that we reach the concept of mechanism. "We cannot abandon the one," he says, "without abandoning the other also."

In 1878 Professor George Romanes, a brilliant disciple of Darwin, issued *A Candid Examination of Theism* in which he said he had reluctantly been forced by his studies of nature to give up his belief in God. But before his death he changed his mind and said that he had previously made an error in studying only nature. When he came to study human nature, his old faith in God returned to him and he died in communion with the Church of England.

I cite this example because it brings us to the religious question proper. In other words, a system of knowledge built upon the study of nature is necessary, but it is not enough. We must also study human nature and deduce a science of right conduct. This moral question is the very essence of religion, and Professor Barnes has made it clear that this fundamental aspect of religion is utterly incomprehensible to him. Having a chair in a college, he falls into the mistake professors sometimes make of overemphasizing the intellectual side of life. He speaks as if the most important thing was the acceptance of certain scientific truths. Bergson, in his *Creative Evolution*, shows conclusively that right thinking is not the most important thing in life.

To me the most revealing part of Professor Barnes' argument is his plea that we need a new conception of God so that we may have a less severe code of ethics than the Ten Commandments. He fails to appreciate that Jesus reinforced and spiritualized the Ten Commandments, and he wrongly assumes that the ideas of Yahweh — the Jehovah of the Old Testament — are the same as those taught by Jesus concerning the Heavenly Father. He cites the authority of Lucretius, who committed suicide in 55 B.C., to prove that religion is the foe of human happiness. He prefers Lucretius to Jesus on the ground that Jesus was an uneducated man — all of which lays Dr. Barnes open to the suspicion that he has attempted to sharpen his intellect in order to quiet his conscience.

His defense of birth control (wrongly so called, for it is designed to take the place of self-control), his failure to approve the government's suppression of the liquor traffic (unfortunately called Prohibition), his desire for freer divorce, all indicate that Dr. Barnes' real objections to the Christian God are not scientific at all, but principally moral. What he really wants is an easy-going God who will not care whether a man commits moral and spiritual suicide by choosing the lower life of self-indulgence when he ought to prefer the higher life of fellowship with truth and virtue. How foolish to think that real happiness can come from such a conception of God!

Anyone who argues that science has abolished sin by destroying our faith in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures betrays abysmal ignorance of the nature of sin. As it is defined in the Bible, sin consists in missing the mark by consciously choosing the lower instead of the higher, regardless of whether the sinner is conscious of offending God. The man who kills, steals, or bears false witness has sinned, even though he calls himself an atheist. In short, the primary reason my opponent's arguments will not stand the test of searching inquiry is that he misunderstands what true religion is. Religion is fellowship with God, in mind, heart, and will; and the lasting happiness of mankind consists in coming into right relations with other persons, human or divine.

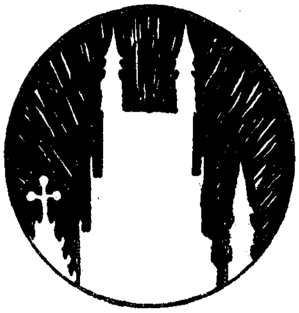
Dr. Barnes is a Professor of Sociology at Smith College, and he is probably familiar with Herbert Spencer's little book — *The Study of Sociology*. In it he showed how primitive peoples practised monstrous cruelties taught by their religion and how religious prepossession in his own day continued to block the way of human progress. But before leaving the subject, he wrote a chapter on "The Theological Bias" which might well have been aimed at Professor Barnes himself. Says Spencer:

> Thinking only of what is erroneous in the rejected creed, they ignore the truth for which it stands; contemplating only its mischiefs, they overlook its benefits; and doing this, they think that nothing but good would result from its general abandonment. Let us observe the tacit assumptions made in drawing this conclusion.
>
> It is assumed, in the first place, that adequate guidance in life, private and public, could be had; and that a moral code, rationally elaborated by men as they now are, would be duly operative. Neither of these propositions commends itself when we examine the evidence. We have but to observe human action as it meets us at every turn to see that the average intelligence, incapable of guiding conduct even in simple matters, where but a very moderate reach of reason would suffice, must fail in apprehending with due clearness the natural sanctions of ethical principles.

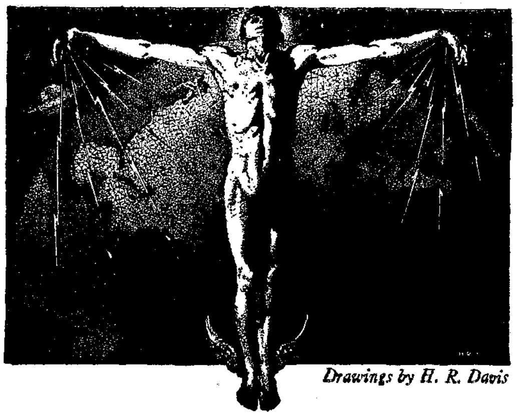
Here was a great philosopher of the last century who, with all his sympathies for science, was clear-eyed enough to see that it is impossible to do that which Professor Barnes has now proposed. To attempt to make a religion out of science is to confuse their separate purposes and to be unjust to both. For if science is to become a religion, science must have something to worship; and those things would be truth, justice, purity, and morality. But in order to worship them, there must be some Personality behind them; and why is science called upon to frame a new conception of God, when these ideal attributes are already present in the God Whom the Christian religion reveals?

No, we do not need a new conception of God. What we need is a deeper acquaintance with Him Who is already imminent in human hearts, inspiring, guiding, strengthening, and encouraging us. This better acquaintance cannot come through mere speculation and theorizing, but through an active, whole-hearted, self-sacrificing, persistent coöperation with Him in carrying out His purposes in this world.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."



RADIO and Democracy



Drawings by H. R. Davis

by GENERAL J. G. HARBORD

One of the ancient Greeks held that a few thousand souls was the outside limit for the electorate of a democracy — that being the greatest number that could be reached and swayed by a single voice. But the Greeks did not foresee radio, with its revolutionary effects upon the mechanism of democratic government. They did not imagine that the day would come when spellbinders like Demosthenes would give way to a Herbert Hoover talking confidentially to a whole continent.

Nevertheless there was something in what the Greeks said. The successful operation of our form of government depends greatly upon a close contact between the electorate and its chosen executives. Theoretically the voter should know the principles upon which his government operates and the character and policies of the man for whom he votes. Actually, however, the relationship between the masses of the electorate and the executives of our government has been far from intimate. The increasing distance between them has been one of the significant and alarming characteristics of the present time. Our citizens were forced to vote on hearsay information. Their only opinions about the character and personality of the candidates for election and the courses they intended to pursue if elected, came to them second-hand. The inevitable result was distortion and exaggeration.

Now that radio has entered the field of politics, all that is changed. Voters may sit comfortably at home and hear the actual voices of the candidates. Every word, every accent and intonation comes to them directly without the possibility of error or misconstruction. The transmission of intelligence has reached its height in radio, for it goes beyond the power of the printed word in conveying the exact tone and emphasis of each phrase.

Despite these obvious advantages, our political parties were slow to see the possibilities that radio offered. It is reported that at the beginning of the last presidential campaign someone suggested to one of the National Committees that they make use of radio in their campaigning. A prominent member of the committee replied, "We haven't time to monkey around with these novelties." Yet, before the campaign was over, the two candidates were addressing an audience estimated at between thirty and forty millions in their radio speeches, and the national, state, and county campaign committees had spent about two million dollars on broadcasting.

The effectiveness of radio for political campaigning was demonstrated both to the voter and the candidate by the successful broadcasting of the national conventions and the acceptance speeches of the two candidates. Both of these events were treated as "news" by the broadcasting chains and were furnished to radio listeners at the expense of the broadcasting companies. With the conventions over and the campaigns under way, radio speeches by the supporters of the two parties were classified as political advertising and paid for as such. That it was successful is shown by the statement of one of the papers that "Radio deserves credit for stirring up interest in politics never before so strongly manifested in the history of this country. It has revealed the characteristics of personality of the outstanding candidates intimately to the calm and calculating judgment of the millions of their constituents from coast to coast."

This suggests another respect in which radio can perform a unique service to democratic government. The peril of democracies in all ages has been the demagogue. The devices of the orator, the mystery of personal magnetism, the gift of leadership, and the contagion of mob feeling have swayed the crowd in all times. Apparently it is one of the instincts of human beings when they come together to place themselves under the authority of a chief. The multitude always listens to the strong-willed man who knows how to impose himself upon it. The audience in such cases does no reasoning; its conclusions may bear no relation whatever to the merits of the issue. Carried along by mob enthusiasm, it merely follows the leader.

One change that has been brought about by radio is the elimination of mob feeling from political audiences. The magnetism of the orator cools when transmitted through the microphone; the impassioned gesture is wasted upon it; the purple period fades before it; the flashing eye meets in it no answering glance. Though he be one of thirty millions, each individual in the audience becomes a solitary listener in the privacy of his own home. He is free from the contagion of the crowd and only the logic of the issue which the orator presents can move him.

The *New York Times* commented upon this effect of radio in the last campaign. "Radio has come into its own," it said, "over the doubts, and in some cases despite the vehement protests, of the older school of politicians in both parties. For them the great public meeting, with its parades, bands, red fire, and crowd enthusiasm, has been the high point of a national campaign. The spellbinder, gesticulating, pounding, striding up and down, stirred to frenzy by the applause of his audience, has been regarded as the great vote-getter. But this campaign has been almost a funeral procession for the old-fashioned spellbinder. If we have to sum up the political effect of the radio, we may say that it is the greatest debunking influence that has come into American public life since the Declaration of Independence."

The same writer pointed out a further advantage of the radio campaign by showing that certain men of great influence and ability, who would not be willing to face a large immediate audience, could nevertheless be induced to talk over the radio. He referred to Secretary Mellon as one of them, saying that without radio, people would not have heard him at all. Thus, while radio acts as a restraint upon the spellbinder, it is a great aid to men of few words who ought nevertheless to be heard.

A persistent weakness in our American scheme of government has been the lack of popular interest in politics and the failure of a great number of citizens to vote. The last presidential election, however, with its huge registration, gave evidence of a greatly increased interest in the affairs of government. It is not unreasonable to attribute a large part of this to the broadcasting of political speeches. Radio brought the candidates and the issues within the family circle and made them topics of discussion at every dinner table. It enabled each citizen to form his own deliberate opinion of the men and their policies, presenting only the bare words of the speakers after they had been stripped of oratory and the glamour of mob enthusiasm. It broadcast the opinions of able men who might not otherwise have been heard. In a word, it brought our citizens into closer contact with their government and made them more alive to the part which they should play in it.

Great as have been the contributions of science to mankind, none has been so great as the contribution of radio to the success of democratic government. I have presented the possibilities as I see them, both as a citizen intensely interested in his native government and as a member of the radio broadcasting industry. It is for the thoughtful student of the science of government to work out the technique of political education by radio, remembering that this method of communication requires primarily mass appeal rather than individual, and that the vast listening audience in its conscious approach to radio seeks entertainment and not instruction.

In view of what radio has done for government, it can no longer be waved aside as a "novelty," a box of tricks, or, as Mr. Woodford* prefers, an advertising agency. It is the only means of instantaneous, general communication yet devised by man. While it brings only sound to-day, it promises sound with sight to-morrow. I venture the prophecy that in the campaign of 1932 we shall both see and hear the candidates by radio. Even to-day it links the nations together and works in the interest of enduring peace. The news of any important occurrence is flashed almost immediately to every part of the globe. International broadcasting will soon become a commonplace. Old and new civilizations will throb together to the same intellectual appeal and the same artistic emotions. The thought currents of all humanity will mingle, their flow no longer impeded by dividing oceans.

Meanwhile, in days of great danger to our country, if unhappily they should come again, radio will make it possible for our President to appeal in his own voice to our millions, personally rallying them to the support of our nation. If the future of our democracy depends upon the intelligence and coöperation of its citizens, radio may contribute to its success more than any other single influence.

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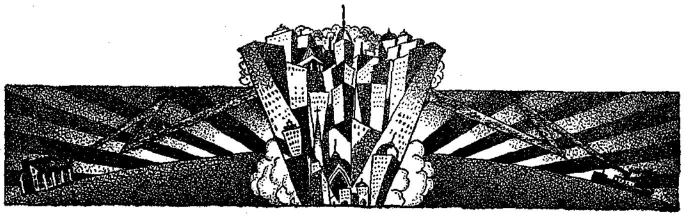
*"Radio — A Blessing or a Curse?" by Jack Woodford; THE FORUM for March, 1929.



The Island off St. George

by ROGER BURLINGAME

I

IN MARCH, when the New York winter grows more difficult to bear because of the constantly broken hope of spring; when the snow is heavier than ever in the streets; when the very lengthening of the days lengthens, too, their boredom — when these things happen in New York, I go to Bermuda because I am a coward. Bermuda is full of cowards at this season. It is full of people who have run away from things: from the cold, from their husbands and their wives, from their children, from their nerves, from ennui, from gayety, from claustrophobia, from prohibition, from love, from labor; the warm islands take them to their bosom and fold their arms about them.

For years I have fled there with the others. Ten times my cowardice has beaten me in the winter time. Once it was a girl, and once it was overwork, and once — oh well, it doesn't matter, and I have given up making excuses. In my ten trips I have explored the islands carefully. I have walked over them, sailed around them, and ridden my bicycle on every inch of road. I have swum off their pink beaches and their green rocks. I have fished their fish. I have bet on their absurd horse races. I have drunk gallons of their planter's punches. I have made friends with their natives, white and black. Yet, in all those years, never, until my tenth, last trip, did I learn about the island off St. George.

I have seen it many times. I have looked at it from the St. George waterfront and thought it dull. Just another island. I asked an old Portuguese boatman about it, but he answered me briefly in Portuguese, which I do not understand. He expressed no desire to take me there, and I should have refused, had he offered.

Yes, it was odd; and the oddest part of all is that on that tenth trip, when I heard the legend of the island, even then I never went there. And now, I doubt if I shall ever go. But I made use of the island. I used it to play a practical joke on my friend Charley Somers.

I met the Somerses on the *Araguaya* going down. Charley was an old friend. We had grown up together, gone to the same boarding school, roomed together in college, known all that peculiar intimacy of adolescence in which we confided our troubles and our loves and our difficult speculations about the universe and our religions to the last detail. Then, the year after we graduated, a large fortune descended on Charley and he discovered new tastes, of necessity quite different from mine. Then he married Eleanor Bailey, who belonged to what I think was then known as the "smart set" in Boston, and we drifted apart.

Charley went in for fox hunting and country clubs and polo and trips to Deauville and Monte Carlo — things which, for a good reason, I do not do. I heard of him often, saw him occasionally, and visited him once in his country place in New Jersey. His house, then, was full of people, the days taken up with horses, the nights gay with parties. I hardly saw Charley at all. We did talk one night, very late, when the guests had gone, in Charley's den. I was a little surprised to see, then, that he lived in a suite of his own, quite separate from Eleanor's. It struck me as curious, so soon after their marriage; but I put it down to the peculiar customs of the rich, whose ways are often inscrutable to me.

On the deck of the *Araguaya*, I met Charley alone.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said. "You of all people!" — and he held out his hand. There was a queer kind of restraint about him.

"Oh yes, I always go," I said. "What are you running away from?"

Then I began to be sorry I had said it. His eyes looked startled and hurt. But almost instantly his long training in concealing emotion came to his rescue and he laughed.

"Running away? I'm not running away. Are you?"

"Of course. Why else would I be going to Bermuda?"

"I suppose I'm going for a rest," Charley said. "A rest from bad liquor, perhaps." Then Eleanor came up.

"Why Bill!" she cried. "Are you really going to Bermuda?"

"God knows," I said, wondering vaguely why she seemed so glad to see me. "They say it's a tricky passage."

"You *are* cheerful."

It was odd the way she greeted me. I had never known her very well. And yet, there on the *Araguaya*, it seemed almost as if she were going to kiss me. For a long time she would not let go my hand; she seemed to cling to me as though she were afraid of something.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she went on rapidly, "you can show me everything in Bermuda. You've been lots of times, haven't you? I've never been before. They say the swimming is divine! You ride a bicycle, don't you? Imagine a place without any motors! You must ride with me all over the islands. You sail, don't you? Will you sail with me?"

Us, I thought; why not us?

Charley stood by saying nothing, and suddenly I saw that he was looking at me. There was something strange in his eyes. He caught my eye for a second and looked away. Eleanor slipped her arm in mine and took me down the deck.

"I haven't seen you for so long," I said. "How are you getting on?"

I felt her arm tighten.

"Getting on? Oh, all right. It's awfully boring now with all the snow. I can't ride much. I broke my favorite hunter's leg the other day. He fell on the ice and they had to shoot him. It quite knocked me out and I had to come away."

"I suppose the rest will be good for Charley."

"Oh, yes. It was Charley who wanted most to come. And now he's furious because he's got another man in his stateroom."

"In his — "

"Yes, you see we applied so late we couldn't get two rooms."

"Oh."

II

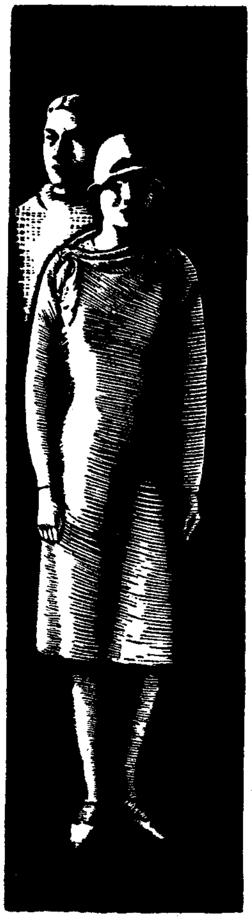
THAT NIGHT I sat in the smoking room with the Somerses. Eleanor talked a running stream of chatter, much of it about things I did not understand, such as golf. Yet there was something very appealing about her. Once, when I looked into her eyes, I saw, far beyond their surface gayety, a deep, unsatisfied want — restless desire, and the tragedy of unfulfillment. I kept wondering about it, and wondering why she still seemed to cling to me. She seemed, all this time, to be much nearer to me than to Charley. I was puzzled.

Charley did not say very much, but when he spoke, Eleanor would immediately say something that was not quite apologizing for him — never quite that, but almost that. It must have irritated him if, indeed, he was aware of it. But Charley seemed dull and inattentive. He drank a good bit — not in the genial way he used to drink, but medicinally, as if he were fortifying himself against something.

Then, abruptly, Eleanor stopped talking, and all the life went out of her face.

"I'm tired," she said. It was an odd transformation from her rapid talk and her bright expression. But then I began to realize that her talk had been something like Charley's drinking — a kind of defense. She had been talking against time, against a strange, imminent force that crowded her.

"I'll go with you to your stateroom," said Charley, getting up. "I'll be back, Bill. In the meanwhile, you might order me another highball."



Charley came back before the steward had answered my ring. He had not gone to the stateroom. I had heard them on the deck, through the porthole behind my chair. "Please," Eleanor had said; and again, "Please."

Charley sat down heavily.

"Eleanor looked tired," I said.

"Yes, at the end. But until then, I have never seen her so full of life. She seemed to go out like a candle. She does that sometimes — lately. You've done her a lot of good, Bill." He looked at me very seriously for an instant, as if he were going to say something more; then he looked down at his drink. He finished it and the steward brought another. Then he relaxed, sat back, and began to talk.

"God, I'm glad to be on this boat," he said. "I'm so sick of people and parties, even of horses. Sick of golf, sick of everything. You know, I think this time of year is man's lowest point, morally. Like four o'clock in the morning. You can go just so far and then you stop. Come to think of it, I always stop at about this time. March. A rotten month."

"Everybody does," I said.

He looked up at me with a kind of ingenuous surprise, like a boy who has just been told that a trait he had supposed peculiar to himself was common to the human race.

"Do they?"

"Why certainly. Look round this boat. Everyone you see has a set of works that has run down. Tired nerves."

"Is that your trouble?"

"No. I don't work hard enough. It's the cold, I think."

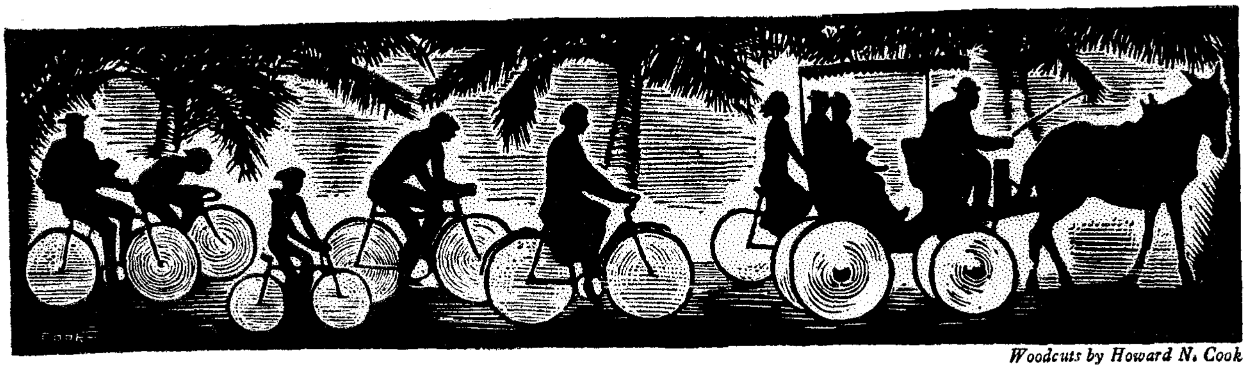
He was silent for a long time after that; we both were. I saw thoughts like shadows come across his eyes, and I saw him shake them off. He had an unhappy look. I wondered if he would tell me about it and if it would help him. Finally, I leaned forward and touched his arm.

"Charley," I said. "What are you really running away from?"

He looked at me as men always look when their intimate thoughts have been spoken. Then he covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, my God," he said, his words muffled by his hands over his face. I think for a moment he was crying. Then he took away his hands and gripped the edges of the table and leaned toward me.

"I'm trying to make a go of my marriage," he said. "I'm making a last, desperate try. But it won't work. Eleanor's going to get a divorce in the spring. I made her promise to come down here for two weeks with me — she simply did it as a last concession. I don't know what has happened. I wish I did. It's just one of those



Woodcuts by Howard N. Cook

things — one of those things. . . . I suppose marriage is a worn-out institution. But damn it, Bill, don't you see? — I'm still in love with her. That's the trouble. I still love her!"

He went on, not quite coherently, and poured out the whole story. Perhaps it was the whiskey that made him tell me, and perhaps it was the whiskey, too, that made him not quite coherent.

"I suppose it's my fault," he continued. "We were so in love on our honeymoon and then we came back and I got that big place. We planned it together. Our ideas got bigger and bigger as we worked over it. When it was done, Eleanor had a set of rooms at one end and I had my rooms at the other and there was a big room for dancing; soon the place was full of servants and parties. Servants and parties — God, how I hate them! House-parties, hunt-parties, dances. It seemed as if we never saw each other. We got all tired out at night and in the mornings there might have been a continent between us. I used to wander around in the mornings looking for Eleanor, and I always stumbled over some maid or other. 'Mrs. Somers is not up yet.' . . . 'Mrs. Somers left word that she was not to be disturbed.' And then I had to go to the office. When I came back, the house was full of people."

He stopped and took a long drink and lit a cigarette. His hand was shaking.

"I suppose it might have gone on this way for years. But then one night I discovered that we weren't living together any more. One night when the people had all gone. I — I kissed her and I wanted to go upstairs with her and she said, 'No, Charley.' I took her in my arms and asked her what had happened, and she struggled away from me and said, 'That's all over, Charley. I don't love you that way any more.' That's what has become of my marriage, Bill. That's what social nonsense has done."

He stopped. I looked at him a moment, a little dazed by his sudden abject confession. Then I asked the usual question.

"No," he said. "There isn't anyone else. I'm sure of that. Oh, God, don't you see it would be all right if I could ever see her alone? That's why I wanted to come here, away from people. But this is going to be the same thing. . . . I don't know why I bore you about it."

"I'm so sorry," I said. It was inadequate but I could do nothing. Charley's story was not a new one. I had tried to help my friends in these troubles and I knew what came of it. He was quite right; there was nothing more he could do. Even, it seemed to me, if they could be alone, nothing would come of it. The thing had run its course; in the spring the Somerses would be divorced and go about their remating like the rest of their world.

III

I DON'T THINK I have ever seen the colors so beautiful as on the day we landed. The water was a pale, virginal green and the streaks of indigo looked as if they had been painted on its surface with a careless brush. The cedars of the islands were dark against an unclouded, deep sky; the beaches shone pink and white in the clear sunlight, and the white roofs of the houses looked newly washed and refreshed. The passengers crowded on the boat deck and all their troubles dropped off of them and sank in the transparent sea.

Eleanor was standing near me. "It *is* lovely," she said, as if she were reluctant to admit it. I looked at her to see if her troubles were gone too, but there was the persistent pain in her eyes.

"Aren't you happy?" I said. I don't know why I said it. Perhaps because I was happy myself and wanted sympathy.

"No," she answered quickly. And then she rushed on, as if to cover up the word: "Oh, Bill, I want to see a lot of you while I'm here."

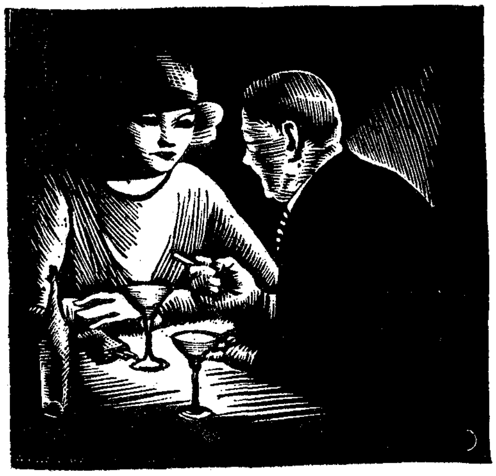
"Why?"

"Why? I don't know. Because I like you. You'll go around with Charley and me, won't you? Don't you want to?"

"Of course. But — " I was going to say something about Charley, but Charley appeared then and interrupted about the luggage. We were landing.

For several days I did not see the Somerses. They stopped at the Princess and I stopped at an obscure hotel on the top of a hill. I think I wanted not to see them. I wanted to be quietly happy and I am very sensitive to dead love. And I wanted to give Charley a chance, though I was afraid that by this time poor Charley had become so much inhibited that he could not see his chance if it were put before him. Troubles of that kind are peculiarly blinding.

So I avoided the Somerses. But you cannot avoid people for long in Bermuda. The city of Hamilton is a small place; there are few things to do and everyone does them. I stopped one night at the Bermudiana Bar for one of their very special cocktails, on my way to my hotel for dinner. I was tired from a long bicycle ride and the gayety of the bar was cheering. There were dozens of men there, taking a childish delight in putting their feet on the brass rail and drinking their drinks publicly. I sat at a table and watched them, remote and amused. The rum warmed me, the gayety began to infect me, and I was about to order a second cocktail when I was distracted by the talk at the next table.



There were a man and a woman who had scraped acquaintance and were improving it rapidly under the stimulus of the warming evening. They had both arrived at their second adolescence — the middle forties — and their friendship was a pleasing adventure. They had climbed, by a couple of cocktails, to that happy level at which everything is profoundly and cosmically funny. They told each other old but daring stories and laughed exorbitantly.

I had been conscious of these people for some time, but their talk really arrested me when the woman began the legend of the island off St. George.

"You know it's a scandalous, wicked old island," she was saying, "and totally uninhabited."

"Except for the devil," interpolated the man. I wish I could achieve a mood of risibility like that woman's. Her laughter endured for whole minutes at this sally.

"But do go on," said the man, "I'm all agog."

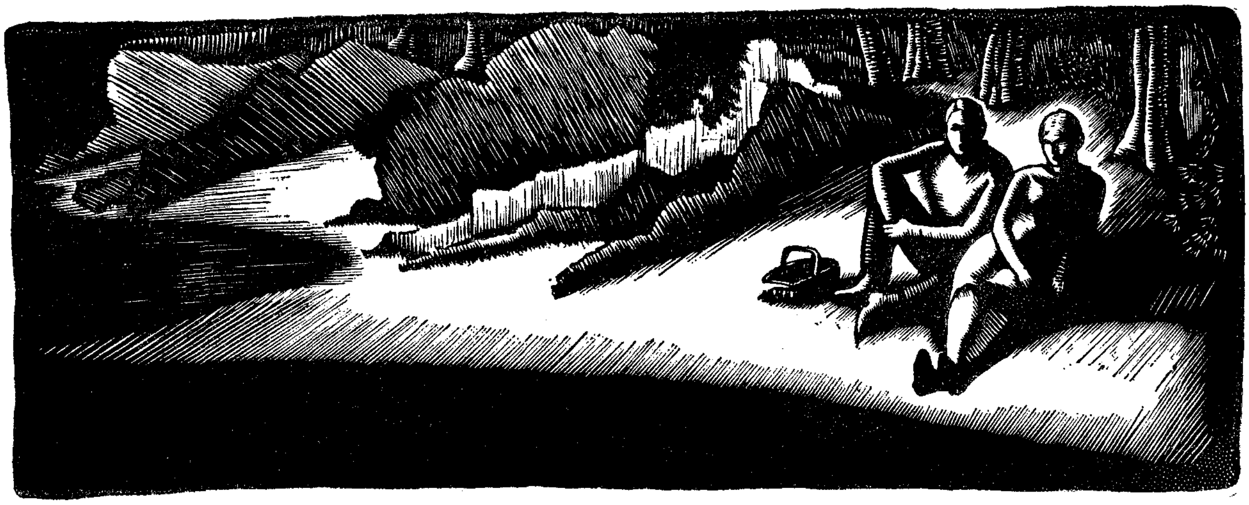
I, too, was agog. I am never deaf to scandal and I was intrigued by the suggestion of wickedness in a Bermuda island. She went on at last. It was a fantastic story. I did not believe it. I thought back to the motionless face of the Portuguese Charon and doubted it even more. It was incredible. Government House would have stopped it.

I was still doubting and still hoping, vaguely, that it was true, when the Somerses came in.

Eleanor was looking very smart in pale blue doeskin and a very small blue hat. She had a multicolored scarf about her neck. Charley came behind, in white. They were a splendid looking couple. The men at the bar stopped drinking to look at them. I got up, invited them to join me, and they sat down. Then I noticed a droop in Charley's shoulders and a sag in the lines of his face, and I knew at once that Bermuda had done him no good. Eleanor went quickly into her nervous talk.

"I thought you were lost," she said. "Where *have* you been? Why have you deserted us so? I've missed you awfully! I thought we were going to do so many things. I'm afraid I don't like Bermuda."

She looked away from me and her eyes began moving about the bar as if she were searching for someone she had no hope of finding. I protested about Bermuda.



"No, it's dull," she said, "and lonely."

Charley laughed.

"Really, my dear," he said.

"But now I've found you," continued Eleanor, ignoring him, "I'm not going to let you go. We must do things. Why can't we go for a ride to-morrow — all day, take our lunch and our bathing suits?"

"To-morrow's the Derby," I said.

"We *must* go to the Derby," said Charley.

I could not make sure whether Charley was included in these invitations; he looked at me doubtfully, and I think the same thought was in his mind. But in any case I saw myself in the rôle of protecting Eleanor from the dreary company of her husband.

"Well, day after to-morrow, then," she persisted.

"Yes, we might go to St. George." And hearing myself say the word, the wraith of an idea drifted across my mind. "There's an island off St. George."

The people at the next table looked up.

IV

TIME PASSES quickly in the islands of Bermuda. I don't know now quite what we did. We swam often; the picture of Eleanor in her bright green bathing suit on the pink beach is still vivid in my mind. She was very lovely, mythologically lovely; her body was like an elusive naiad's. She used to lie on her back, poseless and abandoned like a child, but with a kind of passionate surrender, too, as if she were giving herself to the sun. Often I saw Charley, sitting with his chin in his hands, looking at her desperately, hungrily, the lines of despair deepening in his face. Then, after a time, he would get up and leave us, running down into the water. He was a magnificent looking person; I envied him his suppleness and strength. I wondered, too, an instant, why he had so dulled in Eleanor's eyes. But that question lingered only an instant in my mind; I had long given up speculating about such things. Once, when he had left us so, Eleanor turned over on her face. "God, life is awful," she said, just loud enough for me to hear.

All this time Charley grew more tired. I said to him, "Really you've got to buck up. You're getting no good out of this. You can't go back to work this way."

"Work?" he said dreamily, "Oh, it'll be good to get back to work."

During this time the scandalous legend of the island off St. George had not gone completely from my mind. As I kept thinking and thinking about it, the days drew on and faded behind me. One night Eleanor said, "Do you realize, Bill, it's only three days?"

"What is?" I answered vaguely.

"Before we go home. You're coming back on the *Araguaya*, aren't you? You're not going to desert me now, are you? What can we do the last days?"

Still the rapid, half coherent flow of defensive talk; still the fear of being abandoned to Charley. I looked at her restless, unhappy eyes and my bold idea came crowding into my mind.

"We'll go to St. George," I said.

We went. It was a lovely afternoon, a little hazy; the old town was suffused with yellow light. We went to the church and the cemetery and saw the graves of the original Tuckers and Wattlingtons who had been shipwrecked on their way to Virginia, and of their descendants who had lost the desire to go further and had lived out their lives quietly in these islands between the worlds, forgetting England, forgetting America, in their happy lotus-eating. We wandered through the crooked streets and found ourselves, unexpectedly, at the water front. I had hardly realized where I was when Eleanor said, "Why there's an island!"

"There are always islands," I said. "But that one is enchanted."

"It's what?"

"Enchanted."

"Not really!"

Eleanor's face had brightened and grown young at the word.

"They say so," I said, looking very serious.

"What does it do to you?"

"Oh, makes unhappy people happy — all that sort of thing."

"How long do you have to stay?"

"Just long enough to cross it. You go through the woods and out the other side. There's supposed to be a fine beach on the sea side. There's no one there. No one at all. It's a real desert island."

"How wonderful! How can we get there? We could go and have a swim and get back by dinner, couldn't we? How can we get there?"

I pointed to the Portuguese boatman who was looking at us hopefully. He did look like Charon, then, with his long white beard and his long gray coat.

"That old man?"

"Yes. He doesn't talk any English. He's Portuguese. But he will understand about going."

"Oh, let's go!" Eleanor was already moving toward the dock. The Portuguese held up two fingers. He was an uncanny person and the devil of the island was close behind him.

"He'll only take two," I said. "Anyway, I don't want to be enchanted. You and Charley go."

I saw the terror leap into Eleanor's eyes.

"Oh no," she said quickly.

Charley looked at the boat. "It does look rather rickety," he said. "Why don't you and El go?" He looked around at me as he said it and I think he caught the meaning in my eyes. "Oh, all right," he said, "Come on, El."

"I absolutely refuse," said Eleanor.

It was a difficult moment. I had made up my mind very definitely. I was so filled with the idea that I almost think I would have jumped overboard, if necessary, to make it possible. But at last Charon saved me.

"We'll all go," I said, full of a vague plan. "I guess we can persuade him."

Eleanor got in the stern and Charley sat opposite her. I moved toward the bow but Charon shook his head angrily and shoved off. Before they realized that I was not in the boat, they were caught in the tide and moving rapidly out. "*Bon voyage!*" I shouted.

I heard Eleanor protesting, furiously, then querulously. Then I saw her control herself and relax. After all, there was a point beyond which one could not, with decency, rebel against being in a rowboat with one's husband. She turned, finally, and waved at me. "Wait for us," she said. "We won't be long."

I cupped my hands about my mouth for a last injunction to Charley.

"Be sure to give the boatman a dollar," I called, "when you get out at the island!"

Charley nodded and pulled a greenback out of his pocket to show that he had understood. I watched them move evenly over the smooth surface. I could just see them land and disappear in the cedars of the island. It was late afternoon then and the sun hung red over the Bermudas behind me. Its orange light slanted down on the island and the sea, searching out the unbelievable, tormenting colors. The soft wind, faintly tinged with cedar and wild orange and poinciana, blew in my face. I sighed, turned away from the water, got on my bicycle, and rode the ten miles back to Hamilton through the sunset and the twilight.

* * *

It is a mistake, I think, to stay too long in Bermuda. After a time the lotus cloys. I usually stay a couple of weeks in late March and then go back to the beginning of spring. So I was glad enough to be on the *Araguaya* a few days after this incident, bound for home.

I had not seen the Somerses again. Nor did I see them on the *Araguaya* the first two days. I knew they were scheduled for it and I saw their names on the passenger list, but they did not come to any of their meals, and they were never in the smoking room. The second night I began to wonder if they had missed the boat.

Then, abruptly, that second night, I came on them. There was a new moon and I was out on deck walking against the fresh breeze. I had a sudden desire to see the sky, so I ran up to the boat deck and there I saw them. They did not see me. They did not see the sky or the sea or the moon. In the faint light I could just see her face turned up to his — avid, insatiable for the torrent of his kisses. A wave of shame swept over me at my presence in this sacred place, and I turned and crept away down the ladder.

For a long time I paced the deck and the warmth of their embrace clung round my heart. I have seen men kiss and women answer with their souls; I have seen release from longing; I have seen many heights and many depths of passion, but this thing seemed, in some strange way, part of myself, and I could not shake off the tormenting memory of it.

The next day, just before we landed, I saw Charley and Eleanor again. I had been looking for them to say good-bye. I found them leaning against the rail away aft, as far out of the crowd as they could get. They were very close together; their hands were touching. I watched them for a second, then I called to them. They broke apart; Charley turned quickly, looked at me, and blushed. His face was young and all the lines were gone. Eleanor took my hand without looking at me. "Good-bye," she said.

It must have been a year afterward that I met the devil of the island for the last time. In the meanwhile I had seen much of the Somerses. I had helped Charley to sell his place and reorganize his life. I gave him what comfort men can give each other under such circumstances when the baby arrived. And I consented, protesting my religious inadequacies, to become its godfather. And then, one night, when I was dining with them in their small New York apartment, the devil appeared. He was incarnate, this time, in a charming middle-aged man, one of their new friends. He and his wife and I comprised the guests. I was much attracted to him by his slow, humorous manner and his wide knowledge of places and people. He had, too, that rare gift of guiding a conversation without dominating it.

He talked about Singapore and French Indo-China; he told stories of Madagascar and legends of the Congo. I don't know how he came to Bermuda. I wish he could have been diverted. I caught a queer look on Charley's face at the mention of the name and I looked at my plate. Then, as he went on, slowly, I tried to reach him with my eyes and, at last, with my foot under the table. But it was all useless because the devil was in him.

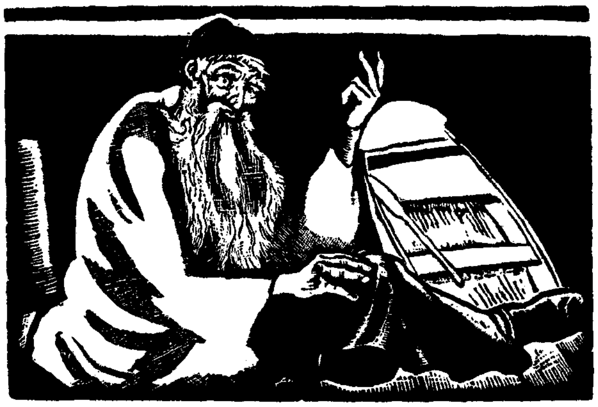
"You know, there's an amusing scandal about one of the islands," he went on in his peculiar, rhythmic lilt, "an island off St. George. I wonder if you've heard it? It's rather a wicked legend. It seems there's an old Portuguese boatman at St. George — a kind of Charon, he is — who has a rickety little boat. He will only take two people to the island at a time. Mind you, this is a totally desert island. . . ."

"Really, Tom," his wife interrupted. His eyes twinkled and he went on.

"It *is* rather shocking. You see, when you get off at the island, if you give old Charon a dollar, he rows away and leaves you there until the next morning! It's a kind of code. And he never tells."

I am not quite sure what happened to Charley, but Eleanor was magnificent. She broke the silence before it began. I had my hand out to tip over my glass of wine when her light, amused laughter rang out over the table.

"I'm glad he doesn't tell," she said.



SEEING Pictures — II

by RALPH M. PEARSON

In last month's article I contrasted the literary with the plastic or designed picture. In this I shall emphasize that difference again by noting the attitudes of mind back of the making of each type of picture.

A literary picture is one which tells a story or reports an idea. By some stretching of terms it may also be said to report facts. On the whole, the four woodcuts shown last month report ideas — three of them with more or less of the plastic qualities which history shows have been fundamental characteristics of all enduring art, and one largely without these qualities. The three prints reproduced on the opposite page report facts about things. One of them reports nothing but facts, while the other two enrich their reports with the visual music of plastic design.

The mind of the picture-maker who confines himself to reporting facts or ideas is literal like his productions. In effect, that mind becomes a mirror which reflects upon the paper or canvas of his picture the things it has observed objectively. Its interest centers on the object it is reporting, and the picture becomes a shadow of that object. The artist's chief concern is to develop enough technical skill to make an adequate counterpart. The interest of the observer is likewise expected to pass through picture to object without the intrusion of any additional distracting values. In other words, such a mind looks for outward rather than inward values.

The mind which creates its own impressions of facts or story and organizes those impressions into a harmony of all the parts, functions very differently. It observes, feels, digests, ponders, changes, rearranges, re-creates, and finally, looking inward at its own conception of the subject, records the re-creation. Its interest centers on that creation. Its primary concern is not with the subject *per se*, but with the expression of a *conception*. The subject is a means to this end. This difference, in my opinion, is of fundamental importance — so much so that its understanding becomes the first essential to any intelligent appreciation of pictures.

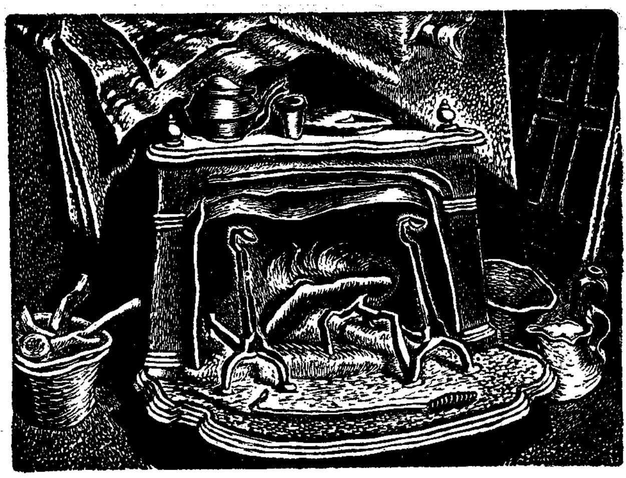
The woodcut by J. J. Lankes is a record of selected facts, some of which, like those of the foreground, are arbitrarily changed in degree of truth to nature without any basic change in the type of their characterization.

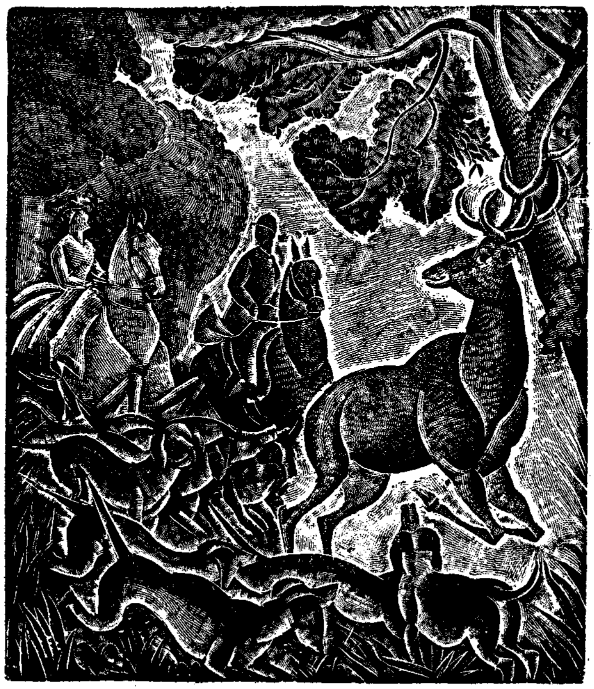
The print by Wanda Gág is a *re-creation* of selected facts. Because interest centers on the artist's conception rather than on the recording of plain facts about a fireplace, the result is adventurous, inventive, and alive. The expression of subject is intensified. The conscious arrangement of textures, wavy lines, spaces, and forms has plastic quality. The picture is designed. In fact, its adventurous design is so stressed that it becomes the main feature; and in so far as the design attracts too much attention to itself, it may argue a weakness in the work as a rounded out interpretation of a fireplace.

In the "Hunt" by Galanis the inventive and plastic organization of parts blends with the subject into a greater unity and gives a more profound total conception. It is, in my opinion, one of the great prints of the day. To compare it with the Lankes woodcut is to see at once the vast difference between the inventive and literal states of mind.

Some people insist that there is no essential difference between academic and "modern" pictures. My guess is that these two states of mind present about the same range of differences in art as in psychology, where, I believe, they are labeled "extravert" and "introvert." The products each brings forth are, of course, the final answer. I pass them on to any doubters for careful scrutiny.

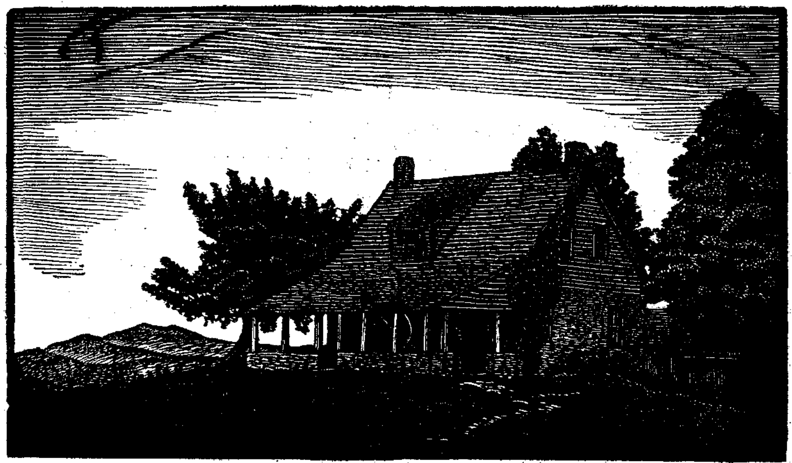
WANDA GÁG





D. GALANIS

J. J. LANKES



Three reproductions by courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

Our CHANGING Morals

by WILL DURANT

It is a delicate question in psychology to-day whether our young people find more pleasure in strutting their sins than their elders find in denouncing them. From the point of view of morals, life seems to be divided into two periods: in the first we indulge, in the second we preach; passion yields to caution, and the great currents of desire become the winds of speech; the tempo of life slackens, the mood changes, and senility finds it hard to understand and forgive youth. "Truth" is a function of age, and "immorality" is other people's morals.

Those of us who have simmered down from youth, and not yet, perhaps, congealed into old age, may make an attempt to understand our heirs. The proper orientation is historical: we must contemplate the variability of the Good, the fluid relativity of morals; we must see the earthly source of moral ideas, and their dependence upon the changing bases of human life.

Morals, in etymology and history, derive from customs (*mores*); and morality, in origin, is adherence to those customs which are considered essential to the health and preservation of the group. Some customs are mere conventions and have no moral aspect. To cut one's salad with a knife is not a sin, though it is more severely punished than throwing bombs. But certain customs — like monogamy or polygamy, endogamy or exogamy, abstention from murder within the tribe, and willingness to wage war outside it — develop into "categorical imperatives" (commands not questioned), and are defended by passionate prohibitions. Conventions are customs more practised than preached; morals are customs more preached than practised. They are duties which we require of our neighbors.

It is astonishing how the moral code has varied from time to time, and from place to place. St. Augustine was disturbed by the polygamy of Abraham, but rightly pointed out that it was not "immoral" for the ancient Jews to pay the expenses of several wives. Indeed, in an age of war polygamy may become a virtue, for it is blessed with many children. Before social order replaced the recurrent conflicts of tribe with tribe, the death rate of men far exceeded that of women; and polygamy was the natural result of the numerical superiority of the once weaker sex. Monogamy is one of the penalties of tribal peace.

Let us pour life into the notion that morals are relative by recalling some instances. A Japanese woman pays no attention to the nudity of a workman, and yet she can be as modest as Priscilla Dean. It was "obscene" for an Arab woman to show her face, or a Chinese woman her foot; either concealment aroused imagination and desire, and served the good of the race. The Melanesians buried alive their sick and their old, thinking it a kindly way of disposing of their waste. Among the Indians, says Hobhouse, "Catlin saw an old man left behind with tent and fire, but no weapon, while the tribe marched off." In China, says Lubbock, a coffin is (or was) regarded as an appropriate present for an aged relative, especially if he were in poor health. On the Island of New Britain, says Sumner: "Human flesh is sold in shops, as butcher's meat is among us. In at least some of the Solomon Islands human natives (preferably women) are fattened for a feast like pigs."

If, said an old Greek thinker, you make a heap of all customs somewhere considered sacred and moral, and then take from it all customs somewhere considered impious and immoral, nothing will remain.

THE AGRICULTURAL CODE

Apparently moral codes may change. What is it that changes them?

Probably alterations in the economic basis of life determine moral changes. There have been two profound transformations of this sort in history: one was the passage from hunting to agriculture; the other was the passage from agriculture to industry. These are the pivotal events in human development on which all other fundamental processes have turned. And in each instance the moral code which had served group welfare in the older mode of life was found maladapted, and was slowly and chaotically transformed under the new régime.

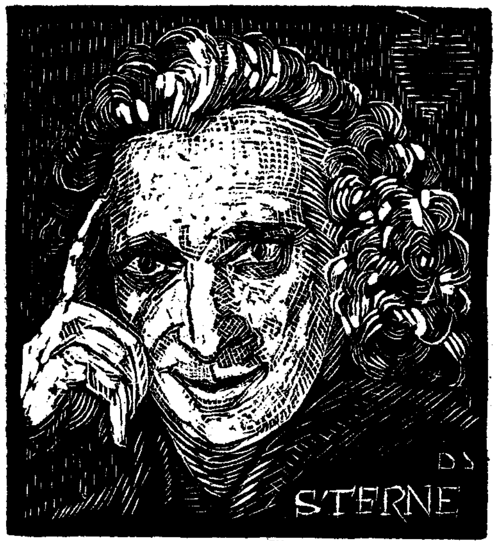
Nearly all the races of man once lived by pursuing beasts, killing them, and eating them, often in the raw, and always to the cubic capacity of the hunter's stomach. For civilization, in the sense of economic provision and security, did not yet exist, and greed was a virtue necessary to self-preservation. Primitive man ate like the modern dog, because he did not know when his next meal would come. Insecurity is the mother of greed. Every vice was once a virtue, and may become respectable again, just as hatred becomes respectable in wartime. So, as long as America's resources needed exploitation from within and little protection from without, we fostered the acquisitive impulses and deprecated military virtues. Now something less of exploitation seems demanded, and, so they say, something more of protection; the mere millionaire is too common to be honored, while our generals take the air with unaccustomed grandeur. There is a supply and demand in morals as well as in goods; and if the demand creates the supply more slowly in one field than in the other, it is because the soul is subtler and less tractable than the soil. But it, too, will receive varied seed, and produce wholesome or bitter fruit.

We do not know just how or when men passed from hunting to tillage; but the great transition created a demand for new virtues, and many old virtues became vices in the settled and quiet routine of the farm. Industriousness became more vital than bravery, thrift more desirable than violence, peace more profitable than war. Above all, the status of woman changed. She was more valuable on the land than in the hunt, she earned her keep a hundredfold, and every child she bore was soon a help far beyond the cost of his food and simple raiment. Motherhood became increasingly sacred, sterility the supreme disgrace, and large families were pleasing to God.

It was in that rural milieu that our inherited moral code took form. On the farm a man matured at an early age — matured both in mind and in self-support. At twenty he understood the tasks of life as well as he would at forty; all that he needed was a plow and a willing arm, and an eye for every whim of the weather. So he married early, almost as soon as nature desired. He did not fret long in the restraints which the moral code placed upon premarital relations; the requirement of continence seemed reasonable even when he violated it.

And when the precepts of Christianity enforced strict monogamy and indissoluble marriage, these seemed reasonable too. For the peasant's wife gave him many children, and it was right that father and mother should remain loyal to each other till these children were established in the world. On the farm the code of the Puritans, though hard, was practicable, and produced a sturdy race capable of conquering a continent in a century.

For fifteen hundred years this agricultural moral system of chastity, early marriage, divorceless monogamy, and multiple maternity, maintained itself in Europe and in European



Woodcuts by Donald Streeter

colonies. Even when industry began to appear, it was domestic industry, carried on not in factories but in homes, filling the household with new noise and business, new functions and new significance. Everything conspired to strengthen the ties that held brother to brother, child to parent, and man to wife. It had its virtues, that "Puritan" civilization.

THE INDUSTRIAL CODE

Then, suddenly, as it seemed to the eye of history, factories appeared. Men and women and children began to leave home and family, authority and unity, to work as individuals, individually paid, in dismal structures raised to shelter, not human beings, but machines. Cities grew; and instead of sowing seed and reaping harvest in the fields, men fought a life-and-death struggle in dark and filthy shops with belts and pulleys, great knives and saws, ten thousand wheels and presses, and iron arms and teeth.

BOCCACCIO
D S

Inventions bred like the proletarians who worked them; every year a new progeny of mechanisms made life more difficult to handle or to understand. Mental maturity came much later than on the farm. At twenty, in a modern city, a man is still a boy in the face of a changing and intricate world; it takes him another decade to shed his major delusions about men and women and states; at forty, perhaps, he approaches maturity of mind. Thus adolescence lengthened, and a vast extension of education became a necessity to adjust the brain to the new tasks of modern life.

At once the passage from tillage to industry began to affect the moral behavior of mankind. Economic maturity came almost as late as mental maturity; only in the manual working class was a lad self-supporting and ready to marry at the age of twenty-one. Above those ranks the age of self-sufficiency rose higher with every rise in luxury and place — in the professions, above all. And man, burdened as never before, saw woman shorn of her old functions by the development of factories and machines. In a home now denuded of significance and work, she was a beautiful parasite, an animated piece of interior decoration, and nothing more.

If, to avoid this absence of function, she became a mother, the difficulties were increased: motherhood became an expensive affair of doctors, nurses, hospitals, and instruments; the modern woman could not bear children as easily and simply as her grandmother had done. If she bore many, so much the worse; every one of them would be a liability rather than an asset. They would have to be educated, they would add to the rent and the cost of travel; they would have to be clothed in the latest style. By the time they earned an income, they would have fled from parental authority to the freedom of the irresponsible individual life.

So the city offered every discouragement to marriage, while it provided every stimulus and facility for sex. Erotic development came as early as before, economic development later. That restraint upon desire which had been feasible and reasonable under the agricultural régime, seemed now a difficult and unnatural thing in an industrial civilization that had postponed marriage, for men, even to the thirtieth year. Inevitably the flesh began to rebel. Chastity, which had been a virtue, became a joke. Modesty disappeared. Men plumed themselves upon the variety of their sins, while women called for a single standard. The old agricultural moral code fell to pieces and the urban world ceased to judge by it any more.

It is in terms of this great change from farms and homes to factories and city streets that we must understand the generation that so boisterously replaces us. Their lives and problems are new and different. The Industrial Revolution transforms their customs, their garb, their work, their religion, and their morals. The words "morality" and "immorality" are in a flux, between old moorings lost and new ones yet to find; no one knows how they may be redefined to help us understand human conduct in an industrial and urban age.

Morality as Intelligence

We stand between two worlds — one dead, the other hardly born; and our fate is chaos for a generation. We are conscious that the morality of restraint and fear has lost its hold upon men, and we must look for a natural moral code that shall rest upon intelligence rather than fear. We are compelled, despite ourselves, to be philosophers — to build for ourselves a system of life and thought that shall be consistent with itself and with the experience and demands of our time. We stand before the stars almost naked of supernatural creed and transmitted moral code.

How shall we clothe our nakedness? Where shall we find a moral code that shall accord with the changed conditions of our lives, and yet lift us up, as the old codes lifted men, to gentleness, decency, modesty, nobility, honor, chivalry, and love? How shall we redefine the Good? How shall we create a moral basis for the Great Society?

Let us listen for a moment to what the philosophers have had to say on the question of morality.

DS
PETRONIUS

At the very outset we are plunged into the thorny centre of the ethical maze by those ruthless founders of European ethics, the Greek Sophists. They offer proposals and analyses which make Nietzsche seem second-hand and tame; two thousand years in advance, they steal half his thunder. Morality, says the Callicles of Plato's *Gorgias*, is an invention of the weak to chain the strong, a way of restraining the superman within the limits and capabilities of the mediocre average; the wise man will retain a superior impartiality between "virtue" and "vice"; he will have great desires, and will seek, as the highest virtues, the strength, the courage, and the skill to realize them. And the Thrasymachus of Plato's *Republic* proclaims to the world that "might is right, and justice merely the interest of the stronger." He is careful to add that he is "speaking of injustice on a large scale"; he doubts the advisability of being unjust if one cannot do it magnificently.

It is instructive to see how old this Nietzschean critique of "goodness" is. The Sophists represent the intoxication of freedom that came to Greek thought when it had thrown off the shackles of polytheism and tradition. The discovery that the old moral code was unsound inevitably hurt morality; and unmoralism, like atheism, materialism, and determinism, became one of the natural incidents of youth's passing rebellion.

Only in the light of this Sophistical adolescent Nietzscheanism can we understand the high place of Socrates in the development of moral philosophy. For Socrates saw Athens hovering between two dangers — the "democratic" majority compulsion to return to the orthodox belief, and that unmoral and unscrupulous individualism which came of disillusionment with the ancient creed, and which was to make Athens and its chaotic political system a prey to Sparta's sternly-nurtured aristocracy. Socrates visioned the greatest problem of philosophy as that of developing a natural ethic: to build a system of morality so independent of creeds that these might come and go without loosening the moral cement that makes of separate individuals the peaceful citizens of a commonwealth.

If, for example, *good* meant *intelligent*, and *virtue* meant *wisdom;* if men could be taught to see their interests in total perspective, to criticize and coördinate their desires out of a self-canceling chaos into a purposive and creative harmony — this, perhaps, would provide for the educated and sophisticated man the morality which, in the unlettered man, relies on supernatural sanctions and policemen's clubs. Perhaps all sin is ignorance, a failure to attain total vision and perspective?

A subtle individualism lay hidden in this doctrine. It assumed that honor or real nobility could be established by the instruction of a generation. It never faced the question whether intelligence might not merely make a villain more intelligently villainous. The old dilemma remained: to render intelligence social, or to find for morality some basis outside of intelligence and reason.

Plato tried the first solution. Intelligence, he argued, is no merely intellectual affair; it is an æsthetic or artistic harmony of the elements in a man's character; and the highest virtue is not brilliance of mind, or unmoral strength, but the harmony of the parts with the whole, whether in the individual or the state. This was a sound base from which to make further ethical explorations, but philosophy did not pursue it. Greece fell to pieces despite her moralists, and when Christianity came, all the world was ready for a moral code that reënforced the weakness of altruism and honesty with the hopes and fears of another world. The old problem of a natural system of ethics remained unsolved.

NATURAL MORALITY

Here, as in so many fields, it was Francis Bacon who offered a clue. A remarkable sentence in *The Advancement of Learning* contains in outline a whole theory of natural ethics. "All things," says the great Chancellor, "are indued with an appetite to two kinds of good — the one as the thing is a whole in itself" (this appetite we call the individualistic instincts), "the other as it is part of some greater whole" (this other appetite we call the social instincts); "and this latter is more worthy and more powerful than the other, as it tends to the conservation of a more ample form." That is to say — morality, like immorality, has its basis in human nature; there are social as well as selfish impulses, instincts for race and group preservation as well as for self-preservation; and these social instincts, Bacon thinks, are ultimately stronger than the instincts that aim to preserve the individual.

It was not until Darwin that this new lead of Bacon's found, unwittingly, some scientific basis. Huxley, who was nothing if not a gentleman, was horrified to see where the theory of evolution was leading; he agreed with Tennyson that nature was "red in tooth and claw," and utterly hostile to all the ethical principles that had so ameliorated human life. Evolution meant, to all appearances, the ruthless elimination of the weak by the strong; morality meant the aid of the weak by the strong. Evolution meant a struggle to survive, by whatever means; morality involved the restriction of struggle within the limits of humaneness and honor. "The ethical progress of society," Huxley concluded, "depends not on imitating the cosmic process . . . but on combating it."

It was a disastrous position to take; for if morality is opposed to nature, morality is doomed. Huxley himself was clear-eyed enough to see it: "The cosmic nature born with us, and to a large extent necessary to our maintenance, is the outcome of millions of years of severe training, and it would be folly to imagine that a few centuries will suffice to subdue its masterfulness to purely ethical ends."

It was the modest Darwin who showed the way out. The philosophers had not observed that in the fourth chapter of *The Descent of Man*, the great "destroyer" had laid the foundations of a moral code that would rest on nature and the earth. Aristotle and Bacon were right; man was by nature social, because societies had existed long before man, and humanity had inherited social habits — had carried sociability in its blood — along with the individualistic impulses to compete and kill.

Even in the lower stages of animal life, social organization had been developed (as in the ants and bees) to a point of coöperation superior to any seen in the human race. As societies developed, competition within them was restrained by the necessity of preserving internal solidarity in the face of competition without; natural selection played less and less upon the individual, more and more upon groups. Evolution ceased to be physical, it became social; survival came not by individual power but by group coherence and ability. Organization made superfluous the heavy defensive apparatus borne constantly about by solitary creatures relying only on their individual strength and cunning for defense. In ants and bees, where social organization was most complete, the individual burden of armament — tusks and teeth and claws and thick hides — had almost entirely disappeared. The development of external danger and competition unified the members of a group into some measure of fellow-feeling (sym-pathy), group-feeling (kind-ness), sociability, and mutual aid. Those simple virtues were really social necessities for group survival, and the strange paradox appeared that the very violence of competition and strife among societies was the cause of coöperation and peace within; it was war, or the possibility of war, that made morality, as it made morale.

Morality Defined

In the light of this biological approach it becomes sufficiently obvious that the natural and inevitable basis and definition of morality is the coöperation of the part with the whole. In youth we try to define morality in terms of the rebellious individual; we canonize intelligence, nonconformity, or bravery; we say, like the solitary Ibsen, that he is strongest who stands alone (though neither Brand nor Peer Gynt found it so); we sing the "simple, separate person." Later we discover that the "society" which we scorned, and to which we opposed the magnificent individual, consists of nothing else than individuals too, each as precious as our incomparable selves. After long resistance we admit that morality can never be defined in terms of the individual, that we must accept the good of the whole as the ultimate criterion by which to judge (if we *must* judge) the behavior of the part.

We have arrived deviously at a most respectable and ancient conclusion, that the test of morality is community good. But our biological approach must not deceive us into supposing that our instincts here conform with reason. Nature knows no community and no morality except those of the hive, the family, and the hunting pack. Bacon and Darwin and Kropotkin were mistaken in believing that the social instincts are stronger than the instincts of self. It may be so within the family, where self-sacrifice is natural, but outside that little realm the individualistic impulses are in the saddle, as he who runs may see. Heroism is heroic precisely because it is so rare. We are not even the most social of species; we stand midway between the individualism of the jungle and the socialism of the ants. The best we can say is that the social instincts, which seem to be more recent in origin than those of competition and acquisition, are being slowly strengthened by the growing survival value of coöperation.

Finally, we should realize that the coöperation in which morality consists arises less from the growth of the soul than from the widening necessities of economic life. The flower grows out of the soil. Morality spreads as economic and social units increase. The whole with which the part must harmonize to be saved becomes greater as the world is woven into ever larger unities by rails and wires and ships and the invisible bonds of the air. Once trade and common interests merged tribes into nations. Now commerce and mutual interests slowly weave nations into vast international groups, and provide the basis for an international morality in which all the world will agree that patriotism is not enough. Conscience follows the policeman; we have no international morality because we have no international order. But the international order visibly comes; and when at last it is organized, it will be permissible to be loyal to humanity and to rise in morals to that broad perspective, that sense of the whole, which is the secret of the good life, as it is the guide to beauty and the test of truth.

In May—"THE NEW MORALITY," by Will Durant

Does America Discourage ART?

A Socratic Dialogue

PLACE: The Home of Henry Goddard Leach
TIME: After Dinner

Persons of the Dialogue

- Harvey Wiley Corbett — Architect
- William M. Ivins — Curator of Prints, the Metropolitan Museum, New York
- Henry Goddard Leach — Editor of The Forum
- Vachel Lindsay — Poet
- Lewis Mumford — Writer
- Walter Pach — Artist and writer
- Walter B. Pitkin — Associate Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*
- Lee Simonson — Scenic designer, critic, and Editor of *Creative Art*
- Alfred Stieglitz — Photographer and director of "The Intimate Gallery"
- Harvey M. Watts — Writer and lecturer
- Art Young — Free-lance artist and writer

Mr. Leach. I have it on good authority that we are living in an age of machines. Everyone seems willing to admit that. But I haven't found any two people who could agree on the question of what the machines are doing to American art. The critics have been hurling articles at each other from a distance without succeeding in settling anything, and I thought that by getting you all together, where you could contradict one another face to face and pull each others' noses, we might get a decision.

Mr. Young. Or a knockout.

Mr. Stieglitz. Well, if you want to know what I think . . .

Mr. Lindsay. I don't know anything about art, but I know what I . . .

Mr. Pach. In comparison with the art of Greece . . .

Mr. Watts (jumping to his feet). I am so sick of being told that the hand-made civilizations of the past are superior to ours! There are people over here who seem to think the only thing you can do with your country is abuse it. I don't see anything the matter with American art. The detractors say we haven't any, but what about our great skyscrapers that have sprung up here like mushrooms . . .

Mr. Simonson. Like toadstools!

Mr. Watts. What about our magazines? The illustrations and the color work in the advertisements are often of such character that you hate to throw the magazine away. But what can you do? You can't keep them any more than you can keep Christmas cards.

Mr. Pach. Who wants to keep them? Spiritually and æsthetically they're worthless — that's why we don't save them. In spite of all the wonders of your four-color printing, it hasn't produced anything worthy to be called art. It isn't a matter of quantity; Rembrandt etchings were printed in quantity. But the man behind them made them supreme things.

Mr. Watts. Well, after all, how many Rembrandts are there? If, in our brief history as a people, we have had painted two very unforgetable portraits — the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington and Whistler's portrait of his mother, the most reproduced picture in the world — what is the matter with American art? All the other civilizations stand on one or two pictures, on one or two great achievements, on one or two men. Under the circumstances, I don't see any reason why we should get so excited about it and put on sackcloth and ashes and scream about how little we have done and find fault.

Mr. Mumford. We are not finding fault. If that were our only object, there would be no purpose in discussing this question at all. The real reason for discussing it, it seems to me, is to find out where we stand. We must ask ourselves what are the things that are preventing the arts from going to full swing in America. One of the great difficulties is that we lack leisure.

Mr. Pitkin. Hear, Hear!

Mr. Mumford. We not only lack leisure but we lack the very notion of leisure. The idea of repose from all external activity, of a concentration upon the inner life, upon the things that take place merely in the mind — all that is distinctly lacking in America.

Mr. Pitkin. The best proof of it is the way people fritter away their vacant hours in some form of mechanical activity. They hop into a motor car and run out into the country, or they turn on the radio and keep up a banal conversation and maybe play bridge — all at the same time.

Mr. Mumford. We are afraid of ourselves; that is what is back of it. We keep up all this mechanical activity in order to avoid confronting our inner life, one of the reasons being that our mechanical civilization allows us no inner life worth talking about. Most people are confoundedly lonesome when they are with themselves and when they see just what is in their own mind, and they are indifferent to the things the artists, the poets, the people who have concentrated upon imagination, have to give them.

Mr. Watts. I don't believe people to-day are any less attentive to the arts than . . .

Mr. Stieglitz. *Attentive?* I have been trying for thirty-eight years to find out what an American sees when he stands in front of something. Do you know what my answer is? . . . *Nothing!*

Mr. Mumford. We voluntarily make ourselves deaf and blind — and for a good reason. We are surrounded by ugliness. We live in a world full of unpleasant sounds. We walk along the street and are assailed by the foul odor of gasoline. We raise our eyes to the buildings and with very few exceptions they are ill designed and meanly proportioned. And living in this brutal environment, assailed by sounds and sights and odors which would wreck any sensitive personality, in sheer defense we have to resort to a sort of automatic anæsthesia. We deliberately close our senses to the impact of environment around us. And yet we boast that we have one of the greatest civilizations ever seen.

Mr. Watts
Has much to say

Lewis Mumford

Mr. Watts. I insist we don't boast.

Mr. Mumford. Then we admit it, but it is just the same thing.

Mr. Watts. There never was a time when all the people were artistic and all enjoyed the arts, not even in the days of the Greeks. The appreciation of art is just as widespread now as it ever was.

Mr. Ivins. Is it your idea that art can be applied like a coat of whitewash?

Mr. Watts. I am not thinking that it can be applied at all.

Mr. Ivins. Can you imagine anything coming out of one of our modern architects' offices that isn't applied? Aren't they big machines in which, by definition, personality is impossible?

Mr. Watts. I assert it isn't impossible. How was it in the days of Michelangelo?

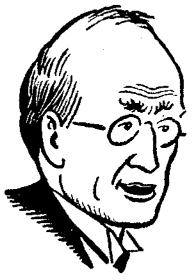
Mr. Ivins. There was one man doing it.

Mr. Watts. That doesn't mean anything necessarily.

Mr. Ivins. I think it's the whole thing.

Mr. Watts. It wasn't true of St. Peter's. One man didn't do that. Each man did his own particular part — Bramante, Bernini, Michelangelo . . .

Mr. Ivins. That is just what is wrong with St. Peter's — that they did have three men on the job. And that is what is wrong with our modern architecture. It all comes down to that one fundamental fault — that you haven't got the personality. I don't know of any great art that is anything but a one-man show.


Wm M Ivins Jr.
— Enlivens —

Mr. Watts. I don't see any essential difference between the methods of architectural designing in the past and in the present.

Mr. Ivins. If you would look at some of Michelangelo's architectural drawings and compare them with the plans of modern architects, the difference would be obvious. Michelangelo's drawings were wash drawings conceived in terms of volume, not thin outline drawings like those we see to-day.

Mr. Corbett. The organization of a modern architect's office is built up primarily to relieve the artist — the designing member of the firm being referred to as the artist — of all the complicated engineering details which are necessary in modern building. I don't know where you get the idea that the architect doesn't draw in terms of three dimensions.

Mr. Ivins. Walking down Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Corbett. I will admit that.

Mr. Ivins. By walking up to Columbia. By going to Harvard, to Yale.

Mr. Corbett. There isn't a modern building under our present zoning law that it is possible to conceive of without creating a model at the very start. The man takes his mass and goes right to it in clay like a sculptor. The architect of to-day is nothing but a sculptor in building masses. Detail is merely incidental to that.

Mr. Ivins. That has only been true in the last ten years. The emphasis on design as distinct from gingerbread work came in when the price of stonecutters got high, that was all.

Mr. Mumford. No matter how the modern architect goes about his designing, the fact remains that he rarely has the opportunity to leave the indelible stamp of his personality on his work, as the Greeks did. The work of a real artist, like Bertram Goodhue or Frank Lloyd Wright, is an exception — almost a defiance.

Mr. Watts. Remember, in Athens only a few buildings were beautiful. Athens was a hideous city. It was almost like a collection of adobe huts, with narrow, dirty alleys.

Mr. Mumford. Not necessarily hideous. That is a sanitary condition.

Mr. Watts. I am not talking about the sanitary business. You dragged that in.

Mr. Ivins. You said dirty, Mr. Watts.

Mr. Watts. I said dirty in the sense that the streets were dirty. Oh yes, I said dirty; I will accept that. They were wretched little one-story things.

Mr. Mumford. You are confusing the matter of size and importance. You are saying because the cities were small, because the buildings were mean, little one-story buildings, therefore they were unimportant buildings.

Mr. Watts. I said they weren't beautiful.

Mr. Mumford. Beauty has nothing to do with size. A one-story building can be just as beautiful as a much larger one.

Mr. Watts. You put words in my mouth I never said. I know a one-story building can be beautiful. . . .

Mr. Mumford. But you were characterizing these buildings contemptuously because they were small.

Mr. Watts. If you hold a brief for the small houses of Athens, you are the first writer on art that I know of who ever did.

Mr. Mumford. Nobody knows what the small houses of Athens looked like.

Mr. Watts. We know from Pompeii what they looked like.

Mr. Ivins. Do you know what New York looks like by looking at Coney Island or Long Branch?

Mr. Watts. Archæologists know what Athens was like. It was a city of small, mean houses.

Mr. Simonson. You said "small, mean houses." Why were they mean? Because they were small?

Mr. Watts. So far as we know, they were of that type.

Mr. Simonson. You mean, Mr. Katz, that they . . .

Mr. Watts. "Watts" is the name.

Mr. Simonson. Mr. Watts. I am not trying to antagonize you. I am trying to get at the

Lee Simonson

logic of this thing. You say "small, mean buildings." Why were they mean — because they were small?

Mr. Watts (defiantly). What do *you* think about it?

Mr. Simonson. I don't think meanness and smallness have any connection, just as I don't think bigness has any connection with beauty in skyscrapers.

Mr. Watts. After all, that is a description of the character of the houses of Athens in the Periclean period.

Mr. Simonson. Whose description?

Mr. Watts. So far as we know them.

Mr. Ivins. I think you are making a rather small and mean issue of this.

Mr. Simonson. I just chose the "small, mean" combination because it seemed to me to hitch up with the skyscraper. Your tendency when you characterize Athens is to say small and mean, just as our tendency is, when we talk about American buildings with their fifty-six stories, to think because they are big, they *must* be magnificent, and because they are magnificent, they *must* therefore have æsthetic value.

Mr. Watts. That isn't what I said.

Mr. Simonson. You did say "small and mean."

Mr. Watts. Well, I stick to "small and mean" about the Athens houses!

Mr. Simonson. I simply cite that as a tendency to connect small and mean with our present way of evaluating American architecture. It is the converse of the tendency to say big, therefore imposing, therefore magnificent, therefore art. I think that our doing so much and doing it in such a big way is just excess of energy. It isn't inevitably inspired by any artistic impulse.

Mr. Watts. Very competent authorities have called the skyscraper America's great contribution to architecture — and they meant it in an artistic sense.

Mr. Simonson. To me there is very little architecture about most skyscrapers. The point is that American architecture isn't architecture. It is the easiest way out. The father of the modern American style is the Board of Aldermen, or whoever it was that made the law that you must step back every time you go up so many stories. I don't say that our architects would not like to build beautiful buildings if they were allowed, but their hands are tied. They are caught between the demands of owners and real estate agents for every inch of rentable space that can be squeezed into their property.

Mr. Corbett. You can look at it that way if you like. As an architect I am really just a manufacturer of a commodity known as building space, and my job, as I see it, is to make as attractive a package as is physically or æsthetically possible for me to make in view of all the conditions imposed.

Mr. Watts. Don't you think the architects did that from the days of the Babylonians?

Mr. Corbett. I have an impression that is exactly what they did. I don't think human actions to-day are different in the slightest degree from what they have been ever since the beginning of civilization.

Mr. Ivins. The fact is that we spend so much time on the very occasional great successes of the past that we have rendered ourselves incompetent to judge the average figure of the present. You can't compare the present with past times because the passage of the years has hidden all the average work of antiquity and left only the masterpieces.

Mr. Mumford. I disagree with your notion that the level of art in other times has not been much higher than it is at present.

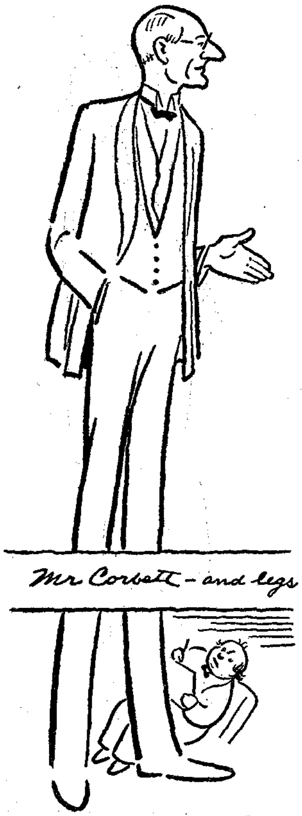
Mr. Ivins. I have to spend a great deal of my time looking at old art and comparing it with new. And I have found that there was just as much bad art produced in the old times as there is now. For instance, in the Royal Collection at Munich they have a perfectly genuine collection of fifteenth and sixteenth century paintings, and there isn't one of them that wouldn't turn milk sour at a thousand

Walter Pach makes a few remarks

yards. They are the most incredibly awful things that were ever made. And I can assure you that the same sort of stuff was pulled off right under Michelangelo's nose, and pulled off by the ton, just like our *Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Mumford. I do not say that there were not other periods quite as bad as our own.

Mr. Ivins. From our point of view to-day. But remember that you are speaking from the point of view of New York in 1929. Each age has its own particular problems and its own preferences. What an age judges good is merely an eclectic reflection of its own self and the stuff that answers to its own problem.



Cartoons by Art Young

Mr. Pach. Greek art has been called good by every people since its time.

Mr. Ivins. The worshipful appreciation of Greek art was nothing but a fictitious literary tradition up until the nineteenth century. People didn't know Greek art when they saw it. When it was proposed to the British Government that they should acquire the Elgin Marbles, the greatest authorities got up before the Parliamentary Commission and announced that the Elgin Marbles were in all probability late Roman, and certainly very bad. And when one of the greatest Hellenists of his time wanted to decorate his study with pictures of the Muses, he went down to the Rathskeller and got the nine swellest dames that there were shoving beer around to come up in their Sunday best, and he had them painted around the walls. He put the names "Cleo" and so forth under them. He thought he was being very classical.

Mr. Watts. That is what comes of imitating another period and assuming it is better just because it is older.

Mr. Pitkin. There is one aspect of our modern civilization that has an important effect. To-day we have an unsettled condition, not merely in the economic sense but in a general sense. The whole public, because they have wealth as they have never had it before, are independent; they don't know what they are going to be doing to-morrow. Why, then, should they be interested in putting all of their personality, or all of the architect's personality, into the building of a house? The United States is in a constant state of flux. Who knows, twenty years from now, where any of us may be, or where our children or grandchildren may be? Feeling that, people hesitate to put the devotion and intensity of personal effort into things that good work requires. I am conscious of that feeling myself.

Mr. Ivins. But can you do anything and leave your personality out?

Mr. Pitkin. You can do anything and change your personality in the doing of it by your act of will.

Mr. Ivins. You can change your individuality by going to a beauty shop, but I doubt if you can change your personality — except with an axe.

Mr. Corbett. I think, as Mr. Pitkin says, that we are in a transitional stage, and in the history of the world those periods were not apt to be productive of outstanding works of art.

Mr. Watts. Do you feel, then, that we are doomed to be inferior, artistically, to other periods in the past?

Mr. Corbett. No. It is just a question of adjusting ourselves to a new social condition. I don't think that with the individual there is any less love of the beautiful than there ever has been. I think it is the strongest instinct in man, next to survival and reproduction of his kind. I think it is the one thing he turns to; and if you give him leisure, no matter how temporary and momentary, he will immediately begin to seek beauty.

Mr. Pach. And where will he find it?

Mr. Corbett. The form that it takes may be the worst taste in the world. If he tears off a magazine cover for a picture and pastes it on his wall, the motive that inspires that act is the same that inspires the greatest artist to create the greatest piece of work. It is inherent in human nature.

Mr. Ivins. What about that castle full of hideous pictures that I mentioned? You know that if they could get them out of that castle and bring them to New York, they would be sold immediately for fabulous sums, irrespective of what they look like. Is that the instinct for beauty?

Mr. Corbett. That is just what we have to fight against. It seems to me that we are in a bad plight until we get people into the frame of mind of thinking for themselves and taking only what they like. I would rather have a man buy something that showed the worst taste in the world because he wanted it, than have him buy the best in the world because I told him it was good. Until we can develop our natural instinct to demand something that is a satisfaction to us, we won't have much that can be called art.

Mr. Simonson. Along with that we need a development of community effort, if we are to get anywhere in such arts as architecture. I don't know whether it is possible to get a civic sense in a city as large as New York, but that is what we need. The community should get together, as it has in Frankfort and many Dutch cities, and decide what it needs, and then send for the architect and say to him: "This is our problem. You can do anything but sidestep the problem and fake it. Now go ahead and find the ornament that expresses that." Every time that has been done in Europe it has been successful. Whereas here, every time you haven't a community that is clearly conscious of its real problem, that isn't free to give a mandate to the architect and say, "Light, air, leisure, recreation, and don't you dare funk one of those," then you get this crazy mixture we have of part magnificence, part borrowing, and part Renaissance palace, Roman bath, or Greek temple.

Mr. Leach. This discussion seems to have narrowed down to architecture. I think it would be interesting to hear something of the effect of the American environment on other forms of art, such as poetry. There is Mr. Lindsay, who has hidden in the corner and not opened his mouth for the last hour. How about the poetry business, Mr. Lindsay?

Mr. Lindsay. There are more good poems written than I have the strength to read.

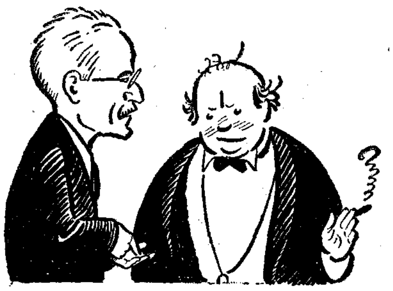
Mr. Mumford. Me too, Mr. Lindsay.

Mr. Lindsay. I should say any high school of about twelve hundred students will have at least five seniors who are writing good poetry. And when you look at the appalling number of colleges and high schools in this country, I think I may safely say that we have more good poets than United States Senators, even from an exacting point of view. (Laughter)

Mr. Leach. What is your idea of a good poem?

Mr. Lindsay. I think a good poem is a poem that pleases three educated people. If Willy writes a poem that pleases his teacher, his chum, and his maiden aunt, it is a good poem. The trouble is, they will not be satisfied with that. Instead, they will advertise in the *Poetry World* and try to persuade one hundred and twenty million American people that Willy not only writes good poetry for Waterloo, Iowa, but the whole world should know about Willy. Now there is the rub, and none of you have touched on it — the falsely assumed necessity of pleasing the total population of the United States, as though we were electing a President, no matter what piece of art we are undertaking.

Mr. Corbett. If I may tell one small story before I leave, perhaps it will outline the problem for us. An immigrant came to this country and was met by another immigrant who had been here some time. They were discussing the coinage, and the new immigrant took a coin out of his pocket and said, "What does *E Pluribus Unum* mean?" The older immigrant replied, "Don't you know? That's Latin. It's the national motto —'Where do we go from here?'"



Alfred Stieglitz and Art Young
In animated discussion after its all over

Next month, Professor Irving Fisher, Mr. Fabian Franklin, and others
in a Socratic Dialogue —
"CAN PROHIBITION SUCCEED?"

Our Lock-step Culture

Drawing by R. P. Tristram Coffin

by STUART CHASE

THERE ARE many machines in Western civilization. There are many standard behavior patterns. It is argued that there is a connection: that machinery is standardizing human life. There are practically no machines in China, although behavior patterns there are so rigid that they have persisted with little change for four thousand years. Here is an even stronger connection — save that it is upside down.

The Jeremiahs, notwithstanding, have prepared a moderately impressive exhibit. The machine-made character of George Folansbee Babbitt has been set before us in immensely documented detail. Mr. Mencken delivers one hundred pages of additional material every month. Mr. Upton Sinclair flings the goose step at our heads. One distinguished foreigner after another visits Mr. Ford's assembly line and a Rotary Club at its luncheon ceremonies, and from thence departs on the next liner, impatient to put upon a rotary press one more volume announcing that machines are reducing Americans to automata. And many native philosophers, with ample time for observation, are, like Mr. John Dewey, disturbed at what seems to be a growing regimentation in social life.

> They are our last frontier.
> They shot the railway-train when it first came,
> And when the Fords first came, they shot the Fords.
> It could not save them. They are dying now
> Of being educated, which is the same.
> One need not weep romantic tears for them,
> But when the last moonshiner buys his radio,
> And the last, lost wild-rabbit of a girl
> Is civilized with a mail-order dress,
> Something will pass that was American
> And all the movies will not bring it back.

Thus Mr. Stephen Vincent Benèt chronicles the passing of the Kentucky mountaineer, and brings five specific mechanisms into his bill of charges.

This alleged leveling down, moreover, does not apply to the United States alone. Mr. W. Redpath-Scott, writing in the London *Daily Mail*, notes that a generation ago it was fairly easy to guess a man's occupation by his appearance. Now the silk-hatted city clerk is as rare as the smock-wearing farm laborer. The horsey-faced hostler has given way to a garage man, with just a face. John Bull landlords with rosy gills are hard to find. Where is the Durham miner with his shiny black broadcloth and queer little round tasseled cap? Where is the shawl of the Lancashire mill girl? Where is the navvy with his white felt hat, velveteen coat cut square, spotted waistcoat, and blackened cutty clay pipe? Only his kerchief, and that more subdued, survives to-day.

ONE COULD quote this sort of thing indefinitely, until a case of the first magnitude had been compiled to prove the regimentation of Western peoples. Nor am I disposed to doubt the general outline of the case. But certain additional questions are in order before any final conclusion can be drawn. Is the machine primarily responsible for this regimentation? Is it more drastic than the regimentation enforced by the *mores* in other civilizations, or among primitive peoples? Are the forms it enforces better or worse than other historical forms?

The fact of culture, of group living, implies standardization. It always has; it always will. Human beings submit well to the process. Standards change, but standardization remains a perpetual element of all societies. There is nothing, therefore, in the word itself to alarm us. The machine has certainly helped to cast our present mold, but it has not created the phenomenon. Nor, as I believe I can prove, has it enforced nearly such rigid standards as those promoted by ancestor worship in China; by the Church in medieval Europe; by the economy of the cocoanut, maize, wheat, or fish among peoples depending primarily upon these foods; by the caste system of India; by the state socialism of the Incas in ancient Peru; and by a score of other agents which might readily be named. One of the outstanding facts governing a machine culture is its restless and remorseless change. Look at the terrific shaking up the automobile alone has given us. Look at the enormous turnover in styles and fashions caused by too many machines in the textile industry. Machines create standards only to destroy them again.

In China, India, Samoa, standards crystallize century by century. In these countries a man hurled forward ten generations would find a world substantially unchanged. He could pick up his work, his love affairs, his marital arrangements, his religion, his games, with no astonishment and little effort. But imagine my grandsire of the tenth generation stepping into my shoes to-day. Even my grandfather used to shake his head sadly and ask what the world was coming to. Standards were changing faster than he could adjust himself to them. He would never read a magazine until he had first cut out all the advertising pages and thrown them into the fire.

Look at the fads which follow one another in crazy procession — bicycle riding, ping pong, golf, bridge, mah-jong, jazz, cross-word puzzles, bobbed hair, antiques, prohibition cocktails. Look at the steady drift from the farm — where the *mores* have ever been powerful — to the cities — where they were always more tenuous. I repeat that the machine is probably the greatest destroyer of standards since the Goths sacked Rome.

Why, then, do we hear so much talk of modern regimentation? First, because regimentation is always a social fact; and second (a reason which I think is cardinal to the whole discussion), because the machine has destroyed so many of our habits with a devastating thoroughness that we have been left a people lost in the wilderness, our time-honored folkways scattered and dispersed. Such a thing is culturally unheard of, and obviously intolerable. Standards, customs, behavior patterns there must be. So, in a sort of frantic desperation, we have created one set after another, mainly temporary and not binding — in the sense that the corn-seeding ceremonies were binding — but at least serving as handholds for men who had lost their cultural balance. Like all ramshackle, temporary construction, they tend to be lopsided, ugly, and colorless. We have standards, and we do kneel by the millions before them; but as long as the tight pants of to-day become the plus fours of to-morrow, enduring crystallization on the Chinese model is not found among us. And I think it might be argued with some cogency that standards which do not outlast the season, metaphorically speaking, are nothing to be genuinely afraid of.

THE VARIETIES of standards are of course endless, but three great groups may be identified to make the discussion concrete. First, we may note technical standards for the use of science and for the operation of industry — the movement toward simplification. Second, commodity standards — the extent and variety of goods in a given culture. Third, social standards governing behavior patterns — the *mores* of sex, the family, worship, eating, drinking, playing, money, war, trade, work.

Industrial Standards. Mr. A. W. Whitney has developed a philosophy of industrial standardization, using an apt biological parallel. Nature, he says, continually experiments with new varieties and forms, and then, through natural selection, standardizes the most efficient. "If nature had no mechanism for fixing and holding the type, she would have no way of capitalizing her discoveries." Standardization is thus a liberator, relegating the problems already solved to their proper place — namely, the field of routine — and leaving the creative faculties free for problems still unsolved. "Standardization from this point of view is thus an indispensable ally of the creative genius" — akin to the reflex centres in man and animal which automatically guard the organism, leaving the mind free for unique and more experimental activity. When, after a long period of trial and error, an efficient and economical way to make automobiles, steel plates, or saucepans is evolved, then the process is crystallized in mass production, the commodities are manufactured according to standard routine, and invention is set free.

What is the objection, Mr. F. J. Schlink asks us, to standards for *units* of length, mass, time, temperature; to standard *sizes* for screw threads, bolts, nuts, invoice forms; to the *definition* of a horse power, a speed *rating* for locomotives; to *specifications* for cement, paint, steel bars, the fat content in milk; to a standardized *method* for the erection of steel bridges? No person in his senses can find the slightest objection.

Standards are cardinal in science and technology; they are implicit and often excellent in mass production. It is a waste of time to argue the bogey of "one dead level" in this category. Any specific project — say, the mass production of airplanes before the technique of safety has been achieved — is of course subject to argument (and in this case, one hopes, adverse decision).

Standards for Commodities. As good a starting point as any for the consideration of standardized articles is the Sears-Roebuck mail-order catalogue. It contains over one hundred thousand separate items. What other culture has ever provided such an exhibit? A well-to-do Chinese in the time of Confucius might have let his choice range among a thousand articles, more or less; the well-to-do American has the whole mail-order list to choose from, together with probably an equal number of items not comprehended in the list, but purchasable outside.

Furthermore, these goods are not limited to classes. Anyone may buy who has the money — billionaire, duke, or scavenger. Anyone may climb out of his social group if he has the money, or descend from Park Avenue to the gutter if he hasn't. There are no fixed classes in America, and this is becoming increasingly true of the whole Western world. Time-honored consumption standards for king, noble, soldier, merchant, peasant, craftsman are dissolving into spasmodic general standards, nebulous and endless in their variety. It is undoubtedly true that more people now dress alike and look alike than in any previous culture, because of these dissolving class distinctions. It is hard to tell a Duchess from a coster girl. But at any moment skirts may begin to shorten, black trousers give way to knickerbockers. Men and women are not confined to uniformity over long historical periods, as was the coolie and the medieval villein.

Main Street towns may all look alike, but one cannot be sure from one year to the next in what that likeness is to consist. They sprout traffic signals, stupendously upholstered policemen, banks in the shape of Greek temples, magnificent high school buildings, sparkling drug stores, batteries of columnar street lights, memorial libraries — practically over night. To keep peace with the changing skyline of our great cities would require a swift airplane perpetually on the wing.

Although "things are in the saddle" and may be bought in million-unit lots, the choices of to-day are dead to-morrow. To hold that our commodities increasingly seek a dead level is absurd. They seek altogether too many live, new levels — with the hand of the super-salesman always on the bellows. If this be standardization, make the most of it. It is the standardization of infinite variety and perpetual change — and thus uncomfortably close to a contradiction in terms.

Standards for Behavior. Since we machine peoples are coming more and more to look alike and to live the same kind of external lives, some observers jump to the conclusion that we are also tending more and more to act alike and think alike. This conclusion is the basis for all the tirades against modern standardization to which I referred at the beginning, and it is worth examining in some detail. All that we can be reasonably sure of in advance is that behavior, like the output of material commodities, is in constant flux. The machine, having destroyed the bulk of our old folkways, has forced us to experiment with a host of new ones, none of which have crystallized; and none of them can very well crystallize so long as our technology continues to change. No sooner do we adapt ourselves to traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour on the earth than we are compelled to take to the air at two hundred miles an hour. And what is *this* going to do to the family, religion, the etiquette of visiting and entertainment, habits of recreation, education, relations with other races and nations?

Leaving the future to speak in its own due time, we must see that the present varieties of behavior patterns are legion, extremely difficult to fit into neat catalogues. We have no standard religious code. One may take one's pick between two Catholic Churches, more than one hundred Protestant sects, and heaven knows how many cults founded by prophets from the hinterland. If you rush up to a New York policeman and announce that you are an atheist, he will tell you to stop blocking traffic. In urban centres you can have One God, a whole pantheon, or none at all; and nobody particularly cares — unless you are running for high public office. How far this is from the unified pattern of worship in the Middle Ages, with its ordered procession of masses, fast days, feast days, penances, celestial bookkeeping for every variety of conduct with debits and credits all duly balanced, and cathedral bells tolling over even meadows proclaiming their eternal benediction upon the eternal unity of mankind!

If religious standards are in disorder, sexual standards are even worse. Unless we happen to live in the Bible Belt, we may select orthodox marriage, trial marriage, companionate marriage, marriage of convenience, or no marriage at all. We may divorce at random. We may practise birth control in all circumstances, in specific circumstances, in no circumstances — again with authority to sanction each decision. We are urged to have small families, large families, no families; to marry when we are young and poor, to wait until we are old and rich; to marry within our class, to marry above or below it. Nor is sanction altogether lacking for the advantages, cultural and economic, of a "sugar daddy." The psychoanalysts have lifted the curtain on a variety of matters long held suitable for discussion only in a brothel — if at all — and have made them current coin at every "modern" dinner table. In brief, the only dependable standard in sexual affairs seems to be that any sort of reticence connotes a serious, not to say perilous, internal conflict.

Education is in an equally contradictory state. Children should be disciplined; they should be permitted to run wild. They should be sheltered; they should be exposed. Parents are the ruination of their children. What is so beautiful as mother love? Public schools are bad for them; private schools are worse, while tutors are the most pernicious of all. They should be taught to work; they should be taught to play; they should not be taught anything. All children are little Leonardos; all children are little animals. Every child should go to college; no child should go to college — let him get his diploma in the university of hard knocks. In the centre of this chaos stands the modern parent (I am one), praying with whatever vestiges of the *mores* of worship he can summon that somehow his child will survive his education.

Our occupational habits may be regimented in detail, but as a total phenomenon they are infinitely various. No good American believes that his place is anywhere but at the top. Nobody stays, if he can possibly avoid it, in the place it has pleased God to put him. The ladder of success is crawling with struggling forms. Few ascend, it is true, but who has not rushed for a higher rung and missed? In theory no man is fixed, however much he may be in fact; and because this doctrine is so generally held, the organized labor movement can make no great headway in America.

The outer evidence of these inner aspirations is a restless, moving population, forever on the march to higher things — which seldom come; forever drugging itself with correspondence school courses — some ninety per cent of which are given up before the first lesson is completed. Drifting youths and men come storming into accountancy when it is held to be a new and lucrative profession; into California and Florida real estate when booms are on; into brokers' offices when stocks are going up; into bootlegging when pre-war stocks are going down.

There is the constant migration from farm to city. There is the mass movement of Negroes from cotton fields to Harlem. And the variety of possible occupations — from deep-sea diving to flagpole sitting — is literally endless. A recent survey shows four hundred occupations in one Middle Western town. How different from the medieval village in which one was born and lived and died; where no one ever left his class; where everyone, normally, followed the trade of his father, and, at best, had hardly a dozen occupations from which to choose.

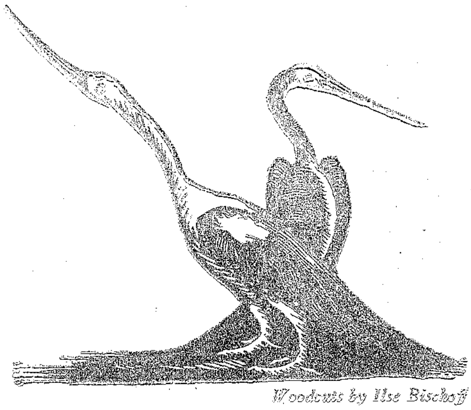
Through all this welter of modern life many old behavior patterns still survive, but the indirect effects of mechanization have shaken us loose from ancient mental certainties. We are never adequately prepared for change and resist it when it comes, but we are beginning to realize with some bewilderment that almost anything may happen. And that mental attitude is slippery ground on which to build a case for one dead level of behavior.

I BELIEVE I have overthrown the argument that the Western world is becoming rigorously standardized, by showing that on the contrary its *mores* are in flux and conflict, while many of its institutions and most of its commodities are becoming ever more complex. Yet, for all my reasoning, the pictures of the Kentucky mountaineer with his radio and the navvy shorn of his velveteens stubbornly refuse to fade. Local color *is* going out of life. How can my previous argument be reconciled with this obvious fact?

The two cannot be reconciled, but they can be brought somewhat closer together. Western civilization comprises perhaps half a billion people. They are tending to build certain structures alike, to dress alike on many occasions, to think alike on certain questions. The same area a century ago was split into hundreds of communities, each with its own set of customs, its own arts and crafts. Now, if we compare Western civilization as a unit to-day with, say, Cape Cod of a century ago, the latter is by far the more standardized community, in its morals, its arts, its behavior. But if we compare the total area now and then, Europe and America were more colorful a hundred years ago, by virtue of the differing communities. The complaint against modern standardization is usually made by travelers. But ask the traveler if he would prefer to live out his years in the Wales of the eighteenth century or as a citizen of the modern British Empire. Unless he is an incurable sentimentalist, he would choose the varied life of the modern man rather than the limitations of the pre-machine man — and put up with short skirts from San Francisco to Budapest as best he may.

But a last qualification is in order. We are not all free-roving citizens. Theoretically, the present choices before any individual are limitless. Practically, most of us never make these choices. We fall into a rut, and after a struggle or two stay there. Is the modern man in his rut more standardized than the average individual in other cultures? This is a knotty question. The taboos and *mores* which guide him are not as stringent as among primitive peoples, but his day-by-day behavior often tends to be more monotonous and dull. He has fewer vital things to do, fewer muscular adjustments to make, fewer problems to think about.

From all these baffling currents and cross currents, at least three conclusions emerge. (1) Machine civilization as a total culture is less standardized than any given former culture. (2) The life of a modern man is theoretically open to more variety, but practically may be less varied, than that of an individual in other cultures. (3) The machine is probably the greatest destroyer of old standards that the world has ever seen. New standards, to be sure, are springing up to fill the gap, but they are all too often ugly and unpleasant. There is no certainty, however, that they will last. Indeed, the only certainty is perpetual change, so long as science and the industrial arts continue to develop at their present pace.



Snakebirds

Woodcuts by Ilse Bischoff

SECRET Island

by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

All my life have I longed to find a desert island on which, to quote from the Irish orator, the hand of man had never set foot. Desert islands, however, are few and far between. Once I thought that I had located one. There was no land between it and Spain and a cloud of laughing gulls wheeled and called above its lonely dunes, while terns and black skimmers, who avoid the haunts of man, nested everywhere. Soon after landing, however, a coast guard came around a bend in the beach and warned us away.

Wherefore, when a friend of mine recently invited me to visit an island which he owned hidden away in the depths of an unexplored marsh between Georgia and Florida, I welcomed the opportunity. The island was once a stronghold of the Seminoles, until they were driven down into the Everglades, and the Swamp still bears their name, "Okefenokee." In its six hundred and sixteen square miles of morass are hidden scores of tiny lakes and islands, only a few of which are inhabited. There are Cow-house Island, Billy's Island (named after Billy Bowlegs, the famous Seminole chief), Bugaboo Island (which is haunted), Fowl's Roost Island, John's Negro Island (where a runaway slave lived), Soldiers' Camp Island (once inhabited by deserters from the Confederate Army), and many others.

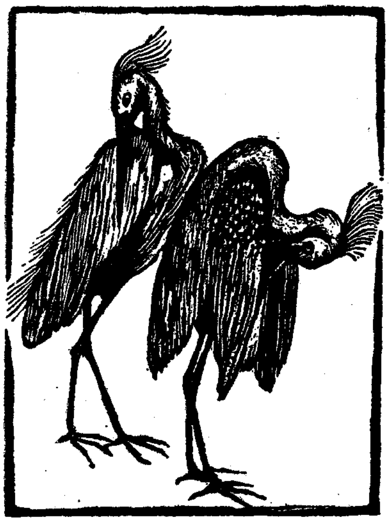
Floyd's Island, where my friend had built a hunting lodge, took its name from General John Floyd, who in 1831 waded for days through the Swamp with a small band until he reached the island which now bears his name. After a desperate battle he drove out the Seminoles, and thirty-five hundred of them traveled down into the Everglades where their descendants are still to be found, and perhaps, indeed, some of the original inhabitants. As late as 1923 a Seminole named Tom Tiger, who claimed to be one hundred and twelve years old, visited Floyd's Island and said he had fought in that last great battle. He also asserted that there were then still living in the Everglades fourteen squaws over a hundred years old, and one over one hundred and eighty whose five sons were all killed in battle before 1800. Tom showed scars of an arrow wound and claimed to have known Billy Bowlegs, the chief of the Okefenokee Seminoles, and told stories of his exploits.

There yet remain many traditions of the Indians around the Swamp. One old house with portholes, in Charlton County, still shows the marks of Seminole tomahawks. And it was near there that the woman with the second-sight lived, who told her husband one morning that a Seminole attack was due. So certain of it was she that after much grumbling he took her and their six children to the stockade ten miles away. That very night a band of Indian raiders swept through the country burning houses and massacring settlers, and her family was one of the few that escaped.

I started for the island from Haverford, a suburb of Philadelphia, in a blizzard which stalled my train in the drifts and nearly caused me to miss the Florida express. When I reached southern Georgia, I found flowers blooming, mocking birds singing, and a deputy sheriff, Chuckie Rose, waiting to welcome me. He was, I hasten to state, acting in an unofficial capacity as my guide, counselor, and friend. Chuckie is a giant of a man six feet six in height and about five feet, more or less, across the shoulders, with ice-blue eyes; yet he has a soft voice and a natural courtesy of manner which made him a delightful companion. He wore a gun, however, and was the hero of a number of exploits about which he would never talk.

The first day I reached the Swamp too late to enter. My guide explained that it was necessary to follow secret marks and ranges for many hours across many miles of morass and that he was unwilling to chance being caught in the Swamp after dark. The next morning, after some hours of traveling along an old canal, we found ourselves on a great "prairie" dotted here and there with "houses." A "prairie" in Swamp vernacular is a wide stretch of water so covered with aquatic growth that it resembles a grassy meadow; "houses" are islets ranging from ten to fifty feet in diameter, covered with trees and thick underbrush but having no solid footing except cypress knees and other tree roots. The prairies were covered with "bonnets," the native name for the lesser golden club — brilliant yellow and white clubs with dark crimson bases which gave the marsh a most colorful effect. Later in the season the prairies are spangled with white and yellow water lilies and other flowers.

EGRETS



The prairie which we first crossed was named "Chase Prairie," taking its name from the fact that its discoverer used to chase deer and bear out of the "houses" and capture them as they swam and waded through the shallow water. For many years it was a great natural game preserve, and it is still thickly populated with bear, deer, bay lynx, raccoon, otter, and other wild-folk not commonly found in our Northern states.

My first day in the marsh was one of the most interesting that I can remember. All about me were the wild and lonely recesses of that vast unexplored swamp where everything was strange to my Northern eyes. The shrouded cypresses, the bays — red, white, and sweet — the live oaks, magnolias, and bamboo vine were all new to me, as were many of the birds. Even those which I knew had strange names. Phœbes were known as tick-birds, towhees as bullfinches or Gill Reeves, and cardinal grosbeaks, summer tanagers, and scarlet tanagers were all described as redbirds. Everywhere were the American egrets, with now and then an occasional white egret — snowy birds so lovely that they seemed to have escaped from fairyland. Then the sand-hill cranes — rain-gray birds with long legs and necks and a rippling trumpet call — and the pileated woodpeckers, so rare in the North and so common in the Swamp, were always interesting. Up and down the trees ran the brown-headed nuthatches calling "nya, nya, nya," and blue-gray gnatcatchers with their long tails, looking like miniature catbirds, squeaked among the branches "like a mouse with a tooth-ache," as a noted ornithologist has described their note, while jam-jacks, the red-bellied woodpeckers of the South, with gray mottled backs, reddish sides, and loud voices, were everywhere.

On that first day in the Swamp we zigzagged through narrow channels and across wide stretches of marsh, my guide following secret marks and ranges hidden from my eyes. Sometimes he would seem lost as he poled the boat in and out among the cypress knees and through narrow passages between close-set tree trunks, but always he came out into some waterway that led northward, until at last, toward the end of the afternoon, we reached a clump of tall trees surrounded by an apparently impenetrable tangle of bamboo and muscadine. Circling a single enormous cypress, with a turn of his wrist Chuckie flipped his little craft into a tiny, hidden channel, just about the width of the boat, whose entrance was entirely masked by overhanging boughs.

As we entered this concealed channel, there was an ominous rustle in the branches of a great gallberry bush beside it, and an enormous brown water snake which had been coiled in the bush like a sentinel guarding the entrance to Floyd's Island, slipped through the branches like something fluid, and disappeared in the water with hardly a splash. This watcher-at-the-gate was a thick-set snake of a rusty brown color with a series of black blotches along his back, and although only between four and five feet long, it had a body nearly as large around as my arm. During all my stay I never failed to find this snake at his post whenever I entered or left that end of the island.

On that first day we pushed our way up the little channel for perhaps a quarter of a mile until we came to where a mile-long track of single boards nailed across cypress stumps made a path above the marsh which one with a steady head could follow. Just at dusk we reached Floyd's Island and were greeted by my friend, who promptly installed me in the little bungalow which he had built between two magnificent live oak trees. There I spent one of the most interesting weeks of my life.

My companion was a mighty duck hunter and a noted shot, and long before daylight the next morning I was roused in the cold dark and we started out for the blinds. As I stumbled, half awake, along the wet trail, I heard a sepulchral barking like the voice of a pack of spectral hounds, and for the first time heard the hooting of the Florida barred owls.

When at last we reached the blinds at dawn, a flock of ducks came whistling in, but instead of pausing over the decoys as any respectable duck would do, they went by like swallows. My friend dropped one out of this flock, but I did not even have time to get my gun up. A little later the same thing happened again.

"Why don't you shoot?" inquired my friend.

"I'm waiting for some slow ones," I replied.

"There ain't any slow ones," he returned; and thus I had my first experience with ringneck ducks, perhaps the swiftest flying of all that family.

That day in the blinds was but the beginning of a procession of days full of new sights and sounds. One morning it was my first sight of the anhinga, the waterturkey or snakebird — that long, narrow, versatile bird which can soar out of sight in the sky, dive and pursue its prey under water like a merganser, or swim like a loon with its long, snakelike head just showing above the surface.

Then a day or so later I saw a great horned owl standing on the edge of an islet with a marsh rabbit in his claws. The marsh rabbit is that Southern variety which lives in marshes and swims everywhere like a muskrat. In the North the horned owl usually hunts only by night. I had treasured in my memory, as an almost unheard-of event, a glimpse of a great horned owl rising out of a patch of dark woods in the late afternoon in the pine barrens with a rabbit in his claws. It took rank in my mind with the day when I heard a whippoorwill sing at high noon and found the egg of a yellow-billed cuckoo in a robin's nest, since that bird is scarcely ever parasitic, as is its European namesake. Down in the Swamp, however, the horned owl and the barred owl hunt by day as well as by night. As we ap-

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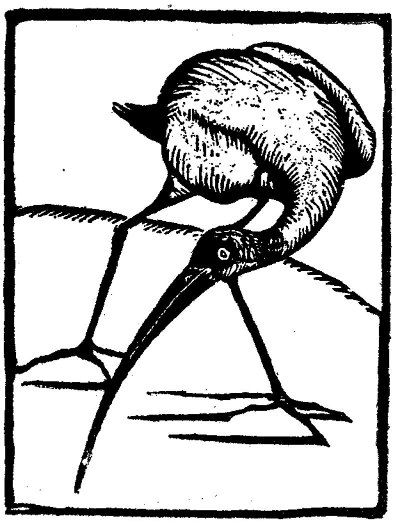


proached this one, the grim bird flapped silently away like a huge moth, and the carcass of the rabbit showed where its knifelike beak had cut off slices of flesh as carefully as any expert human carver could have done.

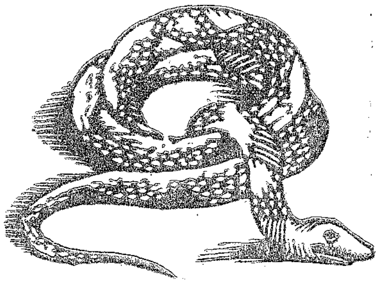
Everywhere throughout the Swamp were 'gator holes, ranging from small pools to small ponds, all of them hollowed out as homes by the numerous alligators which live in the marsh. At night we heard the deep, snoring bellowing of the bulls echoing across the marsh — one of the weirdest sounds to be heard on our continent. By day two black dots on a sunken log moving slowly across the water; dark, swift figures showing dimly under water in the canals; black shapes basking in the reeds — one saw signs everywhere of those overlords of the Swamp.

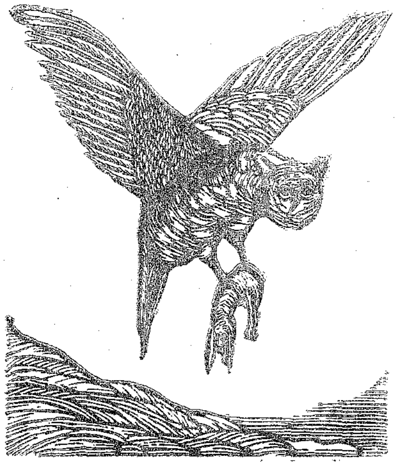
"A steak off the fleshy end of a 'gator's tail ain't bad eatin'," said Uncle Billy, the caretaker of the island. "If you eat too much of it though," he went on, "you'll smell kind o' musky."

I highly resolved not to overeat on alligator.

Uncle Billy went on to tell me of a boy who was attacked by an alligator while swimming in Still River. For some distance he was carried along the surface of the water screaming for help. Then the alligator sank out of sight with him and the body was never recovered. I likewise resolved that I would do no swimming in the Swamp.

One day, as we were pushing our way through an obscure part of the marsh, we came to a place where the water was discolored and the waterweed torn up in a long line, and Chuckie read the record as showing that a bear had crossed over from one island to another within the hour. Then he told me of a time when, out hunting bear with dogs, he saw in the distance a mother bear with two cubs and watched her cuff them until they both climbed a tree to get away from her. When they were once safely aloft, she led the dogs away from the place, evidently planning to come back to her cubs after the hunt was over.





"What happened to her?" I inquired.

He regarded me a little shamefacedly.

"Them cubs were such cute little fellers and the old bear was such a smart one that I called the dogs off and sent 'em after a deer," he explained with embarrassment.

Then came the day when we planned to start for Bugaboo — the haunted island of the Swamp where those who stay after dark are kept awake by terrible groans. On the way Chuckie entertained me with stories of various "hants" who had favored friends of his. One was of an invisible ghost who walked downstairs every night, stopping always on the thirteenth step. Another house was haunted by a lady who spent her nights in looking for her head, which she had lost by a rash act on the part of her husband.

Finally, after many attempts, we found the trail. It was nothing more than a narrow channel some two feet deep through which we had to wade for three long miles. Every once in a while we would stop and wait for some particularly ugly specimen of water snake to get out of the way, which, I am glad to say, they always did. When we reached the island itself, we walked most cautiously, for whether or not it was haunted by ghosts, it was certainly infested with rattlesnakes. Fortunately, we had no encounters with them and at last reached the centre of the island, which was high and dry and covered with magnificent long-leaf pines which had escaped the lumberman's axe, perhaps because of the island's evil reputation.

We searched the place from end to end, but found nothing supernatural.

"The hants don't come out until after dark," explained Chuckie.

Just as we were leaving, my eye caught a distant gleam of a great woodpecker with a scarlet head, working on the side of a tree a good hundred yards away. Focusing my field glasses on the spot, I hurried toward him, but he flew before I came near. He seemed larger than the pileated woodpecker, which has black-and-white wings and a scarlet-crested head and neck, and once I thought I caught the gleam of a glistening white beak — the long-lost ivory-bill woodpecker, perhaps.

All too soon came the day when I had to leave the Swamp and start for home. When, after a long journey, we at last reached the margin of the great marsh, a flock of snowy birds passed over me in a wide V. A little farther on the trees were crowded with gleaming white figures with long, crooked, yellow bills, and I realized that I was looking for the first time at the white ibis. Years before I had seen the wood ibis — which is not an ibis at all, but a stork — at Cape May, New Jersey, by one of those miracles through which a Southern bird sometimes strays north. Never before, however, had I seen the white ibis with its snowy body, wings black-tipped on the under side, and yellow bill.

So my last memory of the Swamp was that of a new and beautiful bird — which, after all, is a very happy memory to have.

Our Muddling World

The Evangel of Armed Peace

by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Senator Borah stands alone, even among American Senators, as a symbol in himself. There is an air of singularity about everything he says and does — a singularity, moreover, which suggests elevation. His isolation is that of the summit. His pronouncements come from above. "From on high," I nearly wrote, and, in fact, have written. For, after all, what makes Senator Borah's utterances distinctive may well turn out to be the prophetic and inspired tone of his voice. And we may yet find that the ultimate discovery to be made along this road is that the eminent Senator's designs remind us of the designs of the Deity in their inscrutability.

Everybody knows that Senator Borah is the prophet of the outlawry of war. It is no secret that his influence in Washington was one of the main forces, if not *the* main force, which brought about the Kellogg Pact. War *is* outlawed. Every State has solemnly said so in Paris. As a method of securing national aims, war is no longer to be bothered about among civilized peoples. Nevertheless, Senator Borah proposes to press his draft resolution for the codification of maritime law in time of war. Let us bow before him. If inscrutability is an attribute of the Deity, no man comes closer to being divine.

There was once an old gypsy, of a somewhat Voltairian turn of mind, who found himself on his deathbed. He had more than once been in places just as unwelcome, and he faced the ordeal with seemly serenity. But his wife, a devout Catholic, entreated him to let a priest come and gather up the water of his sins, lest it be lost to this world so fond of them. He was too incredulous to object, and the priest, who very likely was up the lady's sleeve — metaphorically, one may add — was instantly produced. The usual preliminary questions were put to the dying man, and when the priest came to: "Do you believe that He will come on the Day of Judgment and put the righteous on His right and the unrighteous on His left?" — the old man answered: "Yes, Father, I do believe it, but you shall see that He won't come."

A fair amount of gypsy wisdom seems to have been bestowed on the eminent Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. Having outlawed war, he is now ready to codify the laws of war. Let the point be duly noted by those Americans who cannot sleep peacefully for fear of the terrible subtlety of the European mind, playing cat and mouse with the childlike simplicity of American statesmen and diplomats. It is difficult to imagine how the most wicked European — I should like to meet him; he must be fascinating to watch! — could surpass in subtlety this admirable combination contrived by the joint efforts of the Senator's pure intentions and his ingenious mind. Let me explain it again, lest you have failed to grasp its full significance. You first outlaw war — that is, you put war out of all law; then you codify maritime law in time of war — that is, you put law inside war. In other words, you must do lawfully that which is unlawful.

Of course, you may say that Senator Borah outlaws one war and regulates another; that he outlaws war so far as the United States is concerned, but is bound to consider the possibility that other nations, being foreign peoples and "lesser breeds without the law," may break their pledge. And in such a squabble the United States would have to safeguard its commercial interests with both belligerents. This supposition may be true, but I would beg you to consider not one, but two things: first, according to the apostles of the outlawry of war, their panacea consists precisely in driving the cursed thing out of men's imaginations and never worrying about it in any form whatsoever; and second, if war is outlawed and people continue to fight, surely someone has broken his pledge, and it does seem odd that the apostles of outlawry should calmly envisage neutrality between the pledge-breaker and his victim.

Senator Borah himself, whose keen wits may be expected to turn in every direction of the compass, expressed himself on this point in characteristically courageous terms. Speaking to an interviewer, he said: "It is inconceivable that this country would stand idly by in case of a grave breach of a multilateral treaty to which it is a party." This means that Senator Borah recognizes what the remainder of the world-citizens (a handful of them) have already admitted as a foregone conclusion — that neutrality is dead for decent men. Such a conclusion, implicit in the theory that war can be outlawed, lends further merit to his proposal for codifying maritime law in time of war. This proposal may now be summarized in the following terms: "Let us define the laws of the unlawful thing in order to protect the rights of those who have no rights."

NOT MERELY a Voltarian gypsy, but the spirit of Voltaire himself would be necessary to handle such a subject worthily. How thoroughly would the French sage enjoy a peep at the picturesque and anarchical state of our present-day world! He would bring his inhabitant of Sirius down to Washington. He would bid him sit comfortably on the top of the Capitol and would explain the situation to him.

"Behold the inhabitants of this little planet, trying hard to grapple with its problems. They are now busy discussing the methods whereby war may be expelled from the sick system of their tiny Earth. Most of the nations into which they are divided have clubbed together and arranged that they will never fight without first arguing the point, and that if any of them breaks this rule, they will all combine against her. But the people you are now observing at close quarters do not agree with the suggestion, because, as it happens, the idea was put forward by one of them, and the American people, being a lovable, modest species of the human animal, cannot bring themselves to believe that anything invented by them can be good at all. So they have split into two parties with the sole object of denouncing American ideas efficiently, each of the parties being entrusted with the task of showing up the ideas of the other."

Here the man of Sirius would express admiration on an astronomic scale, and Voltaire would proceed. "This people, therefore, would not look at the League which one of them had invented. Since it was meant to be a League for Peace, they decided in their hearts that it was a League for War. Otherwise they would not have been able to keep out of it; for you should know that among other peculiarities, the American people suffer from the Anglo-Saxon disease which is called Conscience. A mixture of conscience and modesty having thus led them to reject the League as too American, they cast about for another line of policy, and being rather infatuated with their European cousins, they determined to transplant English ideas to American soil. Hence the sudden development of what they call 'No entanglements' (which is American for 'Splendid Isolation'), and hence the dramatic increase of their navy."

"You mean those little prickly shells which you pointed out to me in their harbors?" the Sirius visitor would ask. And Voltaire would reply, "Exactly."

"But," the Sirius man would object, "how can peace be established with instruments of war?"

And Voltaire: "You must not be too hard on us. We Earth people have received from Providence a somewhat slow tempo of evolution. Let me take up again the thread of my discourse. These American people worship a God which they have not troubled to name, but which is ever present in their thoughts and deeds. To us philosophers, it appears in the abstract form of Quantity. Now, having duly sacrificed to their Quantity-God in building a big navy, a fortified canal, and a good number of naval bases, all conceived in the best British traditions, they decided to build the biggest instrument of peace as well; for their God must be served in every walk of life and they were not going to be outdone by the League. I must tell you that of all the people in the whole planet the Americans are the most richly endowed in faith. They believe that it is enough for them to wish a thing and the thing appears in their midst. One of their race, a woman, decided that a new system of medicine was to spring from the Bible; and behold! the system was there, up and doing, undistinguishable from other medical systems in its mortiferous effects. Had this woman made up her mind that her curative system was to arise out of a railway time-table, she would have obtained the same result. You will now realize why this highly gifted people should have discovered the most original method for abolishing war: they simply decided to abolish it. That was all. They invited the other nations of the planet to join them in a public and solemn act of faith that war *was* abolished. And most of those invited came, for the American people are most attractive and practically everybody owes them money. Furthermore, no one likes to refuse anything to a nation with so big a navy. That is how, by a simple act of their will, this mighty nation banished war from the face of the earth."

HERE, the gentleman from Sirius, unused to the ways of our planet, would ask: "And pray, what do they propose to do with their little prickly shells?"

"Oh, they are going to increase the number of them. You see, their High Priest, who sits in the House of Purity (for that is the meaning to be attached to the color — white — with which it is painted), has explained to them on the solemn anniversary of the peace that since war has finally been outlawed, thanks to the Secretary of State, the Government is free to concentrate on national defense. That handsome statesman you can see from here, delivering a passionate appeal before the Senate, is Senator Borah. He is speaking on the Navy Bill."

"But is he not the inventor of the outlawry of war?"

"Yes," Voltaire would answer, "that is why he is advocating, as an amendment to the navy-building program, that something should be done to codify maritime law in time of war."

"But," the Sirius man would interpose impatiently, "how can there be a time of war if there is going to be no war?"

To which Voltaire would answer: "It is quite simple. . . . You must provide for future wars, since there is going to be a navy. I should tell you that the other people whom I mentioned — those Englishmen whose policy was so brilliantly imitated by the Americans — are somewhat connected with the Americans by ties of blood and by a similar peculiarity in the use of logic. These two peoples have been working together for a long time, and in the course of their comradeship they have come to a few remarkable discoveries. The most important of these is that blood is thicker than water, by which they mean that matters which are as clear as water when arising between unrelated peoples, become thick with incomprehension between peoples of the same blood. Through some obscure process, which I, as a superficial Frenchman, cannot fathom, this first observation has led them to the conclusion that war between them is unthinkable. From that moment they began to think furiously about it. The admirals on both sides engaged in elaborate calculations as to the actual power of their respective navies, and came to the unanimous conclusion that the home navy of whichever side was speaking needed a formidable expansion. I shudder to think what would have been their conclusion if war between England and America *had* been thinkable. Nor were the admirals the only people excited by the prospect of an unthinkable war. In England it was explained that since one hundred and forty cruisers had nearly failed to save the country from starvation in the last war, it was indispensable for her safety that the navy should possess seventy cruisers. This powerful argument made a profound impression throughout all Anglo-Saxondom, and on both sides of the English-speaking ocean it became one of the standard syllogisms in school books of logic."

"English-speaking ocean?" the Sirius visitor would ask.

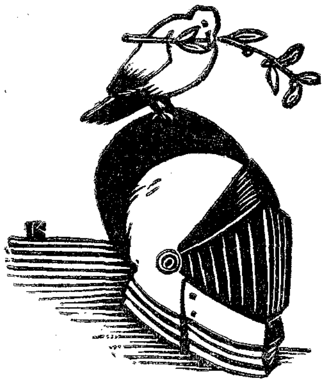
And Voltaire: "It is only a bold metaphor, such as the subject requires. At any rate, the English argument was quickly followed by an American declaration that inasmuch as a navy was of no use at all unless it was the strongest, America must have parity with England. The logic of this argument went straight to the heart of the Briton (logic never goes to the head with Anglo-Saxons), so that England immediately announced herself ready to grant America the parity which America was ready to assume — a concession which was explained later by a brilliant minister, more famous for vehemence than for the constancy of his opinions, as meaning that England could never agree to mathematical parity at sea. —

"This was the state of affairs when an American admiral gave the readers of THE FORUM the list of reasons why the United States should maintain a powerful navy. The first of them was 'to prevent invasion' — an item which the said admiral developed in the following terms: 'Geographically, the United States is superbly situated. To a large extent, it is protected from possible enemies by two oceans. That fact, together with the development of aircraft and the submarine, makes the United States secure from the possibility of invasion or attack on its large coastal cities.'—

"Curiously enough, the admiral forgot one of the naval needs of his country. It has now become customary for each new High Priest of the nation to prepare himself for entering the House of Purity, or White House, by some ordeal which may make him worthy of divine inspiration. This ordeal often takes the form of a trip around the remaining States of the continent; and since the aim is to show cordial and peaceful good will, it is thought necessary to convey the President-elect in a man-of-war. This surely should be added to the naval programs; for while a cruiser is thus cruising for political purposes, it can ill be spared for the pressing needs of national defense. —

"All this," Voltaire would conclude, with a genial smile, "should explain to you why this eminent statesman, Senator Borah, having invented the outlawry of war, wants to codify the laws to be applied when war is the law."

And the man from Sirius would then be busy fumbling in his pockets for his return ticket.



Woodcut by Norman Kent

POETRY

by PAUL VALÉRY

Just now poetry is a fashionable subject. It is an excellent thing, in an age as practical and as given to the specific as ours, when one might expect to find only indifference to all matters of speculation, that there is so much interest not only in poetry, but in the theory of poetry.

Any exposition of ideas about poetry must necessarily begin by considering the word itself as we ordinarily use it. For it has two meanings; that is to say, two distinct functions. It denotes, in the first place, a certain kind of emotion, a particular emotional state, which may be evoked by widely differing objects or circumstances. In this sense we say that a landscape is poetic, or a situation in life, sometimes even a person.

But there is also a second and more strict use of the word. In this sense *poetry* indicates an art, a strange industry whose object is to summon up that emotion described by the first meaning of the word. To revive the poetic emotion at will, by the artifice of language and in the absence of the natural conditions under which it appears spontaneously, is the whole purpose of the poet — and the meaning of the word *poetry* in this sense.

Between these two ideas there are the same parallels and differences as between the perfume of a flower and the operations of a chemist who sets himself to reproduce it by combining its elements. Yet the two meanings are constantly being confused, and, as a result, many judgments, theories, and even works of art are vitiated in their very conception by the use of this one word for two different, though related, things.

As for poetic emotion, the essential emotive state, we know what most people feel in the presence of a natural spectacle that impresses them. Sunsets, moonlight, forests, and the sea move us profoundly. Great events — the crises of our emotional life such as disappointments in love or the appearance of death — are immediate causes of inner responses, more or less intense and more or less conscious. This kind of emotion differs from all other human emotions, and it is important for us to discover in what its uniqueness consists. As clearly as possible let us contrast poetic emotion with ordinary emotion. To do this is rather difficult, for one never makes the distinction in actual experience. Mixed with what is the essential poetic feeling one finds other feelings — tenderness or sadness, anger, fear, or hope; personal feelings and affections cannot help intruding upon that *perception of a universe* which is the earmark of poetry.

When I say "perception of a universe," I mean that the poetic state seems to consist in a dawning consciousness of a new world. There is a tendency to discover a complete new system of relationships in which men, things, and events, even while resembling the realities of the commonplace world — the immediate world from which they are borrowed — also seem to have some indefinable though marvelously exact relation to the modes and laws of our general being. Under these conditions familiar objects and persons somehow undergo a change in values. New affinities are felt to exist between them, new relationships never observed in ordinary circumstances. They are, so to speak, *orchestrated;* each one brings out overtones in the others. Thus defined, the poetic universe presents strong analogies to the world of dreams.

POETRY AND DREAMS

Speaking of dreams, one should note that since the appearance of that state of mind called *romanticism*, a confusion has grown up, understandable enough although regrettable, between the poetic state and the dream state.

Neither dreams nor reveries are necessarily poetic. They may be; but the images which chance creates only by chance fit themselves into a harmonious whole. Dreams, however, because they are a common and frequent occurrence, help us to understand how it is that our consciousness can be invaded and completely possessed by a tissue of images remarkably different from our ordinary reactions and perceptions. A dream furnishes us with a familiar example of a "closed world" — one in which any real object may be represented, but in which all things make their appearance and are modified according to the caprice of our subconscious mind. In much the same way the poetic state takes possession of us, burns within us, and fades out. That is to say, it is quite irregular, inconstant, involuntary, and evanescent; we lose it as we obtained it — by accident. During some periods of our lives this emotion and the precious images it calls forth do not make themselves felt. We do not even think they are possible. Then chance sends them to us — only to take them away again.

Woodcuts by Richard Bennett

But man is human only through his will and his power to rescue from the natural disintegration of all things that which it is important for him to save or to restore. Hence he has done for this higher emotion what he has tried to do for all things that are perishable and dear to him. He has sought, he has found means to hold and to call forth again at will the loveliest and highest flights of his soul; to resurrect, to transmit to others, to safeguard throughout the centuries the formulas of his enthusiasm, his ecstasies, his inner fire. And as a happy consequence, the invention of these methods for perpetuating his highest fancies gave him the idea and the power to develop and enrich artificially the fragments of poetic existence which his nature grants him for fleeting moments only. He has learned to disengage these miraculous chance perceptions from their attendant time and circumstance, where they would have been lost beyond recovery had not the mind aided the spontaneous spirit.

WHAT IS ART?

All the arts were created to seize an instant of fleeting delight and, according to its nature, transform it with certainty into an infinite series of exquisite moments. *A work of art is simply the material instrument by which this multiplication or regeneration is made possible.* Music, painting, architecture are different methods corresponding to our different senses. Now, among the means of evoking or reproducing the poetic world, of giving it lasting form and enlarging it through conscious thought, the oldest perhaps, the most immediate, and certainly the most complex, is language. But on account of its abstract nature, its specific though indirect intellectual content, and its practical origins and uses, language presents a curiously complicated task to the artist who would employ it for poetic ends.

One must look upon the writing of verse as an almost impossible accomplishment if one is to admire the efforts of poets as they deserve, if one is to comprehend their audacity and the fatigue of their labors, their risks and their virtues. To realize all this is to marvel at their instinct; for the following are their difficulties.

Language is an instrument, a tool — or rather, a collection of tools and operations — developed by usage, and the slave of custom. Hence it is necessarily a rough tool, one which everybody uses, altering it to fit his current needs, mutilating it when circumstances require it, adjusting it to his own physiology and to his psychological history. Everybody knows the ordeals to which we sometimes submit language. The values and meanings of words, the rules of their agreement, their pronunciation, their transcription are at once playthings and instruments of torture. To be sure, we pay some attention to the decisions of the Academy, and no doubt teachers, examinations, and, above all, vanity, set certain limits to the exercise of individual fancy. Moreover, typography now exerts a powerful influence in preserving the conventions of writing. Thus changes of personal origin are to some extent delayed.

But the most important qualities of language for the poet — its musical properties or possibilities on the one hand, and its unlimited values of connotation on the other — are also the most defenseless against the initiative and caprice of individuals. Each person's pronunciation and idiom introduce unavoidable uncertainties and chances for misunderstanding into communication by language. Thus, aside from its use for the simplest and commonest needs of life, language is the exact opposite of an instrument of precision. And except for certain extremely rare coincidences in which meaning and form are happily combined, it has none of the qualities of a poetic medium.

In short, the bitter and paradoxical lot of the poet forces him to take over an instrument developed by current and practical use and adapt it to exceptional and non-practical ends. He must borrow a medium of statistical and anonymous origin to carry out his purpose of exalting and voicing all that is unique and purest in himself. Nothing reveals the difficulty of his task more clearly than to compare the materials he finds at his disposal with those of the musician. Consider for a moment what is offered to each as he sets about his work and passes from the idea to its execution.

Poetry and Music

How fortunate is the musician! The evolution of his art has made his a privileged condition. His methods are well defined; his materials for composition have all been worked out for him. He may be compared with a bee that has nothing to worry about but her honey. The smooth comb and wax cells are prepared for her. Her task is limited and confined to her highest functions. So it is with the composer. In a sense his music prëexists and awaits him. It has long since been fully prepared!

How did music become thus established? We live by hearing in a universe of sounds. From the entire scale a few particularly simple sounds stand out — that is to say, they are easily caught by the ear and serve it as guideposts. These are elements whose reciprocal relations are intuitive: *these exact and striking relationships are perceived by us as clearly as the elements themselves*. We also sense the interval between two notes as easily as the notes themselves. Hence those unities of sound — the tones — can be made to form regular combinations, successive or simultaneous systems, whose structure, relationships, implications, and interweavings seem to have been determined in advance. We easily distinguish a tone from a noise, and perceive at once a contrast between them — an impression which has important consequences, for it is the contrast between pure and impure, which in turn goes back to that between order and disorder — and this, no doubt, is the effect of certain laws of energy.

Thus the analysis of sound, which has made possible the development of music as a separate activity and the exploitation of the universe of tones, was brought about, or at least, controlled, unified, and codified, by the science of physics. Physics, by the way, began in this very process and was recognized as the science of measurement. Since ancient times physicists have known how to measure off cadenced beats in a regular and identical manner by the use of musical instruments — which are, in fact, instruments of measure.

The musician, therefore, finds himself in possession of a complete assemblage of instruments, so well defined that he can know the exact sensation each will produce. All the essentials for playing are presented to him, enumerated and classified; and this precise knowledge, which is not only studied by him but is moreover a part of his natural inheritance, enables him to plan and compose without giving a second thought to the content or the general mechanics of his art. Consequently, music occupies a domain that is absolutely its own. The world of music proper — that of tones — is completely set apart from the world of noises. While a noise may evoke in us some isolated response, a tone, by the mere fact that it *is* a tone, suggests to us the whole universe of music.

But the poet is far less happily endowed. With a purpose that does not differ greatly from that of the musician, the poet finds himself deprived of the latter's immense advantages. He is forced at every moment to create and recreate what the musician finds prepared and ready for him.

What an unpromising and chaotic state of affairs the poet encounters! He has at hand the language of every-day use — a jumble of thinking tools so crude that every discriminating mind rejects them and creates its own instruments of thought; but the poet must take over this hodge-podge of terms, with their traditional and irrational rules — revised, as they are, by anybody and everybody, coined by whim, interpreted by whim, codified by whim. Nothing could be less suited to the artist's purpose than this chaos from which he must extract the elements of order he wants to produce. For the poet there has been no physicist to determine the constant properties of words, the rules of their agreement and pronunciation — no tuning fork, no metronome, no scales, no theories of harmony; nothing certain except that sounds may be infinite and the meanings of words hardly less so.

Language, moreover, does not act, as a musical note does, upon a single sense — that of hearing, which is, *par excellence*, the sense which calls us to attention and expectancy. On the contrary, language evokes an incoherent mixture of sensory and mental responses. Every word summons up a group of reactions that have no relation to each other. Every word has both a sound and an intrinsic meaning, or rather, several sounds and several meanings — as many sounds as there are provinces in a country, and almost as many as there are men in each province. This turns out to be a serious matter for the poet: the musical effects he has planned are corrupted and disfigured in the reading. As for the several meanings of words, their primary meanings are generally diverse enough, and their connotations even more so.

Speech is a complex matter, involving a combination of things that are independent in their nature and function. A discourse may be logical and charged with meaning, but without rhythm or measure of any kind; it may charm the ear and yet be perfectly absurd and trivial; it may be clear and empty, vague and caressing. To realize its strange complexity, one has only to remember all the sciences that have been invented to deal with its different aspects. A text may be studied from many independent points of view, for it falls within the province of phonetics, semantics, syntax, logic, rhetoric — not to forget prosody and etymology.

So we find the poet struggling with the changeable and impure materials of his art, forced to consider now the sound and now the meaning, to satisfy not only the laws of harmony, but also various intellectual conditions such as logic, grammar, the subject of the poem, figures of speech, as well as the conventional rules. It is enough to make one wonder that any work can be carried through to a successful conclusion when so many requirements have to be miraculously met at once.

POETRY AND PROSE

We are now ready to consider some of the unknown and infinitely detailed labors that go into the making of literature. Literature has two aspects — two principal modes — which, in their extreme forms, are directly opposed to each other, though they are connected by a host of intermediate stages that range between the two. There is *prose* and there is *poetry*. Between them lie all the types in which they mingle. But it is in their extreme forms that I wish to consider them at present. Exaggerating slightly, one might illustrate the opposition between them by saying that the limits of language are music at one end and algebra at the other.

Once when I was lecturing on this subject in a foreign city, one of my hearers supplied me with a quotation that may make my meaning clearer. It was from a letter by Racan, who related that Malherbe used to compare prose with walking and poetry with dancing. Walking, like prose, always has a definite object: it is an act directed toward something that we wish to join. The practical conditions of the moment, such as the nature of the ground, the distance of the object, or the state of our body, determine the direction and speed of our walk. A dance, on the other hand, is quite different. It is true that a dance is also a system of movements, but their end is within themselves. The dance goes nowhere, and if it has an object, it is purely an ideal one — a state of being, a moment of delight, an ecstasy. Yet however different the dance is from practical movements, it uses the same members, the same organs, bones, muscles, and nerves, as walking itself.

When the walker attains his object, his achievement at once cancels his act. A man whose joints are stiff with gout hobbles across the room to his armchair; but once seated in it, he is as much there as a more agile man who had crossed the room with a light step. Similarly, in the practical or abstract uses of language which constitute prose, the form does not survive its comprehension; for the perfection of that speech whose only object is to be understood obviously consists in the ease with which it is transmuted into something else which is non-verbal. If you have understood my words, you no longer have any need of the words themselves. They have dissolved in your mind, leaving you with the material, in the form of ideas and relationships, to reconstruct their meaning in a form that may be entirely different.

A poem, on the contrary, does not die when it has served its purpose; it is expressly fashioned to be reborn from its ashes, and to become again, for an indefinite number of times, what it has just been. Poetry is recognized by this extraordinary effect, which might be used to define it; that it tends to reproduce its form, it stimulates our minds to rebuild it in every detail.

This is an excellent and most characteristic property. Let me give a simple image of its effect. Imagine a pendulum which oscillates between two symmetrical points. Now associate with one of these points the conception of the poetic form, the power of rhythm, the ring of the syllables, and the simple psychological surprises that unexpected combinations of words produce in you. With the other point associate the intellectual effect, the visions and emotions that for you constitute the "substance" or "meaning" of the poem; and notice that your mind, when you are reading poetry and responding to the language of the gods, travels at first from the sound to the sense, from the container to the content, just as in ordinary speech. But then, with each line of poetry, the living pendulum is brought back to its verbal and musical starting point. The sense that has emerged finds its only issue in the same form that produced it. Thus there has been set up between the form and the substance, between the sound and the sense, between the poem and the poetic state, an oscillation, an equality of value and of power.

This harmonic exchange between impression and expression seems to me to be the essential principle of the mechanics of poetry — that is to say, of the production of the poetic state by words. And the poet's profession consists in stumbling on, or industriously seeking out, the particular forms of language that will produce this effect.

Thus defined, poetry is radically distinct from all prose. In particular, poetry is sharply contrasted with description or the narration of events, which tend to produce the illusion of reality — in other words, with the novel and the short story when they aim to give the force of reality to narratives, portraits, scenes, and other representations of actual life. This difference even has physical marks, which may be easily observed. Contrast the attitude of a person reading a novel with that of a person reading a poem. Though it be the same person he will be strikingly different according to which work he is reading. As the novel-reader plunges into the imaginary life his book describes, his body ceases to exist. One hand supports his brow. He lives, moves, acts, and suffers in his mind alone. He is absorbed by what he is devouring; he cannot restrain himself, for some demon drives him along. He is eager for what comes next, and then what comes after that, until he reaches the conclusion. He is the prey of a sort of derangement; he takes sides, triumphs or despairs with his characters — in fact, is no longer himself, but merely a brain separated from its external forces and given over to its own images, experiencing a sort of attack of credulity.

But poetry, when it has its genuine effect on us, does not divide our nature and give us this illusory and purely mental life. It imposes no false reality on us, requiring the obedience of the spirit and the abstention of the body. Poetry reaches the whole being; it arouses our muscular organization by its rhythms, releases our verbal faculties and exalts them to their fullest play, introduces a profound order; for its purpose is to evoke the highest unity or harmony of the living person — that extraordinary unity that appears when a man is possessed by an intense emotion, which leaves none of his powers out of the reckoning.

In short, the difference between the effect of a poem and that of an ordinary narrative is physiological. The poem unfolds in a richer field, requiring a participation on our part that is nearer complete action, whereas the short story or novel transforms us into subjects of a dream, slaves to our faculty of hallucination. But I repeat that innumerable degrees of transition lie between these two extreme forms of literary expression.

Poetic Inspiration

Having attempted to define the field of poetry, I should, no doubt, now try to consider the actual work of the poet, the problems of composition. But this would mean entering upon a thorny path indeed! It is lined with infinite torments, disputes that cannot be settled, trials, difficulties, griefs, and even despairs, which make the trade of poet one of the most uncertain and exhausting of any. Malherbe, whom I have already quoted, said that after having finished a good sonnet, an author was entitled to ten years of rest. By that he implied that the words, "a finished sonnet," mean something. For my part, I should say, "an abandoned sonnet."

Nevertheless, let us glance at this difficult question. How is poetry written? Everybody knows that there is a very simple way to write poetry! All you need is to be *inspired*, and the rest takes care of itself. I wish that this were really true: life would then be endurable. But let us consider this naïve solution and see what it implies. If we accept it, we must admit that the production of poetry is either entirely the result of chance, or else that it proceeds from a sort of supernatural communication. Either hypothesis reduces the poet to a miserably passive rôle. He becomes either a sort of urn where a million balls are shaken up until one drops out, or a turntable pushed about by a "spirit." Table or urn, but certainly not a god; in fact, the opposite of a god, because the opposite of a Self.

And the unlucky author, who is no longer the author of his works but merely signs them, and is responsible for them only as the editor of a newspaper is responsible, must say to himself: "My dear poet, whatever is good in your works is not yours, but whatever is bad is unquestionably yours." It is strange that more than one poet has been satisfied — if not actually proud — to be merely an instrument of this kind, a momentary medium.

But experience, as well as reflection, shows us that the poems whose complex perfection and successful development give their delighted readers the strongest impression of a miracle, of a superhuman achievement (by the extraordinary concentration of virtues that one hopes but does not expect to find united in a single work), are also masterpieces of labor, monuments of intelligence and sustained effort. They are products of a will and a power of analysis which demand too many qualities to be reduced to those of an apparatus for registering enthusiasms and ecstasies. In the presence of a fine poem of some length, one realizes how infinitesimal is the chance that, without any fatigue except that of writing whatever comes into his head, a man *could* improvise a work so strikingly sure of itself, so filled with continual resources and apt ideas — a work that gives unbroken pleasure, with no accidents, no signs of weakness and impotence, nor any of those troublesome incidents that break the charm and destroy the poetic universe.

I do not mean that the making of a poet does not also require something else, a certain "virtue" that cannot be analyzed into definable actions and hours of work. The "Pegasus-horsepower" and "Pegasus-hour" are not yet standard units of poetic effort. There is a special quality, a sort of unique *energy*, that is proper to the poet. It appears in him and reveals him to himself at certain incalculable moments. But these are only moments, and that higher energy — that is to say, an energy such that all the other energies of a man can neither make it up nor replace it—can act only in these brief and accidental manifestations.

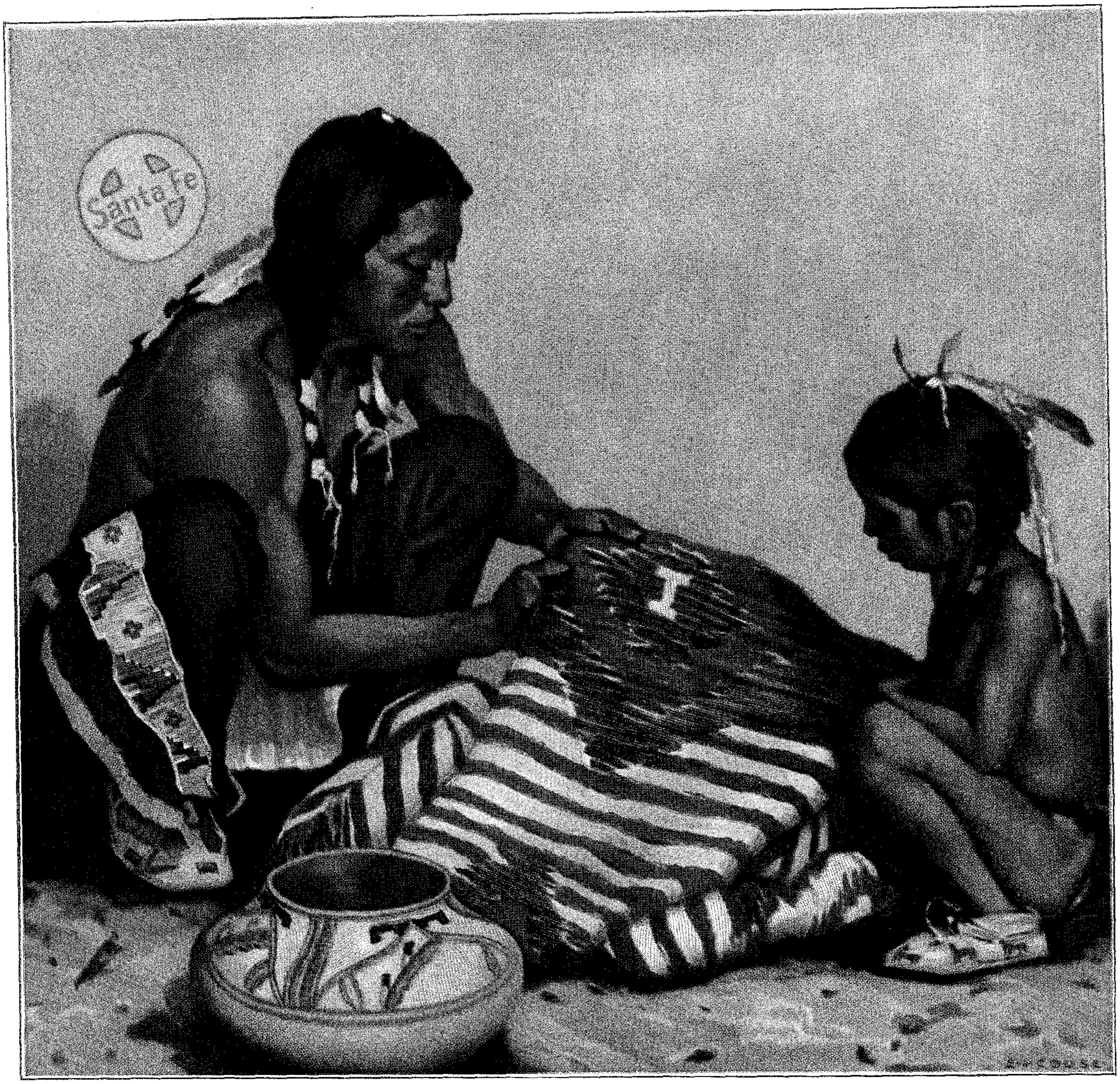
I must add — and this is important — that the treasures this force lights up before our inner eye, the ideas and forms it evokes in us, do not always have the same value in others' eyes. Those incalculable moments, which give a sort of universal dignity to the relationships and intuitions they engender, are equally fertile in illusory and incommunicable values. *What has value for us alone has no value.* That is the law of literature. Those sublime states are really "absences" where marvels of nature that exist nowhere else may be met with; but those marvels are always impure, mingled with matters that are ugly or trivial, incapable of standing the light of day, or perhaps impossible to retain. In a state of exaltation, all that glisters is not gold.

In short, certain moments bring up the depths where the best of ourselves lies buried — but in particles embedded in formless matter, fragments of crude and outlandish shape. We then have to separate these elements of noble metal from the mass, smelt them together, and shape a jewel from them.

If one cared to develop the doctrine of pure inspiration to its logical conclusion, some strange consequences would emerge. It would have to be admitted, for example, that the poet who limits himself to transcribing what he receives, delivering to unknown readers what comes to him from the unknown, has no need at all to understand what he writes under this mysterious dictation. He has no control over the poem of which he is not the source; he may even be a complete stranger to what is flowing through him. This inevitable consequence reminds me of what was once generally believed about possession by devils. In old documents recording the examinations that were held in cases of sorcery, we read that people were frequently convicted of being possessed by the devil. And they were condemned on this charge, because, although ignorant and uneducated, they had argued, disputed, and blasphemed during their spells in Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew, in the presence of the horrified examiners. (This was by no means Latin without tears, I imagine.)

But is that what we ask of the poet? Certainly an emotion, characterized by the spontaneous power of expression that it releases, is the essence of poetry. But the task of the poet cannot consist merely in submitting to it. The expressions that jet forth from emotion are pure only by accident; they bring with them much slag, and contain many defects that would destroy poetic development and shatter the prolonged resonance that is to be evoked in the reader's mind. For the goal of the poet, if he aspires to the highest plane of his art, is to share with his reader the divine moments of his life, when all things are summoned forth and measured, and the "responses" of all his sensitive and rhythmic powers are balanced.

As for inspiration — well, that belongs to the reader. It is intended for him, just as it is intended that the poet shall make us believe in *his* inspiration, convince us that none but the gods could have produced a work so perfect and so moving. The very object of art, and the justification of its devices, is nothing more nor less than to communicate the vision of an ideal state — such an ideal state that the man who would attain it would be able to give forth spontaneously, without effort or weakness, a superb and marvelously ordered expression of his own nature and of our destinies.



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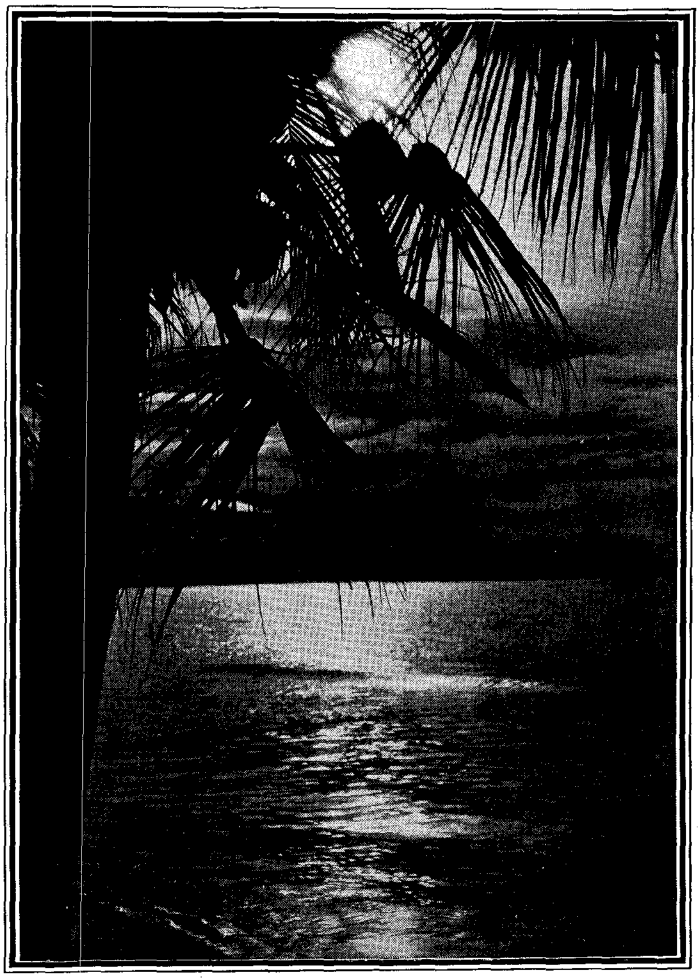

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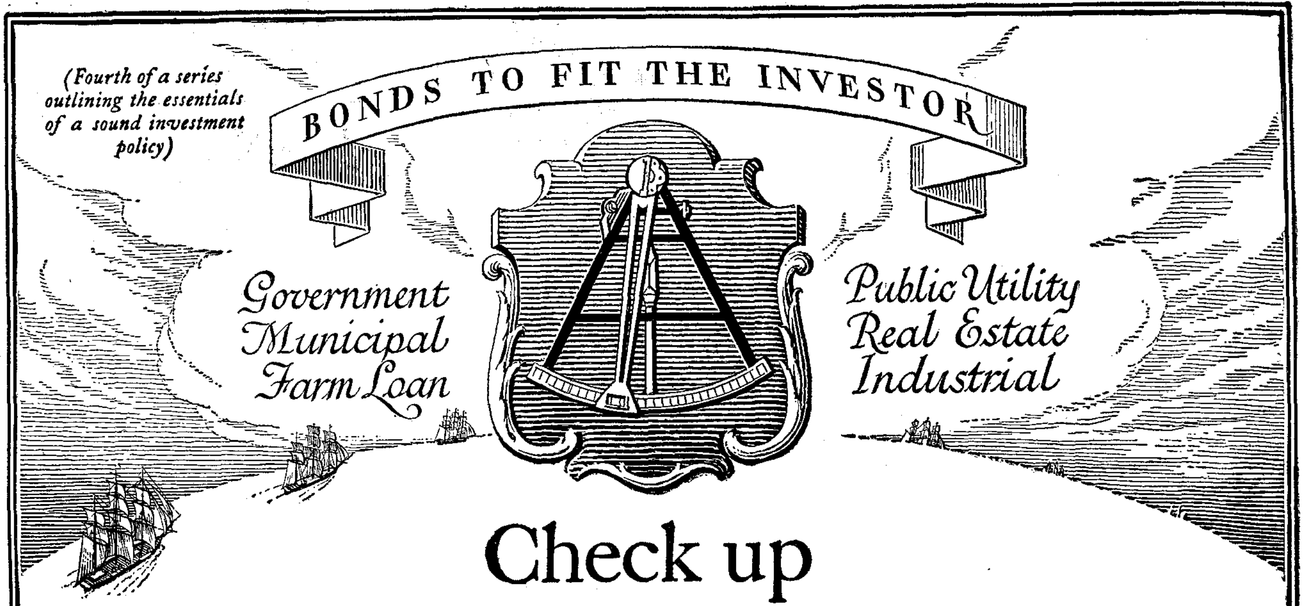
(Fourth of a series outlining the essentials of a sound investment policy)



Check up Your Investment Position at Regular Intervals

THE mariner who sets sail in a seaworthy craft, knowing where he is going and with reliable charts to guide him, nevertheless makes a periodic check-up of his position to make sure he keeps to his course. The investor, however sound his present holdings and his investment plan, likewise needs to analyze his position periodically.

Circumstances and needs change from year to year. Age, dependents, and income vary—and all have a bearing on the way a man's money should be invested.

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It may be months, perhaps years, before revision is advisable in any particular case. The important thing to be assured of is that holdings are reviewed regularly to determine if change is needed. The frequency of the review depends upon the investor's present holdings, the state of the business or industry on which they are dependent. For most investors, once a year is considered reasonable.

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Medicine Men

by PARE LORENTZ

THEY SAY that in Germany doctors make it a practice to have no social connections with their patients. It is a good rule; it should be a law. Indubitably doctors have their places, and there is no question but that, safely disguised in their fiendish white robes, and protected by a shining battery of mysterious instruments with which to perform their hocus-pocus, they are impressive. But what of it? So is a buzz saw operator, or a steam riveter, but so far as I know, a riveter off duty is a gentleman. He leaves his machine at home and meets you on normal ground as one day-laborer to another.

The other evening it was my misfortune to accept a theatre engagement with a young specialist with whom I went to school. He has been treating me for deafness of the right ear, and I suppose he deserves credit for doing a good job because, so far, I can still hear quite well with my left. However, the last time I went to him for treatment he suggested casually that we go to the theatre Wednesday night.

Innocent and unsuspecting, I agreed. I met him according to schedule and found he had run across an old classmate just returned from a year's study in Germany, and had, of course, invited him to join us. The colleague had that ferret-eyed eagerness of the predatory profession, but, on first acquaintance, seemed perfectly harmless. We walked into the theatre, all outward appearances indicating that we were three normal young men pleasure bent.

We had no sooner taken our seats than my friend turned to his mate and announced: "I've been treating this chap for a sclerosis of the middle ear. Chronic case. Very far advanced."

"Um." Our guest turned to me with the quickening air of a man who has just been told that the lady on his right is a thrice-divorced heiress.

"Well, well, that is interesting," he said. I was glad my affliction offered him some entertainment, but of course hoped he would be gentleman enough to let it go at that. But no.

"Any hemicrania," he asked?

"What?" I said crudely.

"Hemicrania," he said; "head pain, auricular dizziness, pains in your neck?"

"Yes," I said understandingly, "plenty."

"It's a very interesting case," my friend began. "The first few treatments I gave him he showed only ten per cent efficiency on the Glenerhasset Whistle Test, and I was going to try a tracheotomical on him—"

"The curtain's going up," I announced.

"What about the tonsils?" our guest whispered fiercely.

"I gave them to my grandmother for her memory book," I shot back at him and settled in my seat for the first act.

My friend poked me in the ribs familiarly. "Tonsils? Did you hear that?" I smiled weakly. From the muttered curses everybody in the row had heard it. "Why man," my specialist gloated, "he had a hemiplegia when he was twelve years old! It's the most outrageous case of neglect I've ever run across. It was fortunate he came to me when he did. The best he can hope for now is an acute sclerosis."

The sweet-faced old lady sitting next to me gathered her wraps together and, with a look of extreme fright, departed from the theatre. I slumped as far down in my seat as I could. I could hear the excited whispers of my friends but I turned my deaf ear as nearly as possible to them and endeavored to gain a line or two from the play. I heard a soft voice behind me whisper, "Poor fellow." Grateful for any sympathy, I turned humbly to my unknown friend, but discovered that she had been observing two ushers deporting a man obviously suffering from nothing but acute drunkenness, the lucky devil.

Catching my eye by accident that lady turned a deathly pallor and clutched the arm of her escort. I slumped further down in my seat and prayed for a short circuit

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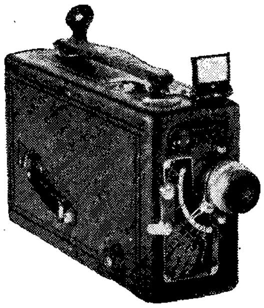
But to Whistler it was not merely a reminder . . . *it was his mother,* and since then many have envied him because of this. Although they, too, formed mental images of their mothers, these images remained mental. He could put his on canvas. His memory might fail; his mother might change; but that painted image of her in the mood that he loved best could neither fail nor change.

Your Mother on the Silver Screen

Today, however, the Ciné-Kodak can do more for you than Whistler's brush could do for him. In movies that you take yourself, it records your mother as she lives and breathes. It preserves her for you in a thousand attitudes. It captures her mannerisms; each fleeting facial expression; each familiar gesture.

When the films are projected by your Kodascope on your own screen, you realize that no painting or series of paintings could compare with them. They show her to you as an active human being, with all the evidences of her charm and personality and character. Her lips move, she smiles, her eyes twinkle; a wisp of her hair blows out of place . . . and you know that you'll always remember her as she actually is today.



Astonishing Simplicity

In thousands of safe deposit vaults duplicates of such films are stored away and each day the number grows. The increase in popularity of home movies has been amazing and is largely due to the ease with which the Ciné-Kodak works.

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Table Talk

in the lighting system, but the play moved on, and from the whispers I gathered that my friends had by now gotten me ready for a new operation which, I was assured, was simply the rage in Germany just now.

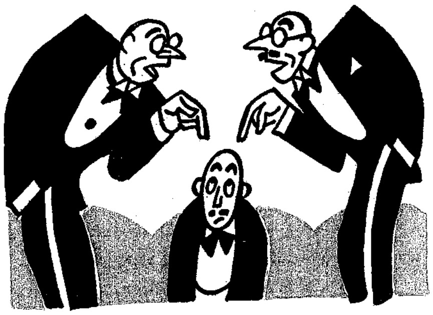
It was more than I could stand.

"I'm going outside a minute," I said.

"Are you sick?" they cried in unison.

"It is not," I said firmly, "the ear."

I rejoined them faithfully at the next curtain but, as I might have known, the mere event of a second act did not alter the excitement or conversation of the medicine men. They worked themselves into a passion over my affliction, and by the end of the third act we had three entire rows to ourselves. As we walked into the lobby, I could see the significant nudges of the crowd. They parted for us to pass out as though we were movie executives leaving an opening night performance.



I attempted to make a few remarks concerning the play (I had read the criticisms or I wouldn't have known anything about it) but by now my two companions were in a frenzy over my poor sclerosis.

"We'll just take a run around to the lab. I'd like to put this fellow under the fleuroscope," the visiting doctor gaily suggested.

I sought desperately for an escape.

"You'll have to excuse me," I said unthinkingly, "but I'm due to visit an old aunt who has been very sick. She hasn't stirred from her room in years."

"Great!" they answered in unison, "We'll pick her up as we go."

"No! No!" I stalled desperately, "she has a doctor phobia. The last time a doctor called on her she bit his arm off just below the elbow."

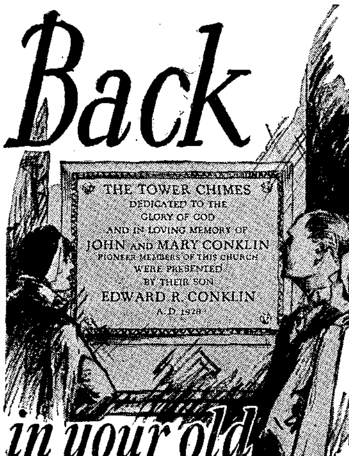
However, they utterly ignored my warning and hailed a cab, hospital bound.

It was no time for gentility. With one leap I jumped out into the street and threaded my way through the surging traffic. I was halted by the lusty arm of a red-raced traffic cop who jerked me just in time from under the wheels of a cab.

"Hey, you!" he bawled in my good ear, "what's the matter, are you blind?"

I turned to him gratefully, smilingly. "No, sir," I said, "no, *sir*, I'm deaf."

And, to my infinite joy, he turned his back on me.



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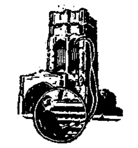

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TRAVEL

Impressions of GERMANY

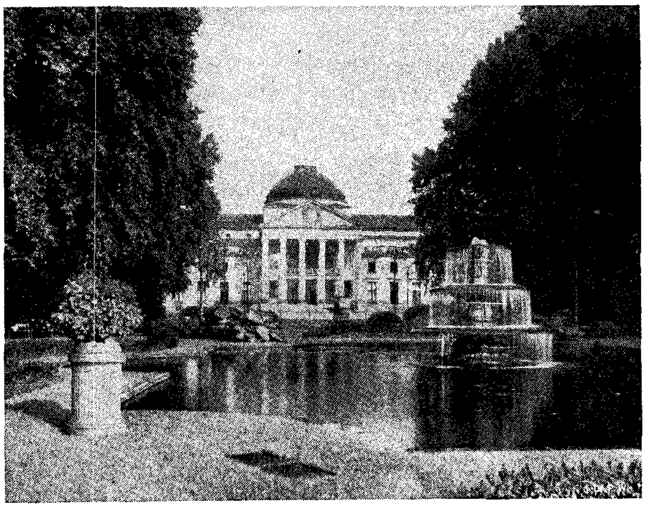
by ESTELLE H. RIES

The most striking characteristic of the German people is their methodical efficiency. In traveling through Germany one finds evidence of it everywhere, in the promptness with which theatre curtains rise, in the logical manner in which their innumerable museums are laid out, in the care with which receipts are given for tram fares. In such a land of logic and discipline one might expect that there would be little room for beauty, yet in Germany the contrary is true. They recognize no conflict between beauty and efficiency; instead they turn each to the service of the other.

This is particularly evident in the pride which they take in their city planning. Germany has probably shown more foresight and gone further in this art than any other country. Having for its object the healthful and happy life of the people, it is a subject to which in any land too much attention cannot be given. There is a college of town planning in Berlin and a university of town planning and city administration in Düsseldorf. Düsseldorf is the steel and iron centre of Germany, but unlike our own Pittsburgh, it contrives to keep itself smokeless and spotless and surrounds its great industrial structures with lovely parks and gardens.

All over Germany one sees the results of forethought in city planning. There is no spontaneity of growth; one feels that nothing has been left to chance. All the public buildings are logically grouped. There are centres for universities, museums, hospitals, government buildings, each in its appropriate neighborhood. The Germans take particular delight in spaciousness. I was especially impressed in Berlin with the width of the streets and sidewalks; even the side streets there have walks wider than most of our streets. In Charlottenburg the street is so wide in one section that there are eight rows of trees with wide avenues between each. The streets and avenues are so planned that at the end of each vista there is an imposing building, a monument, or a park.

In our American cities the water approaches are often entirely neglected, being given over to railway tracks, warehouses, and factories, with no attempt to preserve their beauty or insure their fullest use by the community. In Germany every bit of water is carefully preserved and developed in the manner that can give most pleasure to the public, whether it be an old moat, an inland lake, a little stream or canal, a river, or a strip of seashore. The Alster, a fresh water lake in



The Spa at Wiesbaden

GERMANY

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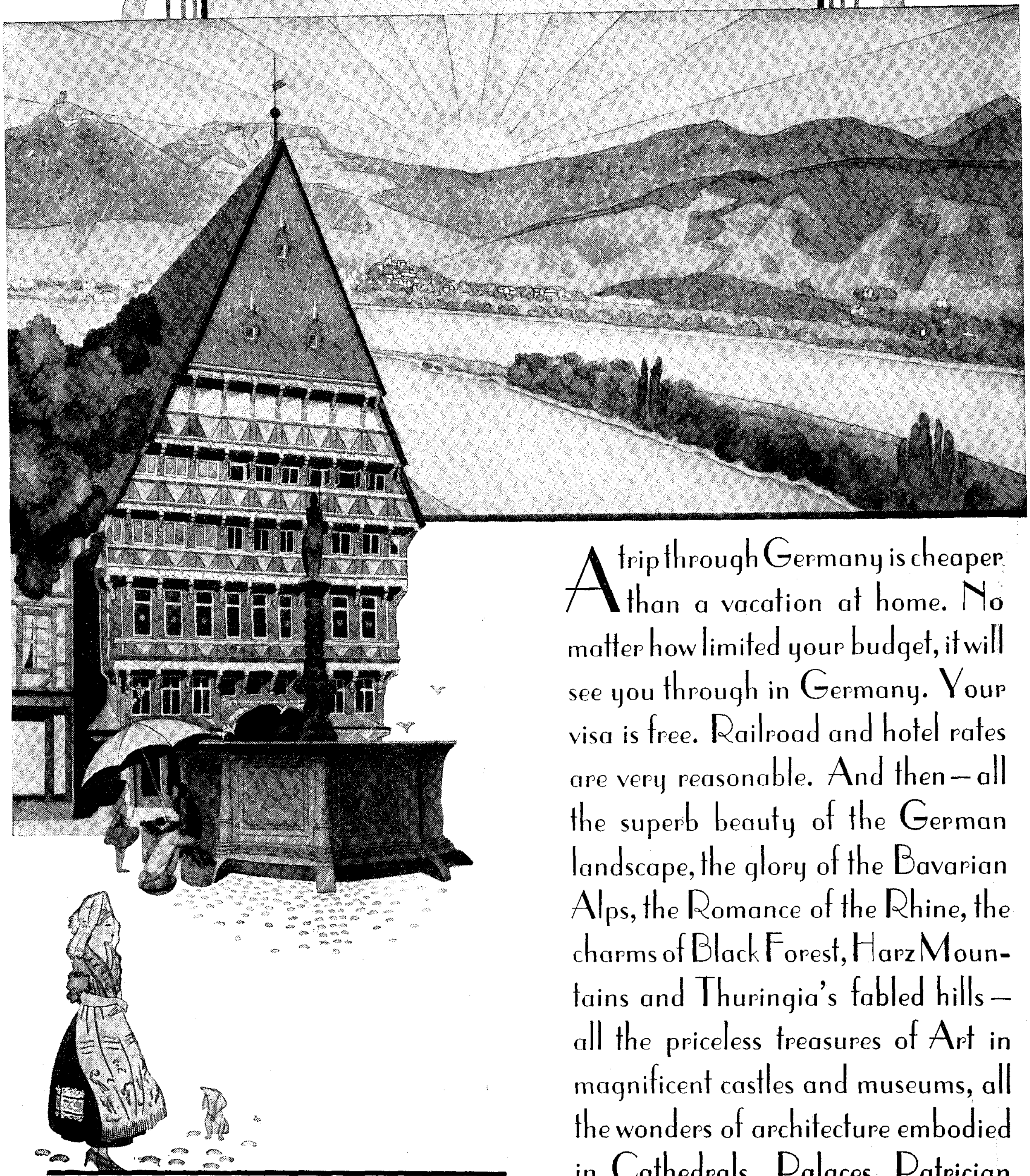

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SEVILLE
SPAIN

Travel

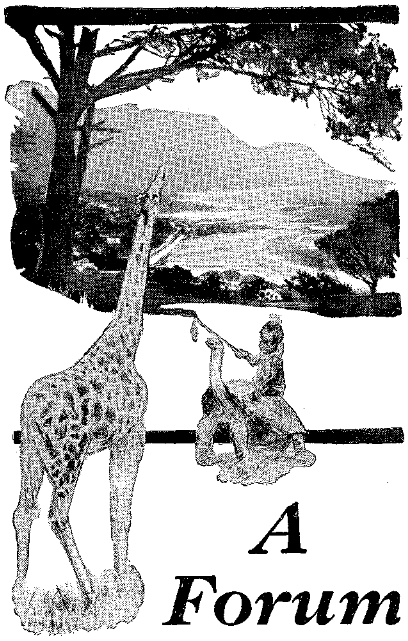
Hamburg, is the centre of the city's life. Elsewhere river banks are developed as promenades and parkways, as well as sites for public buildings and cafés.

The German railway stations are not only efficient, but most of them are fine examples of dignified architecture. They are approached by spacious plazas that facilitate traffic to and fro, and usually a formal garden is spread out before them. In some way they have managed to eliminate most of the noise and confusion. The Berlin subway is so immaculately clean that it shines and sparkles. Not a scrap is on the floor; you are almost sorry to have to walk on it. But the greatest blessing of the German cities is their freedom from the curse of billboards. At street corners there is sometimes a small pillar, about a yard in diameter, which bears public notices and a little quiet advertising, but that is all.

This beauty and efficiency in the German cities has been achieved largely through the practice of having them governed by men who are trained for their posts, rather than by those who have political influence. In the technical schools or universities they have devoted themselves to the legal, financial, engineering, educational, architectural, and hygienic aspects of the subject. On graduating they compete with other candidates for a municipal post. They rise from one position to another, with the office of burgomaster as the final goal, and if they reach it they are thoroughly fitted by training and experience to fill it well. Indeed, it is customary for all public offices to be held by men who have prepared themselves for the particular post to which they aspire. This efficient system has made its impress on the whole country. In the old mediaeval cities careful restorations are made and all new structures are designed to harmonize with the traditional atmosphere. Everywhere a sense of unity and fitness is maintained.

Seldom does one find Nature, Art, and Science in such effective collaboration as at the German *spa* or *kurplatz*. Just outside the typical *kurhaus* is a broad terrace where an orchestra gives concerts two or three times a day. These may be enjoyed at tables in the open air, where one sips one's coffee or one's wine, and watches the solemn promenade of people about the grounds. Unlike us, the Germans do not hurry unless they have something to hurry for, and at the *spas* leisure is cultivated as a fine art.

In Wiesbaden, for example, we find the peace of a mountain spot combined with the life and amusements of a large city. A sense of restfulness pervades the atmosphere and one succumbs to a pleasant relaxation without realizing it. You feel that whether anything is the matter with you or not, Wiesbaden can cure it. Your



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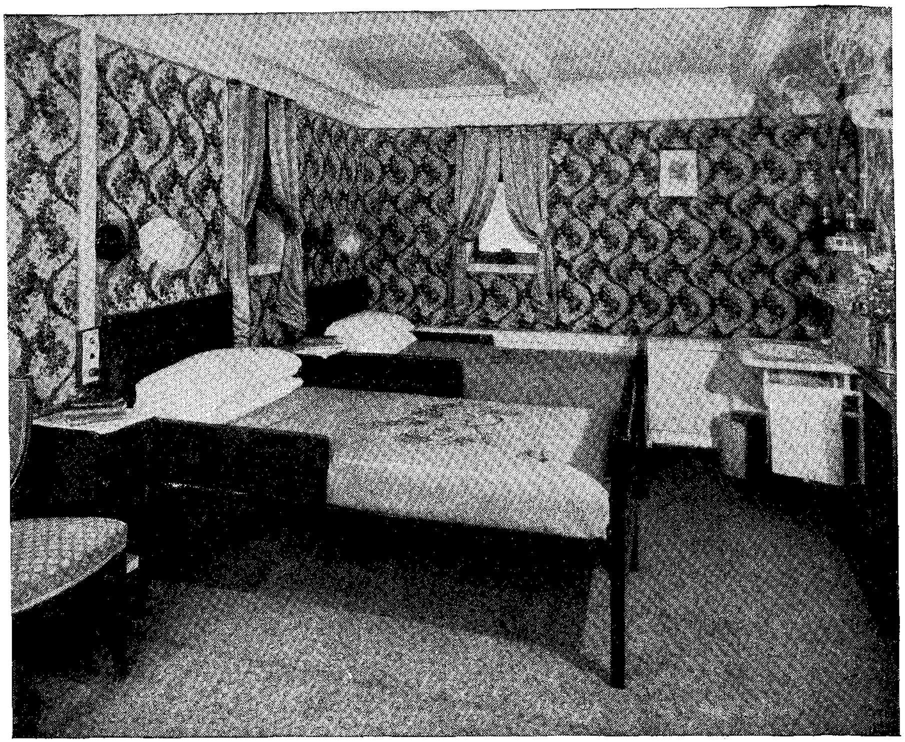

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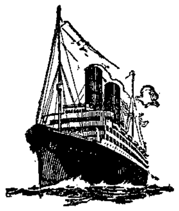

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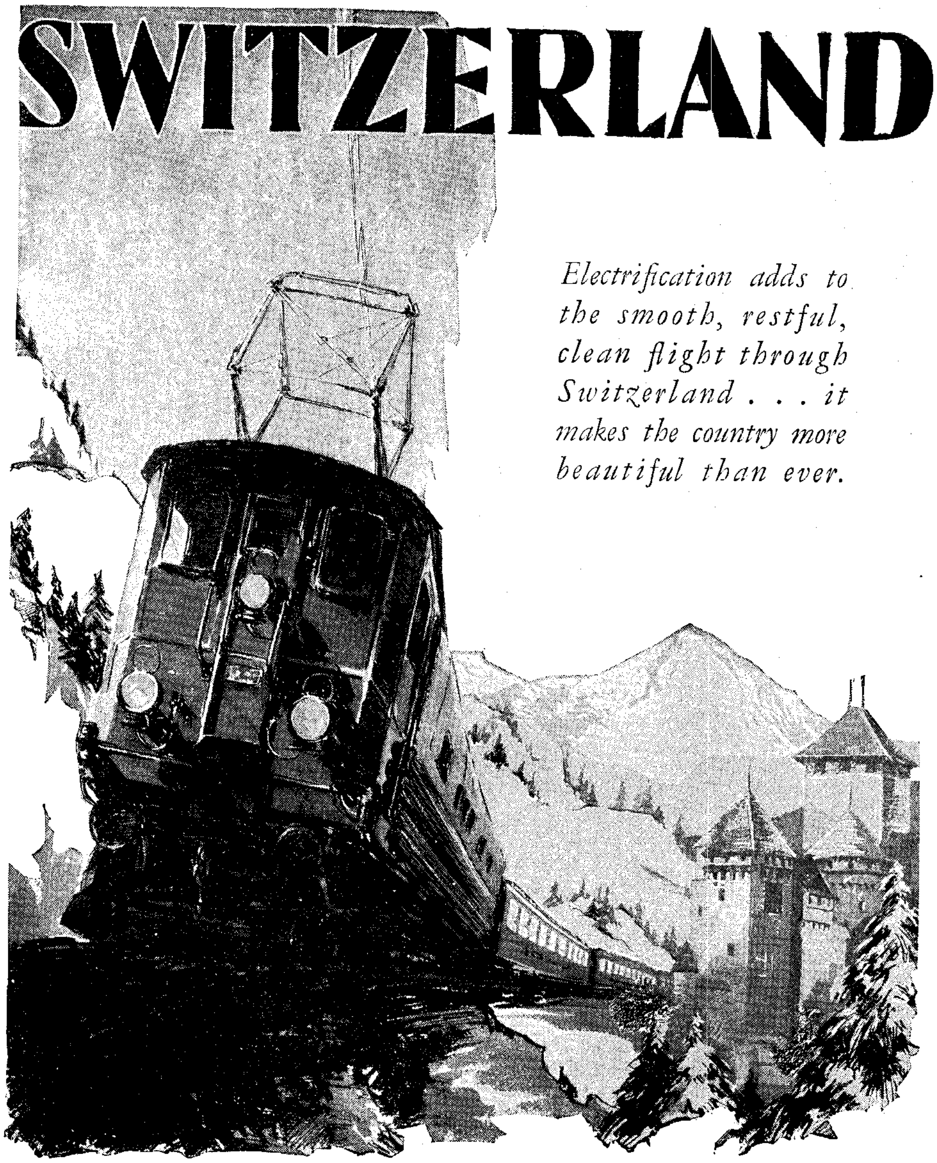

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reputation for vigor is in no way impaired by being seen there.

The ceremony of the bath in some of the German *spas* suggests something of the ancient grandeur of the Roman baths. Medical science has surpassed itself in devising variations of the simple bath which one would never imagine. The *Kaiser Friederich Bad* can accommodate nearly three thousand bathers at one time. But the *kurhaus* never contents itself with supplying merely ablutional luxuries. In addition, there are usually large orchestras and elaborate concerts. At Baden-Baden, for instance, there are two good-sized concert halls and a fine organ. There are also dance halls, restaurants, promenades, sunrooms for bad weather, reading rooms, and conversation rooms.

To me the most interesting feature of the establishment at Baden-Baden is the gymnasium. In all my wandering I have never seen one quite like it. It consists of a series of some sixty-five or seventy machines, all invented by Dr. Zander of Sweden about fifty years ago. They are designed to exercise every portion of the anatomy — wrists, ankles, fingers, arms, legs, kidneys, back, stomach, etc. — each machine performing just one function. They give various motions — rotary, pulling, pushing, twisting, vibrating, and massaging, and are adjustable as to force and speed to fit individual requirements.

One of the most popular diversions at Baden-Baden is driving through the Black Forest. There are gorgeous rides along curving roads, around hills which suggest the Amalfi Drive, with the same tortuous windings in and out and up and down, but instead of a sea of water below there is a sea of forest — great, tall, straight fir trees casting fantastic shadows along the road. There are more pines here than there is corn in Indiana, banks and banks of them covering the hills, in every lovely shade of green imaginable. Some of the hills are so high that one gets almost an airplane view, and at one point it is possible to see Strasbourg in the distance and distinguish the dim silhouette of her cathedral. It is easy to see why so many beautiful legends have grown up around the wild, romantic scenery of the Black Forest.

The Germans love the countryside, and every holiday witnesses a hegira to the woods, hills, and parks. Flowers are everywhere. They are the most conspicuous product in the markets and almost every house has its garden. In Germany it is *verboten* to cut down a tree without planting another to take its place. Conservation of national resources is practised there, not just talked about. They seem, too, to have more birds than we have; their woods are full of them. Perhaps German efficiency insists on planting a new bird for every one that flies away.

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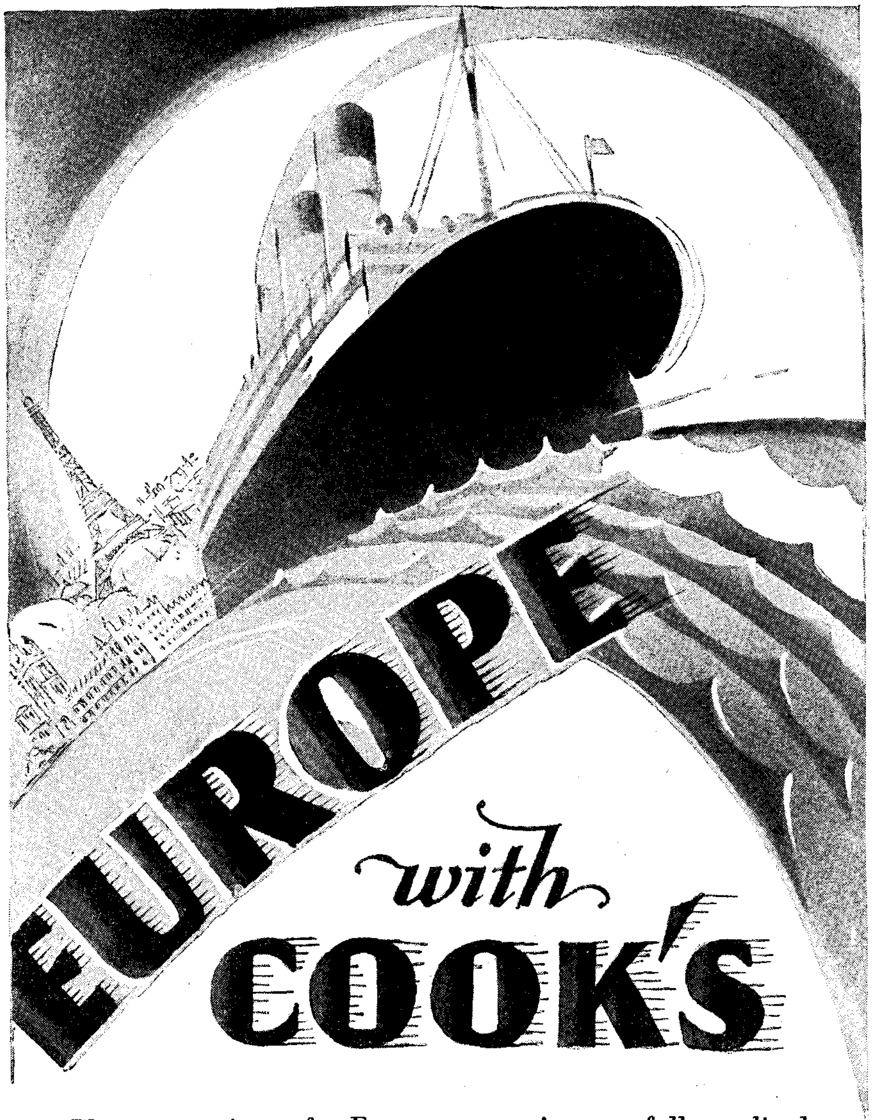

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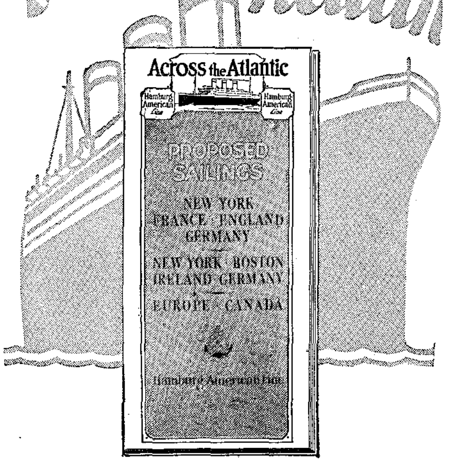

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Shade of Bryan!

To the Editor:

It has been a habit of mine to resist even the strongest impulses to write letters to the Editor, but the bland assumption of omniscience exhibited by Clarence True Wilson in his reply to Darrow's "Myth of the Soul" surpasses the bounds of my endurance.

Dr. Wilson chooses to evade the main point of the controversy by discussing the relative benefits of belief in the existence and survival of the soul, whereas the question at issue is, does it or does it not exist and survive death? I agree with him that "an immortal life for the soul is not impossible," *but it is a far cry from this postulate to his easy certainties, founded upon such precarious and fluctuating* grounds as human belief. Faiths are all too largely the products of desires; truth is too often assumed to be that which we wish to believe.

Dr. Wilson's reiterated familiarity with the will of God is disconcerting, but may be recognized as a frequent delusion of those accorded great popular confidence and adulation; obviously a priest who disclaimed intimate knowledge of divinity would attract few followers. The amazing extent of his knowledge of the subtle processes of the mind and soul, if one is to judge by his confident pronouncements, is sufficient to reduce the most hardened skeptic to a state of awe and reverence, but again I ask, whence came his authority for such statements as "The nature *and constitution of the soul indicate that* it may dwell apart from the body"?

Now comes a piece of masterly manipulation which shows that expediency dictates the tenets of faith, even in Dr. Wilson's church. Typical of the immemorial priest, who adroitly turns unexpected innovations to the uses of his craft, the hated and maligned doctrine of Evolution is now adduced as evidence of immortality. Shade of Bryan (if there is one) lie still! Bowing to the inevitable trend of popular opinion, he now espouses the probability of man's lowly origin and reverses the former clerical judgment, brightly announcing that even if it is true, it all harmonizes beautifully with the theological scheme! Now, Dr. Wilson, excuse me, but this is pure charlatanry, to give it a polite name. There is consolation in reflecting that this ingenious compromise will probably cause his colleagues as much consternation as the skeptics at whom it is aimed.

Norman Brodie

Brookline, Mass.

Just Plain Talk

To the Editor:

I have very carefully read "The Skeptic as Critic," by G. K. Chesterton, in the February Forum. In fact, I have read it four times. In the end I fail to discover what Mr. Chesterton is writing about. It seems to me that he has steadily lost clarity since he wrote the somewhat hectic and muddy "The Man Who Was Thursday." All intelligent persons, I believe, gave up reading Chesterton long ago because he has for long been unintelligible.

He seems to be criticizing Mencken, which he is not qualified to do, but he does it so opaquely that one cannot find the trouble. As a garage mechanic he would surround an automobile with a nimbus and wave a stick at it. His one lucid moment seems to be — I cannot be sure — an attack on Dreiser. In the rest of his article Mr. Chesterton is a fog. Dealing with Dreiser he is an ass.

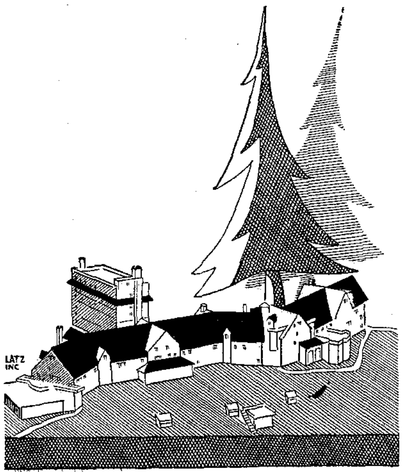
G. D. Eaton

New York City

Glorifying the Gutter

To the Editor:

I feel that you are under obligation to direct me in the application to my own life of the authoritative statement in your December issue in which Mr. Hicks says that we (that includes me) must follow Joyce, Huxley, and O'Neill into what he calls the "gutter" if we are to get to the real in life and escape the hypocrisies and



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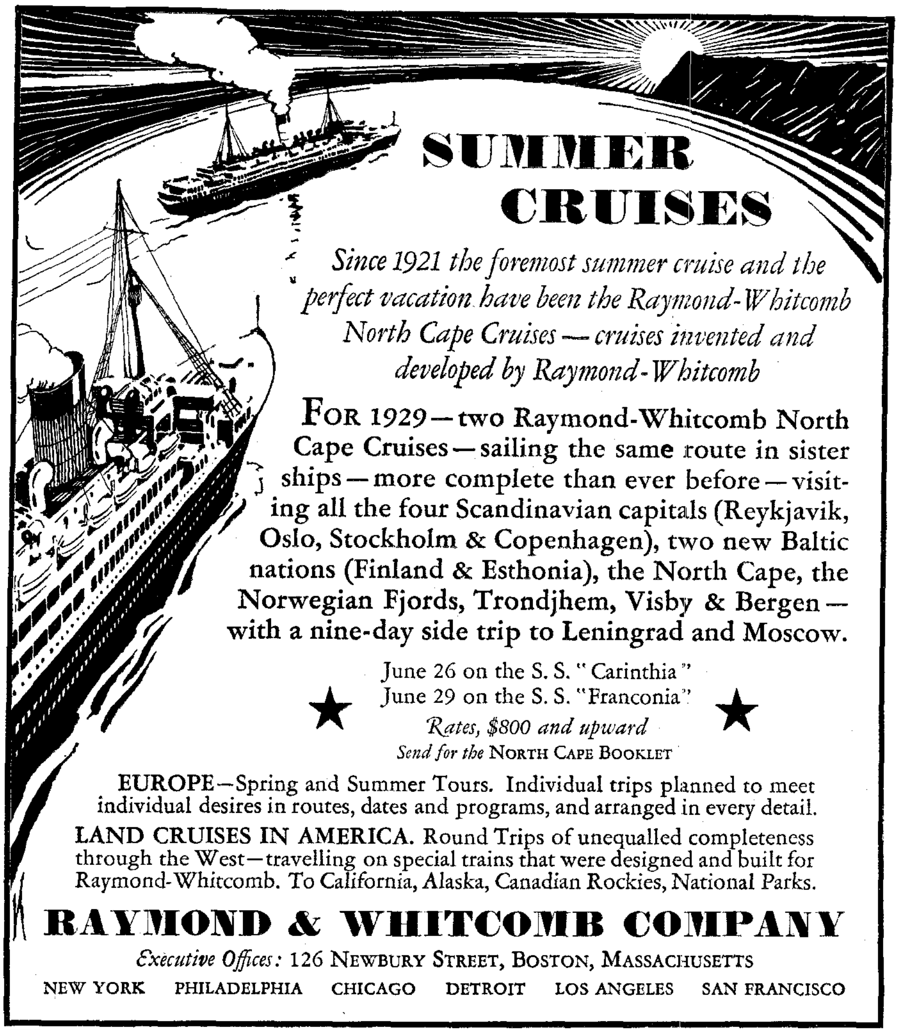

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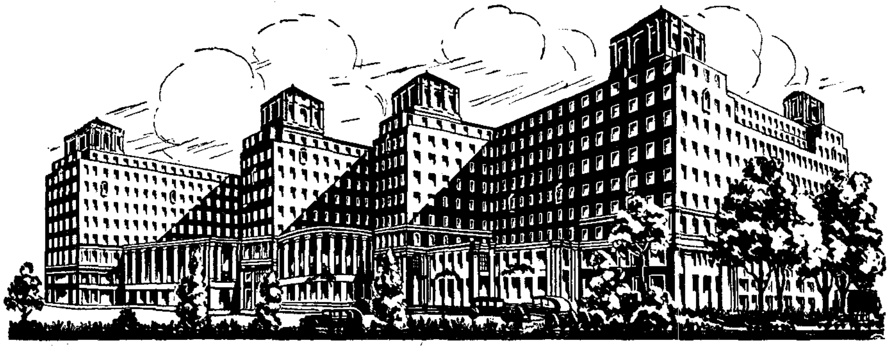

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Our Rostrum

shams which have heretofore dominated our social order.

Just as one must tell his doctor about his most private diseases, so I must admit to you that I am married, have a baby which I know is mine, and that my wife and I are living lives of absolute sexual fidelity to each other.

I shamefully confess that I have had what I thought was a very tender affection for my wife which infinitely transcended sex, but which I see now must have been ordinary sex passion colored by an emotional fixation on my mother. Then the baby, I regret to say, has occasionally caught me in a hypocritical emotional trance which I used to think was a normal and necessary function of what the old fogey psychologists called the tender emotion.

I am not quite clear on such questions as the effect of the gutter system on reproduction, motherhood, childhood, the next generation, and therefore on civilization. But I know that I can safely leave these things to THE FORUM and such profound geniuses as Ben Lindsay, Bertrand Russell, and the master minds enumerated by Hicks.

F. H. GALLUP

Allentown, Pa.

In Praise of Gide

To the Editor:

It seems to me that the versatility of André Gide, one of the most striking characteristics of his work, is strongly exemplified in *The School of Women.* In adopting the diary form for the telling of his story, thus putting the whole narrative in the hands of one person, and adding to the ordinary difficulties of clear, sharp characterization, M. Gide has done a daring thing. And yet how quickly and how surely he sets his stage and makes his readers acquainted with the actors.

Whatever the hazards of the diary form, it has the distinct advantage of placing the reader in direct touch with the thoughts and feelings of one character. There is the risk that the extracts from the diary may sound strained because of the effort of the novelist to use them for his purpose, which is the advancement of his story together with the delineation of character, but the diary of M. Gide's young woman has the most natural sound possible; one feels that it might just as well have been written by someone who never expected it to reach the light of day. And yet it is successful, as has already been said, in revealing character and in involving the reader's emotions in the story.

The French critics long ago settled André Gide's place in contemporary literature. There can be little doubt that *The*

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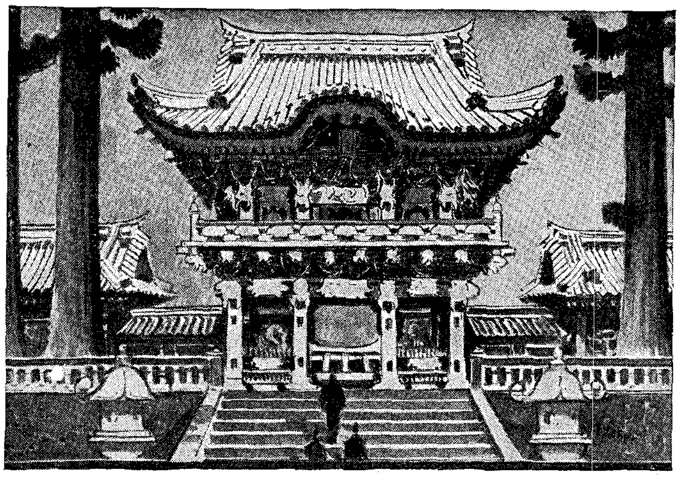

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Interference

To the Editor:

I have read with interest the article on the new Latin-American policy in the February FORUM. Mr. Buell has given a very interesting presentation of the facts involved in the relations between the United States and Latin-America. I am inclined to think that the most serious problems in these relations to-day are the result of President Wilson's undertaking to tell Mexico what individual might not be President of that country. Once we interfered to that extent, we gave notice to all of the Central and South American republics that we were prepared, when it suited our policy, to interfere with the intimate details of their government, and it has been extremely difficult to remove the impression so made. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Buell that "we should frankly abandon our present policy of recognizing only 'constitutional' governments and recover our freedom to recognize any government that seems able to govern the country and meet its obligations."

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM
New York City

What is a Lowbrow?

Forum Definitions

The following definitions have been awarded prizes as the best of those submitted this month.

1. "Lowbrow" is slang denoting an obvious lack of the essentials of refinement; it is synonymous with taste, attainment, or mentality of an inferior level. (*Mrs. Frances Chase, Suffolk, Va.*)

2. A lowbrow is a person whose æsthetic sense is undeveloped and who has no interest in intellectual speculation. (*Harriet Baer Underwood, Santa Fe, N. M.*)

3. Lowbrow: a person of low mental order. (*Frank H. Wills, Milwaukee, Wis.*)

4. Lowbrow: a contemptuous epithet coined by the unintelligent intellectuals and applied to persons, things, and interpretations of arts when these do not meet their unqualified approval. (*Lee Frandsen, Grantsville, Utah*)

Next word to be defined: — MORALITY. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by April 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in The Forum (value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

Are We Victims of Propaganda?

Some of the "victims" comment on the debate between Everett Dean Martin and Edward L. Bernays in the March Forum.

The letters which have come in from readers indicate that those who consider propaganda a menace far outnumber those who agree with Mr. Bernays that it is a valuable instrument of education and free speech. The arguments against propaganda are tersely stated by Dr. L. L. Bernard, of the University of North Carolina. "Martin is right," he says, "The difficulty is partly in the methods of propaganda. It appeals to emotion rather than to factual judgment. Its motivation is often insincere and does not represent the convictions of anyone. It is frequently used simply to promote interests which could not stand on their own merits if all the facts were known. Bernays implies that propaganda gives unprecedented opportunity and power to minorities. But to what minorities? Obviously to those that can pay for propaganda designed to get for them what they want. The unorganized public cannot pay for any sort of effective propaganda for self-protection."

PROPAGANDA IN DISFAVOR

There were many replies in support of Mr. Martin which lack of space makes it impossible for us to print. We wish, however, to acknowledge the receipt of letters from John Tallmadge Bergen, Minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, Minn.; Fred Gilbert Blakeslee, of Hartford, Conn.; Florence E. Cobb, of Wewoka, Okla.; Seba Eldridge, Professor of Sociology at the University of Kansas; L. N. Flint, Professor of Journalism at the University of Kansas; Harold De Wolf Fuller, editor of *New York*, New York City; Charles F. Haanel, writer, of St. Louis, Mo.; P. E. Kretzman, Director of the Extension Division of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Sinton Leitch, of Lynnhaven, Va.; Louis F. W. Lesemann, President of the Chicago Training School; William Harrison Mace, Professor of History at Syracuse University; G. P. Mitchell, of Des Moines, Iowa; Frank B. Pearson, of Columbus, Ohio; John S. Penman, of Cambridge, Mass.; Charles A. Richmond, of Washington, D. C.; Avery A. Shaw, President of Denison University, Granville, Ohio; E. Boyd Smith, artist, of Wilton, Conn.; J. H. O. Smith, of Kansas City, Kan.; William H. Stafford, Representative from Wisconsin, Washington, D. C.; Charles F. Thwing, President-Emeritus of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio; A. Ravogli, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Wallace M. Short, Editor of *The Unionist and Public Forum*, Sioux City, Iowa; Elwood Hendrick, of New York City.

The supporters of Mr. Bernays were few. Dr. Kenneth Colegrove, Professor of Political Science at Northwestern Uni-

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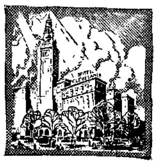

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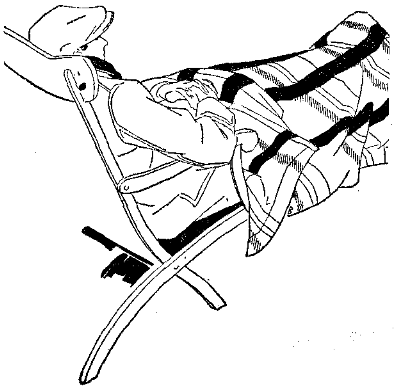

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versity, gave him doubtful support in stating: "I do not believe propaganda can be a menace to any nation whose voting citizens are intelligent. Propaganda is itself a form of education. Of course, there are numerous examples of base representation and false logic in this kind of special pleading. But the intelligent voter should be able to detect most of the lies and faulty arguments. Inability to do so is a confession of lack of intelligence. Such incompetent citizens should be disfranchised. If propaganda is at present a menace in the United States, it is because of the fact that unqualified citizens have the ballot."

Others who sided with Mr. Bernays were W. G. Bowdoin, editor, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles Phelps Cushing, writer, of New York City; E. Porter Felt, of the Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories at Stamford, Conn.; A. T. Hannett, attorney, of Albuquerque, New Mexico; Dr. Miles F. Porter, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

BOTH SIDES EXTREME

A number of readers felt that both Martin and Bernays had gone to extremes, and that the truth lay somewhere between. Professor Zechariah Chafee, of the Harvard Law School, wrote an able statement from this point of view. "Certain dangers of the growing use of propaganda are obvious," he said. "First, the statement of a given view should frankly indicate its source. There is too much tendency for a supposedly disinterested person, like a college professor, to write a magazine article or even a book taking a particular side of a controversial question without disclosing the fact that he has been hired by a business group to influence the public on its behalf. Secondly, the public is not educated by discussion when it gets only one side of the case. This is unfortunately too often the situation. We need to exert ourselves more to supply affirmative opportunities for the expression of unpopular views in newspapers and other publications."

Those who supported neither side but took a position midway between the two extremes were: Ben A. Arneson, Professor of Political Science at Ohio Wesleyan University; Harold T. Pulsifer, Secretary of *The Outlook*, New York City; Claxton E. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo.; Charles W. Burr, M.D., of Philadelphia, Pa.; Winfred N. Donovan, professor at The Newton Theological Institution, Newton, Mass.; Kuno Francke, of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; H. A. Kelsey, Vice President of Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio; Judd Mortimer Lewis, Associate Editor of the *Houston Post-Dispatch*, Houston, Tex.; Thomas H. MacQueary, of St. Louis, Mo.; Neil Kenneth McKechnie, of Toronto, Ontario; Ephraim F. Morgan, Ex-Gov-

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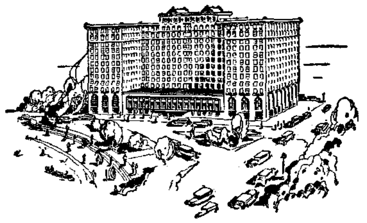

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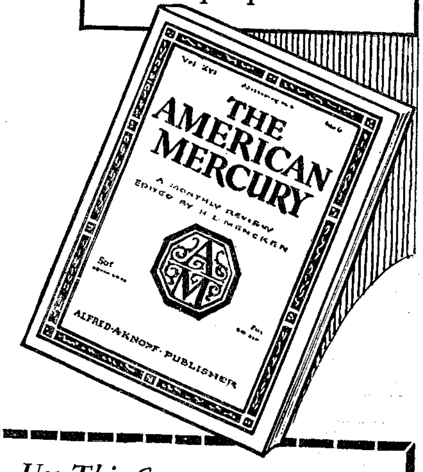

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Revising God

Harry Elmer Barnes presents his rebuttal in the debate: "Do We Need a New God?"

To the Editor:

I will concede the possibility of conceiving God in such terms that belief in Him might produce the three laudable results which Canon Chase attributes to the worship of the orthodox God of the Bible. I do not admit, however, that such achievements were ever promoted by veneration for the Biblical Yahweh.

As for Canon Chase's three major reasons for supporting the orthodox conception of God, I maintain that, more frequently than not, belief in such a deity has yielded results exactly the opposite of those which he claims. All too often, this orthodox conception has stimulated the lowest, meanest, and most brutal instincts of man, and has fostered oppression, persecution, and hatred. It has betrayed truth at every turn and has invariably sacrificed it to revelation — as is well illustrated by Mr. Bryan's assertion that he would have been as willing to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale as to accept the common version that the whale swallowed Jonah, provided both accounts appeared in the Bible. Orthodox religion has never accepted truth until vanquished after a long battle.

It is equally futile to contend that orthodox religion has promoted righteousness and love. At best it has only promoted conformity to a code designed to insure salvation, and it has not considered the effect of that code upon human happiness here on earth. It has served to create and perpetuate the most diversified types of hatreds and jealousies. It has divided nations, encouraged bloodshed, and attempted to enlist God on the side of each warring state. The lynchers of negroes are drawn from the most God-fearing elements in the South. The appeals made by Mrs. Willebrandt and by Catholic priests during the presidential campaign of 1928 are examples of the manner in which orthodox religion "promotes" the unity of man "as children of the one Heavenly Father."

The whole basis of the supposition that God might come to this earth and assume human form indicates how completely

Canon Chase has failed to visualize the conception of God in the new cosmic perspective. If He *were* to come, however, there is no reason to believe that He would choose to identify Himself with Jesus rather than with Tom Paine, Havelock Ellis, Gandhi, or John Haynes Holmes.

If Dr. Osborn and Dr. Millikan adhere to the belief in the literal Yahweh of the Old Testament, they have never made this fact clear. Yet even if they did uphold such a faith, their opinion would not prove that a new conception of God is not needed. Dr. Osborn has done some notable work in paleontology and Dr. Millikan in electrical physics, but there is no evidence that either of them has given any serious scholarly consideration to the origins, nature, and manifestations of religion. Were they to espouse Yahweh, they would merely demonstrate how radically they would need to renovate their religious beliefs.

Although astronomy may have grown out of astrology, students of to-day are not instructed on the basis of ancient astrological texts. Similarly, the contemporary physician has only a historical and antiquarian interest in the medical dogmas of Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen; his actual work is guided by the researches of Osler, Koch, Lister, Pasteur, Virchow, Crile, and others, and it invokes no aid or enlightenment from Æsculapius.

At no time have we Modernists argued for a moral code less rigorous than the Ten Commandments. All we have asked is a morality based upon science and æsthetics — a morality which will make man's earthly existence happier. We should at least be able to have some satisfaction in knowing that such a code was designed in behalf of truth and well-being; and if coercion was at first still necessary, we might hope, in time, to supplant it with voluntary submission, for enlightenment would have made force and constraint superfluous. If Canon Chase presumes to criticize secular laws of morality on the ground that they are man-made, we may retort with the obvious truism that the Ten Commandments and other moral codes supposed to be supernaturally revealed were likewise man-made — and made when man was much less adequately equipped than he is to-day to provide moral guidance for humanity.

Herbert Spencer was not at his best when discussing theological questions, but if Canon Chase hopes to obtain his support for the old literal theism, let him devote an evening to the perusal of the first part of Spencer's *First Principles.*

Canon Chase gives some evidence of faintly appreciating the nature of a new religion based upon sympathy, kindliness, love, and happiness, but he does not realize that such a conception cannot be harmonized with a theism which is primitive and savage in its essential foundations and assumptions.

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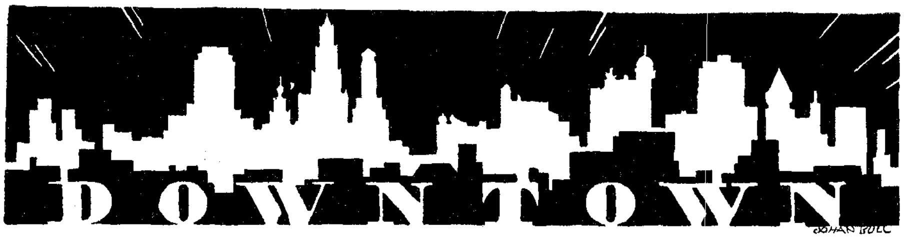

EVOLUTION in Business

by DONALD REA HANSON

"Nothing is certain except change," runs the old saying, and that is as true of industry and finance as it is of the weather, to which I assume the adage originally referred. It is true that there have been periods in history when change was so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. Up to the time that Stephenson invented the steam locomotive, the horse was still the principle means of transportation, as it had been in the days of the Norman conquest. In the middle of the last century the agricultural implements in use did not differ materially from those employed two thousand years ago. Prior to the development of the chain store idea by Woolworth, merchandising methods in this country were about the same in principle as they had been since Colonial times. But if the process of industrial and financial evolution was slow prior to the industrial revolution, it was nevertheless persistent.

It is the nature of the evolutionary process to discard that which is inefficient or impractical and retain only that which experiment has proved successful. Most of the changes in industry and commerce, therefore, have been for the better. Although change occasionally ruins an industry, it quickly builds up manifold others to take its place. For example, fortunes were made in the bicycle industry, only to be wiped out when the automobile caught the popular fancy and established itself as an indispensable utility. The airplane will probably never supplant the automobile, but as an industry it is growing rapidly. Already a new crop of fortunes have been made in the business and more will doubtlessly be made as the airplane is perfected, say by some invention which will make possible vertical ascension and descension. Obviously industry and commerce have changed more in the past two decades than they had in the two centuries preceding, and it now appears likely that the next few years will witness equally remarkable developments. It is to the investor's interest to watch these coming changes carefully and, if possible, to anticipate them.

To-day the industrialists are bending their efforts toward forcing this natural tendency to change. This is a comparatively new development. Most of the contributions of science to industry prior to the twentieth century were the result either of accidental discovery or of the efforts of an individual scientist. The laboratory was considered an academic institution, and the maintenance of research staffs by industrial firms was unknown. The hard-headed business man of those days was concerned only with meeting the demands of an established market and gave no thought to the creation of new ones. To-day nearly a thousand industrial organizations are maintaining separate research facilities, in addition to which it is estimated that there are more than seventy trade organizations and one hundred and fifty colleges and technical schools engaged in research.

PROFITS FROM RESEARCH

The three outstanding industrial organizations that are spending money liberally in the laboratory for purely scientific research are the General Electric Company, the General Motors Corporation, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It is not altogether a coincidence that these three corporations are among the dozen or so billion dollar corporations of the country.

When stockholders of the General Electric Company received their dividend cheques in January they found enclosed with them a booklet describing briefly some of the important achievements of the company's research and engineering staff during 1928. It is important to note that one effect of its scientific progress was to bring about a reduction in selling prices which resulted in savings to the public of about $9,000,000 during the year. This points to the fact that when any great contribution to industry is made by the research staff of a corporation, the benefit to the public is more permanent than that to the stockholders.

Many of the large industrial corporations have recently issued their annual reports, and it is interesting to observe the part which industrial research has played in their prosperity. General Motors, which reports the largest profits ever made by a single organization in one year, can attribute a large part of the $276,400,000 to its research staff. Prior to the perfection of Duco by this staff, it took from three to four weeks to paint an automobile properly. With this new quick-drying paint the time required was cut to a few hours. The consequent saving in time, labor, and storage space was one of the greatest factors in speeding up the production of motor cars in this country. Moreover, manufacturers in general as well as the public received the benefit of the process. And now General Motors has announced the creation of another industry in perfecting the electric room cooler. General Electric reported the largest profits in its history during this last year, no small part of which should be credited to its research work in power generation, incandescent lamps, and electric refrigerators. Just now it has attractive prospects in the development of television. American Telephone's conspicuous achievement during 1928 was the opening of transoceanic telephone service. The influence of the laboratory may also be seen in notable profits made in radio, the "talkies," the orthophonic victrola, and many other lines.

CHAIN STORES INCREASING

Less spectacular than the changes now occurring in the industrial field are those which are taking place in commerce and finance. One of the most striking developments during the year was the innovation of two of the leading mail order houses in entering the chain store field of merchandising. Chance played an important part, apparently, in this decision. Montgomery, Ward, and Company opened a small store in Marysville, Kansas, some years ago for the purpose of displaying certain lines of its merchandise in the heart of the agricultural district, which constituted its greatest market. The purpose was simply to conduct the store like a county fair; not to sell the company's goods at that branch. But the farmers insisted on buying the goods on display and the company's executives turned their attention to the prospect of opening chains of such stores all over the country. Accordingly 200 stores were opened in 1928 and it is understood that in the next six years the number will reach 1500. Meanwhile the Woolworth chain of five-and-ten cent stores, having well nigh saturated the domestic field, is turning to Germany and has now launched a plan for the aggressive development of the chain store idea in that country. It may be expected eventually to spread all over Europe.

But there have been less happy changes as well during the past year. Investments in the cotton manufacturing industry, particularly in New England, have been

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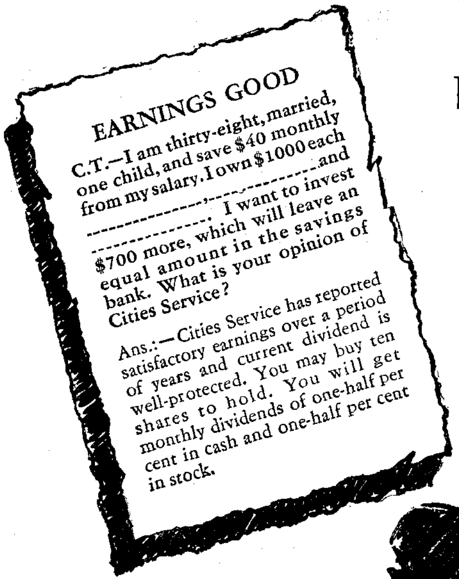

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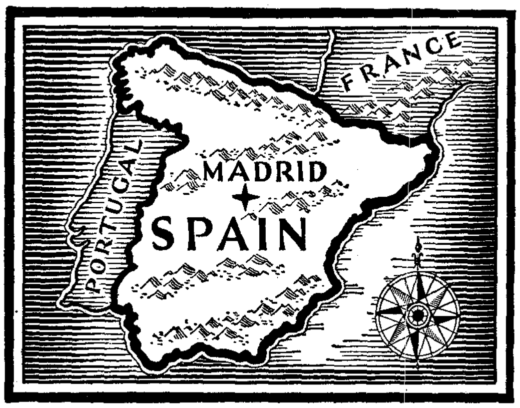

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reduced to the vanishing point, largely on account of changes in styles and the development of the rayon industry. This also is a change brought about by laboratory research. Except in urban communities street railway investments have not been helped during 1928, for more modern means of transportation are gradually supplanting them.

NEW FINANCING METHODS

IN THE financial field great changes are being wrought, some of which are the usual concomitants of a bull market in stocks, and a few of which are comparatively new but probably permanent. Let us consider the latest innovation first. Last month the National City Company of New York took a step in the financing of building operations which is distinctly new. The traditional method of financing large building construction in this country has been the issuance of first mortgage bonds to the extent of about 75 per cent of the combined value of the building and land, with the remainder of the equity furnished by the financial sponsors of the development, or possibly in part by the issuance of second mortgages. The plan devised by these bankers was to discard such instruments as first and second mortgages and such established practices as the payment of bond premiums, appraisals, and other fees. Basing all calculations on costs, they invited the public to participate on a full partnership basis from the outset. This scheme, which contemplated eventually some $100,000,000 of new building construction, was to issue an amount of preferred stock equal to 75 per cent of the cost of land and building, the balance of the cost to be provided by the bankers and their associates. Forty per cent of the common stock of each new building enterprise was to be given *pro rata* to the first preferred stockholders, and sixty per cent to the bankers and associates. This constituted the only fee for financing, constructing, and managing the building during its existence.

This plan was devised in order to render real estate securities more attractive to the investing public at a time when the public's preference was primarily for stocks which possessed an equity in the enterprise. High interest rates were tending to retard building operations in general and it was hoped that by this method enough money would be attracted into the business to prevent a slump in building and accordingly to sustain general business activity. Whether this method will be imitated by other large mortgage bond houses is questionable, but the movement is of especial interest in that it is the first important change in building financing in many years.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS

ANOTHER CHANGE in the financial field that is attracting much attention now is the investment trust movement. Investment trusts were scarcely known in this country six years ago, although they had proved highly successful in England and Scotland for over half a century. Most of the trusts organized up to the past year contemplated an application of the British theory of investment trusts. That is to say, they were formed primarily for the benefit of small investors who desired to obtain the maximum degree of safety from wide diversification of the investment trust funds. Each share of such a trust represented a participation in the equity of these diversified investments.

It now appears that many of the newer investment trusts are departing from this idea, and are really simply holding companies designed to hold the stocks of a few corporations. Where the British type of trust invested its funds in many different countries and many different industries, thereby reducing its risk in any given issue, the holding company type of trust is concentrating its funds in a few stock issues, often in a single industry. Under good management there is a reasonable chance for success in such a type of trust, but the investor in such issues should recognize clearly that the element of safety is not as great as it is in the British type of trust.

It is not certain yet to just what degree the holding company type of trust represents a tendency of the holders of large blocks of stocks, purchased during the tremendous rise of the stock market in the past five years, to liquidate their holdings. If some of the large lines of speculative stocks are to be thrown together into investment trusts and the stock of those trusts to be sold to the public, the financial effects are well worth consideration. In former bull markets large lines of speculative stocks acquired in the course of the rise were sooner or later offered for sale, in part or entire. Such liquidation concentrated around one pole on the floor of the Stock Exchange, the particular pole at which the stock was traded in. These tactics resulted in wide fluctuations in prices; up when the buying movement was on, and down when the selling movement was either completed or on the way. In the present instance large lines of speculative stocks would not come back on the Stock Exchange, but would be distributed through the army of security salesmen who are marketing the trust stock. The immediate financial effect of such widespread distribution of lines of speculative stocks might be to minimize the danger of a great bear reaction on the Stock Exchange. The trend of the market for the trust stock is problematical, but it would probably depend largely on the course of the primary market. However, it is not yet established that this procedure is being generally followed.

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WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A COLLEGE EDUCATION. This booklet discusses the financial problems involved in educating a child. It contains an estimate of the cost of four years at college and a chart showing the amount of the monthly outlay required to amass the necessary sum in a given number of years. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

HOW TO JUDGE MUNICIPAL BONDS. The factors which make municipal bonds attractive and the points which should be considered in selecting them are analyzed in this pamphlet. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

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FOOTPATH and HIGHWAY

Why Electors?
— Why Not?

by THE PEDESTRIAN

AMERICANS have become so used to their peculiar procedure in national elections that they take it for granted. The other day, when an English visitor at the club remarked, "Your elections seem a most singular procedure," I expected Exacticus to snort back, "Old stuff! So do yours." But to my surprise he asked meekly for more.

"Well," the Englishman went on, "your people vote in November, and everyone gets tremendously excited, but that vote doesn't really count at all, I am told; the people are merely voting for Electors, who will eventually choose a President. But then, after a dignified period, without any deliberation whatever, the Electors proceed to vote exactly as the popular vote, counted by States in proportion to the population of those States, has already indicated. In other words, the popular vote, so long as it is counted in a special way, decides the election after all. Your Constitution seems to say that the people are not fit to choose a President, so you allow them only the privilege of choosing Electors, but your practice, as it works out, would seem to indicate that you really think your Electors are not fit to choose a President."

"There is a proposed amendment before the national legislature now," I said somewhat irrelevantly, "providing that the newly elected President shall take office in January rather than in March and that newly elected Congressmen shall take their seats at the December session."

"Don't get off the track," exploded Exacticus, who could still snort. "That measure, if passed, will eliminate the 'lame duck' Congressman, but it doesn't meet our friend's question; if anything, it will render the Presidential Elector less important than ever."

"Well," I said, with a good-natured smile, "the procedure our friend describes has been old stuff for over a century. Things have just worked out that way. It isn't that we consider the Electors unfit to choose a President so much as that we like to consider the people quite fit to do so."

"But suppose the people are not really fit?" queried our guest.

"That's just the point," snorted Exacticus. "The recent election might well lead the plain citizen to ask just that."

"You voted for Smith — perhaps?" asked our friend.

"No," said Exacticus, "I'm neither a disappointed brewer nor a Tammany malcontent. But here's the point." He had got to his usual rostrum on the hearth, whence he could dominate the two of us with his flicking index finger. From long experience I settled into my chair and prepared for the customary bombardment. From intuition the Englishman did likewise.

"Here's the point," Exacticus repeated. "In the 1928 election a good many people more intelligent than you or I found it difficult to make a decision. The problem, as they rightly saw it, was to elect a competent executive, and both men fitted that description. Votes of such thoughtful people eventually went one way or the other, according as they felt that one man had more national experience or the other more courage and vitality; some were controlled no doubt by party affiliations, others by the mindedness of their neighborhood; but none, so long as they remained thoughtful, appeared to consider the party platforms significant, or the Prosperity slogans, or Prohibition, or the various appeals to passion and prejudice which bulked so large in the campaign. If these men alone had voted, I suspect, Hoover would have won, but by a fairly close margin; and that, on the merits of the case, would have been a fair decision — an indication of *opinion*."

"Yes," I put in, "I felt considerable sympathy with the man who said he was going to vote for both candidates. True," I added, "it would invalidate his ballot, but no one could accuse him of not voting!"

"I'm afraid I'm rather dense," said our guest, "but I don't see quite what you're driving at. You explain the intelligence of a large number of voters, when I supposed you were going to say just the opposite."

"So I was," replied Exacticus, "when the Pedestrian interrupted. I've given you half the picture. Now look at the other half. Only the trouble is, it's a great deal more than half. An overwhelming majority of voters, if they had any intelligence, put it aside and voted as they did for purely emotional reasons. It is difficult to disentangle a complex of emotions, especially when religion, respectability, and prohibition stir these emotions, but anyone who talked with different types of people during October had abundant evidence that emotion actuated a large part of the electorate on both sides."

"Well," said the Englishman, "if it was on both sides, why didn't they offset each other?"

"Do you suppose," replied our orator, with a mixture of sneer and snort, "that Rum and Romanism can compete with Respectability and Protestantism in this country? Those weren't the issues, but most people felt they were. Why, sir, a mere male got the impression that a great many women were not seriously voting for Hoover so much as against Catholicism, Rum, and Mrs. Smith."

"Tut, tut!" I cried. "You ought not to say that out loud."

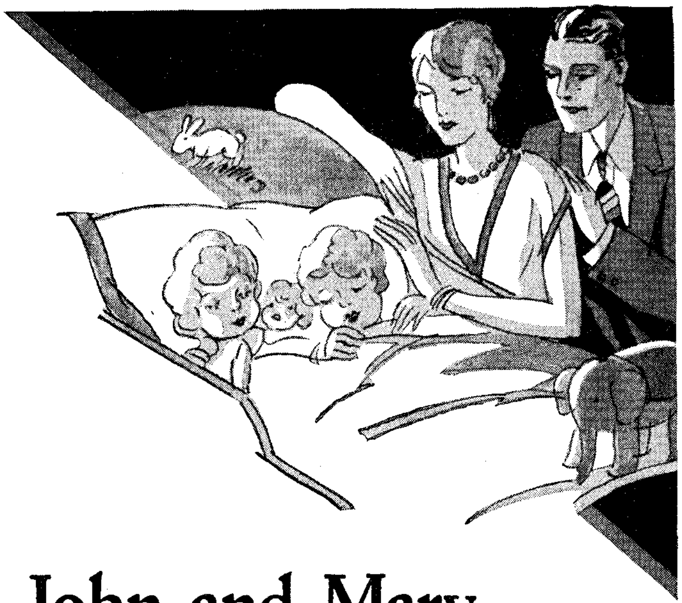
"No, of course not," roared Exacticus, "but in honesty it must be ventured *sotto voce*."

THE ENGLISHMAN'S laughter interrupted him long enough for me to get another word in. "Do you mean," I asked, "that voters were especially victimized by their emotions in the recent elections? I supposed they always were."

"Of course they are," said Exacticus. "The recent election is merely a fresh instance, a proof that the popular vote now, just as in the past, is largely controlled by the emotional element. It is likely to continue so from the nature of the case. You ought to be able to see, if you would use your mind, that that is what makes our friend's question about the Electoral College worth serious consideration. In 1928, with two excellent candidates, emotional voting did not make much difference. But suppose one of the candidates had not been excellent. Suppose, for example, that the Democrats had opposed Harding in 1920 with a man as capable and energetic as Smith. I don't believe the result would have been greatly altered. The stage was all set for a Republican victory."

"But a good many people," I ventured, "hold that it is not a question of the individual candidates so much as of party principles."

"You talk as if you came from Pennsylvania," snorted Exacticus. "That hoary delusion is another reason why the dispassionate observer inclines to conclude that the people are unfit to elect a President. Let's be honest about it. At least, you can't have it both ways. If the people are really moved by party principles,



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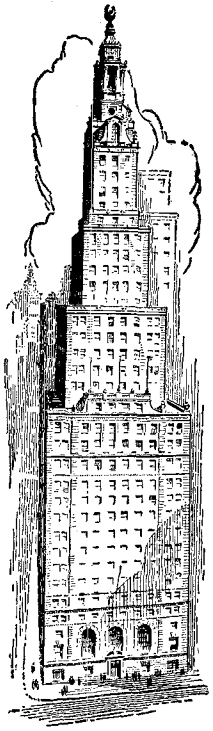

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Footpath and Highway

why did the women of the South, immemorial Democrats, desert their party in the last election? Now be honest. Did they really prefer the Republican party and its principles, or did they feel (not think, mind you, but feel) that they were deserting the champion of liquor for the champion of dry respectability, the representative of Rome for the representative of Protestant America? They were voting for a *man*, not a party; and when they voted, the majority, in either camp, were not half trying to select a competent executive. If they had been, the contest must have been close. But other things, they felt, were more important. On the issues as *they* saw them, they would have elected anyone provided he satisfied their notion of what was important."

"Evidently," said the Englishman, in a questioning tone, "you consider that the most necessary qualification is ability as an executive."

"Of course it is. It was so conceived in the Constitution, but under Roosevelt, and still more so under Wilson, it became identified with political leadership; yet both men, whatever their merits, showed that attention to one feature seriously impairs attention to the other. In contrast, President Coolidge has stuck closely to the executive feature of his office. It is of small consequence that in so doing he has disappointed people in need of fireworks; the size of the country and the complexity of modern business and government inexorably force one or the other interpretation of the office. It is not unlikely that many supermen capable of serving in both capacities will appear."

"But how can you expect any people to be fit to choose such a President — a *skillful executive?*" asked our guest. "Who would expect it, in *any* nation?"

"You can't," replied Exacticus. "Especially in so large and diverse a country as ours. You simply can't — and that's that. Now . . ."

"Mr. Will Durant seems to think," I put in, "that our elections might at least be improved if our choice might 'range freely among a hundred candidates' who had received special training in government and who would be 'so well prepared that even our animal pets might vote without being able to elect an incompetent man.'"

"The idea of scientific preparation for government office has much to recommend it," said Exacticus, "but it is difficult to see how the ordinary voter is to choose intelligently among a hundred candidates. It won't matter, says Mr. Durant, if they are all competent; but of course it *will* matter, relatively. Why should the people be any better fitted to choose wisely an executive for the nation than they would be to select the head of a great business concern like the General

Electric Company or of a great university like Harvard? A specially qualified group, who can weigh the merits of the relatively competent candidates, must make the choice."

"An Electoral College!" cried the Englishman. "I mean — a real one."

"Precisely," answered Exacticus. "That's what I was coming to. That's why your question interested me. It begins to be clear that we may make a mistake if we push our Electoral College off the stage. Instead of rendering it less important, why not restore the original intention? Why not leave the selection of the President to it? For to do this in earnest, to make it more than a gesture, it would be necessary to choose *uninstructed* Electors, who could then select from the whole field."

"But people would still have to choose the Electors," I ventured.

"Of course; or, at least, as now, the State Legislatures which appoint the Electors. But they should be able to choose men of reasonably good judgment from their respective districts far more successfully than they could choose one man of special skill as a competent executive for the whole nation."

"They don't show any great judgment in selecting either State legislators or representatives in Congress," I remarked cynically. "Also, the system you suggest would provide a fertile field for political corruption."

Exacticus snorted. "The first of your objections," he said, "throws back on the whole question of whether any democratic government can ever stand on its own legs. The answer, of course, must be relative — in favor, I should say, of a reasoned local choice as against an emotional national choice. At least, voters would know what they were voting for. As regards your second objection, the possibilities of corruption would certainly not be greater than among the delegates in a national convention; and the possibilities of stampede would be far less."

"Such a plan would certainly take the fireworks out of Presidential elections," I said.

"That's the best part of it!" cried Exacticus. "No one could get excited over uninstructed Electors, though I suppose Business might be uneasy till the practice proved that an executive deliberately chosen by a representative body was better for internal as well as for foreign affairs than one chosen in an orgy of ballyhoo."

"I suppose our passions," I suggested, "would have to be transferred to Congressional Elections."

"Where they belong!" cried Exacticus. "And the leader of the House would be the party leader, as he ought to be. The deliberations of Congress might become important."

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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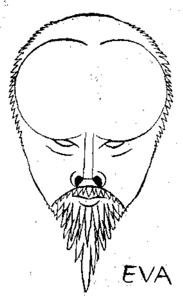
TOASTS

The most intelligent Englishman of this generation, according to H. L. Mencken, is Havelock Ellis. Having decided early in life that "to live remains an art which everyone must learn and which no one can teach," Mr. Ellis set about proving his contention. That he has followed his own theories is evidenced by his years crowded with adventures and attainments. His has been the life of a boy who went round the world in a sailing vessel and lived for years in the Australian bush, the life of a self-taught teacher who became an outstanding philosopher, a social psychologist, and a poet. He is a frequent contributor to The Forum.



Count Keyserling

Primarily interested in philosophy and poetry, Leo C. Robertson is as much at home with the Buddhists of India as with the modern philosophers of his native England.

"Take from none, give something to each" is the motto of Count Hermann Keyserling, German philosopher and presiding genius of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt. In this man's philosophy the personal and the universal meet: "A man's understanding of life is the sole force which directs life." When Count Keyserling last lectured in the United States (he was the guest of The Forum and of his publishers in 1928) he stated that this is a "matriarchal country" — that it is run by its women. He offers as proof of his contention the fact that many of our laws — particularly prohibition and laws relating to public morals — were brought into existence by the agitation of women. He also says, "America worships democracy; England, hierarchy. England demands privacy; America, publicity." Count Keyserling's last article in Forum pages was "Caste in America."

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, *l'enfant terrible* of the social sciences, is a man of enormous energy and inexhaustible arguments. His declaration before the American Association for the Advancement of Science that we need a new concept of God stirred the newspapers to front page controversy. From Smith College, where he is professor of Historical Sociology, Dr. Barnes goes each week to New York City to lecture at the New School for Social Research. He says, "I have little time for hobbies. My sports are of the outdoor sort — hunting and fishing. I love baseball and am wholly indifferent to football. The only people I hate are Puritans, which is probably due to my chaste and temperate up-bringing."

Two achievements in his life particularly please Canon William Sheafe Chase, rector of Christ Church in Brooklyn. The first is that a resolution — which he introduced — establishing a Christian Social Service Committee as a standing committee in his diocese has been followed by every other diocese in the country. The second is that he wrote a large part of the New York State motion picture law placing regulation in New York in the hands of the State Department of Education. Canon Chase says, "The thing to me which is most worth while is the serving of one's community, city, state, nation, and the world without anyone else knowing it."

Because he entered the military service by the somewhat uncertain route of private enlistment, and not as a West Point student, the attainments of Major-General James Guthrie Harbord are well-nigh miraculous. After helping to make American history with the Marine Brigade and the Second Division at Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry, he turned from this to undertake what has been called "the greatest administration task in all history" — the responsibility of directing the Services of Supply. Since the War, General Harbord has been President of the Radio Corporation of America.

Having tried editorial and general news writing, publicity, and advertising with various New York firms, Roger Burlingame decided that free lance writing is the better life. Following this decision he went to Europe, where he still remains.

Will Durant

After having won fame as etcher, Ralph M. Pearson voluntarily relinquished this form of art to become a pioneer in the study and later in the teaching of modern creative design.

Recently Dr. Will Durant missed his first lecture engagement. In trying to leave Durant, Oklahoma, (yes, that really was the name of the town) he missed his train, hired an airplane, flew 240 miles, ran into a snow storm, and was forced down. This was the first engagement in fifteen years that he had missed. This spring, the anniversary of the publication of Dr. Durant's *The Story of Philosophy*, there will be published a companion volume, *Mansions of Philosophy*, in which he tells not the philosophy of others, but his own. Although he is thoroughly steeped in the writings of the most pessimistic philosophers, Dr. Durant is proud of the fact that he is an optimist and a sentimentalist.

Stuart Chase describes himself as "a most unreasonable and thoroughly unpractical not-so-young man who has a habit of going berserker every now and then and laying about him with a meat axe." This, as he admits, may be good for his soul, or his inhibitions, or his glands, or what have you, but when it happens advertisers start for those places farthest from him. In his more serious moments Mr. Chase is the very efficient president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., the co-author of *Your Money's Worth*, and author of *Machines*, which Macmillan will publish this spring.

In December, since there were no jury trials, Samuel Scoville, Jr., escaped from the confines of law practice in Philadelphia to Florida and the Okeenokee Swamp, where he finally found Lost Island, home of the largest live oak tree in the South, and the place where the almost extinct ivory-bill woodpecker breeds. Mr. Scoville writes that he had a most exciting time finding this island, which had been lost for many years. After saying that he was trailed by a panther and shot the largest moccasin he ever saw, Mr. Scoville refuses to go into further details, only promising to write about them later.

Since Salvador de Madariaga has published an article dealing with some phase of international affairs in every issue of The Forum since July, 1928, a formal introduction is scarcely necessary. This Spanish philosopher-poet has just recently completed a series of lectures in this country and has now returned to his lectures on Spanish literature at Oxford.

Succeeding to the chair of Anatole France in the French Academy, Paul Valéry is considered the most important representative of modern French thought. His strength is derived from solitary labor and earnest introspection.

Most of Pare Lorentz's writing has appeared in *Judge* and *The New Yorker*. Although he prefers to have his biography read something like this: Born in Paris 1880; graduated from the Sorbonne, aged 12; Ph.D. Harvard 1913; clubs, Union League, Lotus, Century; also Eagle Scout — this statement needs salt. This boy prodigy (if you would believe him) was born in West Virginia in 1903 and is now on the staff of *Judge*.